PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1979 $2.50

WHY DID CARTER GIVE AWAY THE PANAMA CANAL?

CANCER AND THE UNDERGROUND ALTERNATIVES

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH SOVIET POLITICAL PRISONER EDWARD KUZNETSOV

THE 55 MPH FARCE

THE DIABOLICAL ZEBRA MURDERS OF SAN FRANCISCO

PET OF THE YEAR SPECIAL ISSUE

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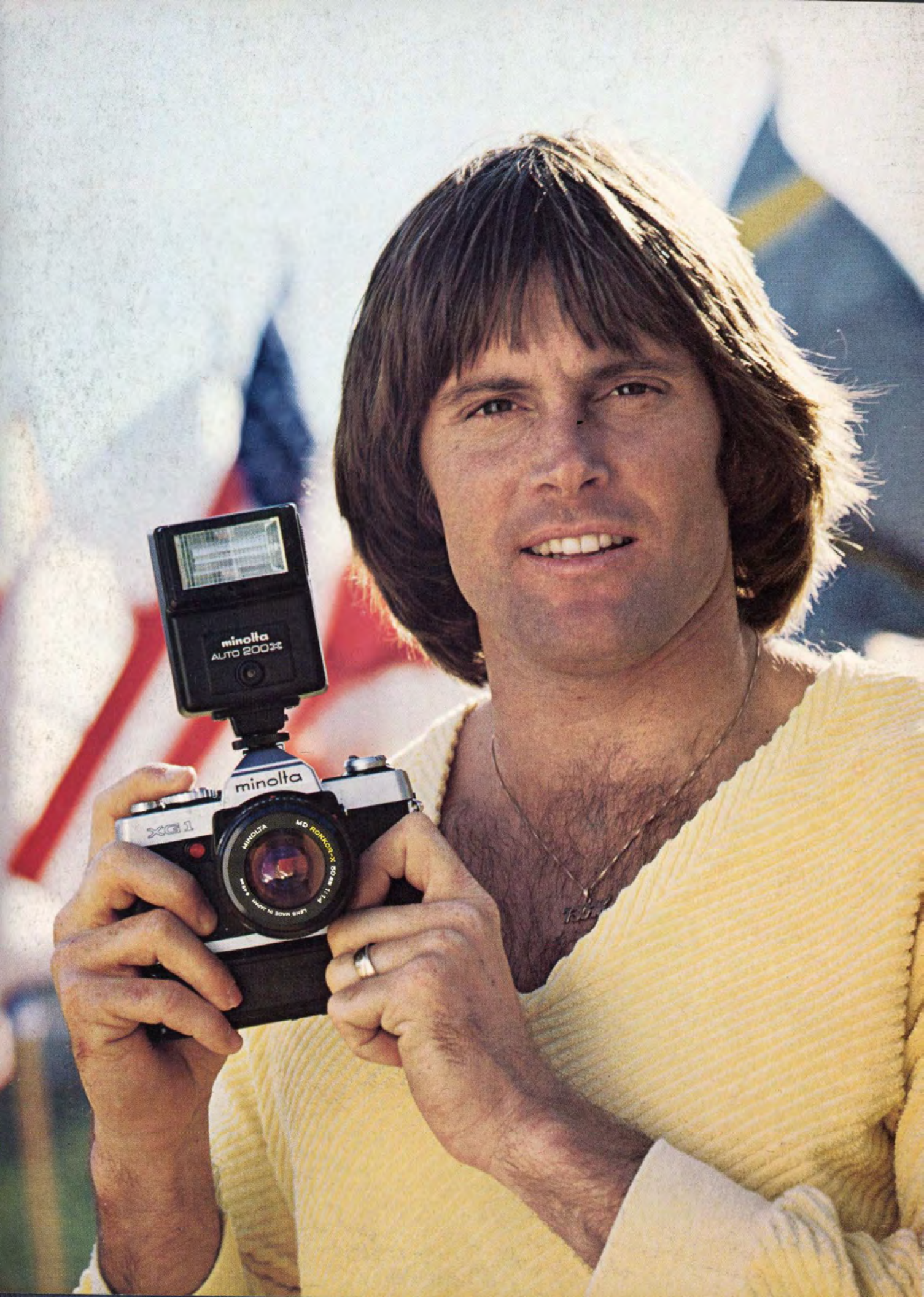
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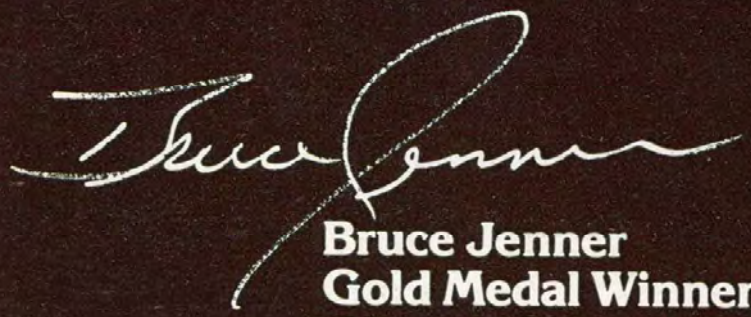

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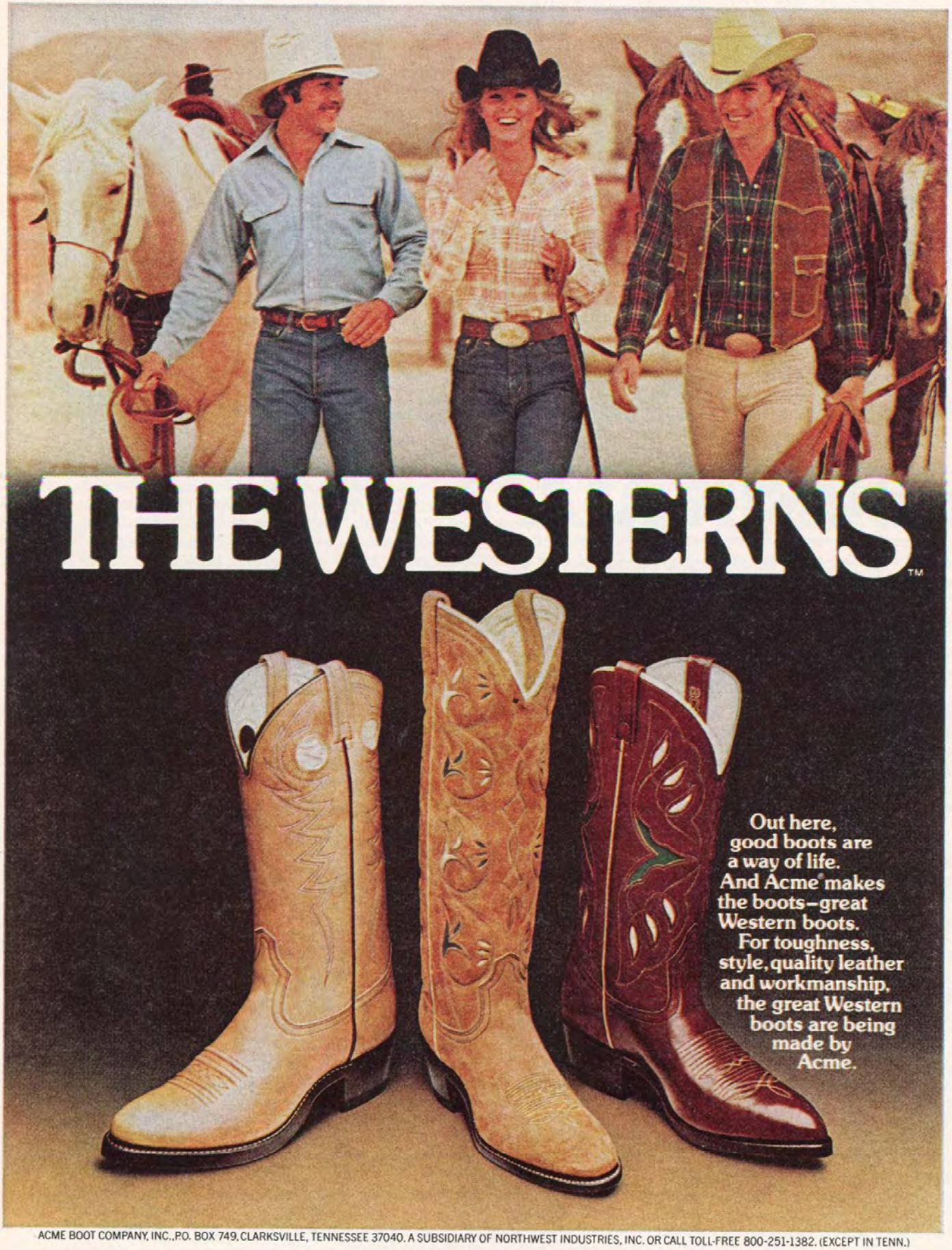
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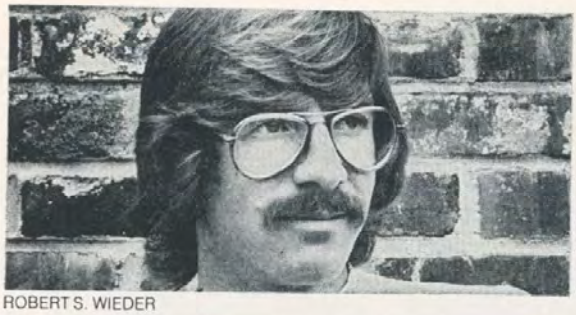

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HOUSECALL

During the ten years that *Penthouse* has been published in America we have become known both for our innovative portrayal of beautiful women and our fearless investigative reporting. This month we have an abundance of each.

Our 1979 Pet of the Year, **Cheryl Rixon** (page 158), was the overwhelming choice of our discriminating readership. She is honored with the proceeds from the most lucrative on-going beauty contest in the history of the world: over $150,000 worth of cash and gifts, including a $75,000 hand-crafted, limited edition "Diamante" car, created by Mathews Motor Coach Corporation; a round-the-world celebrity tour sponsored by Pan Am and Intercontinental Hotels, valued at $20,000; and a $7,500 Golden Frost Norwegian Fox coat from Flemington Furs. To the delight of our international audience, Cheryl will be representing *Penthouse* all over the world during the coming year.

Gary Null's blockbuster article "Alternative Cancer Therapies" (page 106), the third installment of our investigative series on the scandal of the cancer-related medical/pharmaceutical establishment in America, continues the *Penthouse* tradition of fearless journalism. After fifty years of cancer research, at a cost of billions of dollars, the incidence of cancer remains at an all-time high. As Null reported in our September and October issues, the traditional treatments—surgery, radiation, and chemotherapy—have made no difference in cancer and mortality rates. And innovative cancer therapies are continually suppressed by the medical establishment and its media collaborators. For this month's article Null researched many alternative cancer therapies. He conducted interviews at more than 35 separate clinics and hospitals and with individual doctors presently practicing in North America in order to determine the state of alternative cancer therapy. "Despite the lack of public funds" he found "a vast system of underground medicine thriving on the research of the past few decades." Typically, the medical establishment has denied these clinics the money to conduct statistical and patient follow-up analyses that would provide assessment of their results. Nonetheless, Null writes, "freedom to choose an alternative nontoxic form of cancer treatment can only come with education."

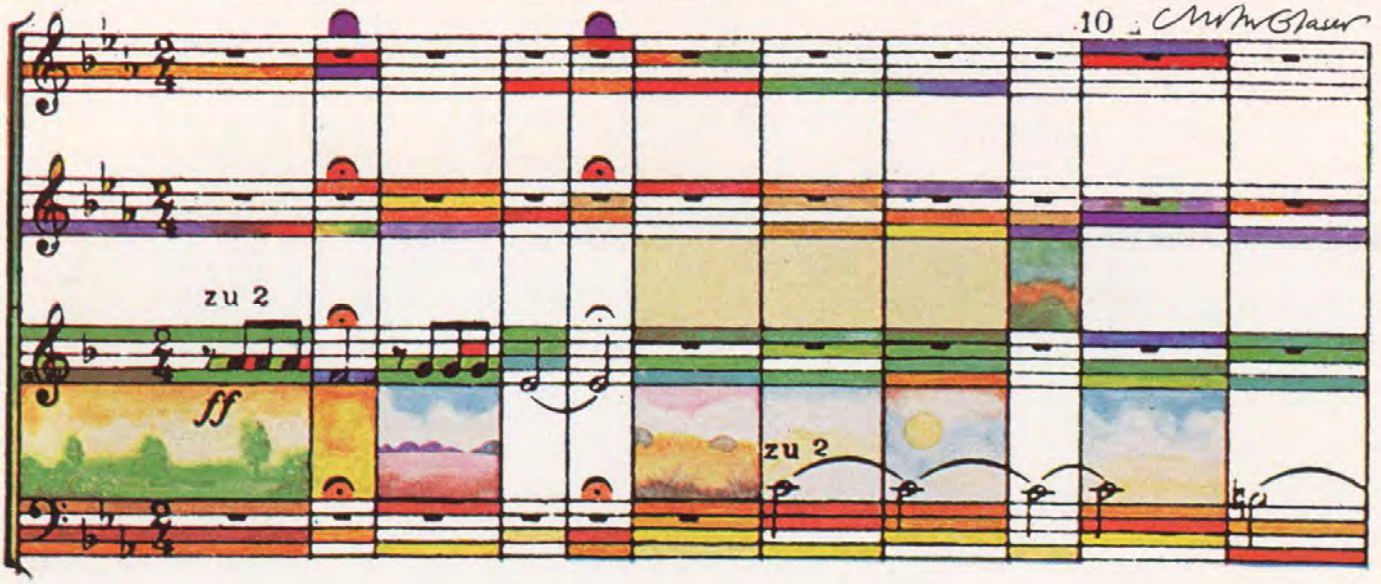
An equivalent scandal in the political realm was Jimmy Carter's sellout of the American people to special-interest groups by giving away the Panama Canal. At first, Carter's motives seemed admirable; after all, Americans are not imperialists—we can afford to relinquish control of land to more needy countries. But Carter had no such unselfish motives. In his article "the Panama Canal Sellout" (page 76), reporter **Edward Rasen** shows how Carter was sacrificing the American taxpayer to the multinational banks and corporations and to the corrupt regime of Panamanian dictator Omar Torrijos. The treaties, little more than subsidies to giant corporations, were the product of special-interest lobbying, presidential arm-twisting, corruption, deception, cover-up, and propaganda.

This month's fiction selection, "The Albatross" (page 150), is excerpted from a science-fiction novel by **Stanislaw Lem** entitled *Tales of Pirx the Pilot* (New York and London: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich and Martin, Seeker, and Warburg, Ltd.), translated by Louis Iribarne. The earthling of the future, Pirx, traveling on a space cruise aboard the spaceship *Transgalactic*, witnesses the horrific accident of a sister spaceship. It's enough to make you happy to be earthbound.

"The Zebra Murders" (page 142) is an excerpt from the book of the same title to be published by Richard Marek Publishers. The article by **Clark Howard** graphically describes the beginnings of a series of grisly crimes that terrorized San Francisco in 1973 and 1974. The Zebra killings lasted for 179 days and claimed 23 victims. The killers and their motives? Black Muslims who believed that white men—"blue-eyed devils"—were less than human and should be exterminated.

The theme of man's inhumanity to man is explored further in the interview with **Edward Kuznetsov** on page 176. Kuznetsov was one of the five Soviet concentration camp prisoners exchanged for two Russian spies last spring. He settled in Jerusalem, where **Craig Karpel** spoke with him about his daily life during 16 years in concentration camps and about the Soviet political system that put him there. "All Russia is entangled in a network of espionage," Kuznetsov asserts. "The West underestimates the danger. The American people are asleep."

Controversy takes on a whole new meaning in **Robert S. Wieder**'s humor piece "Three-Way Island" (page 187), in which officials labor over the proper course of action to take when a cleansing tank at a chemicals plant explodes, contaminating the townspeople of Rundy, Long Island, with the world's most powerful aphrodisiac. The fallout effects include incredible horniness; cases of crabs, claw marks, friction burns, and heat prostration; and a run on Vaseline and the contraceptive stocks of Planned Parenthood. "It's worse than we thought," said officials. "It's better than we dreamed," said citizens. It should happen to us all!



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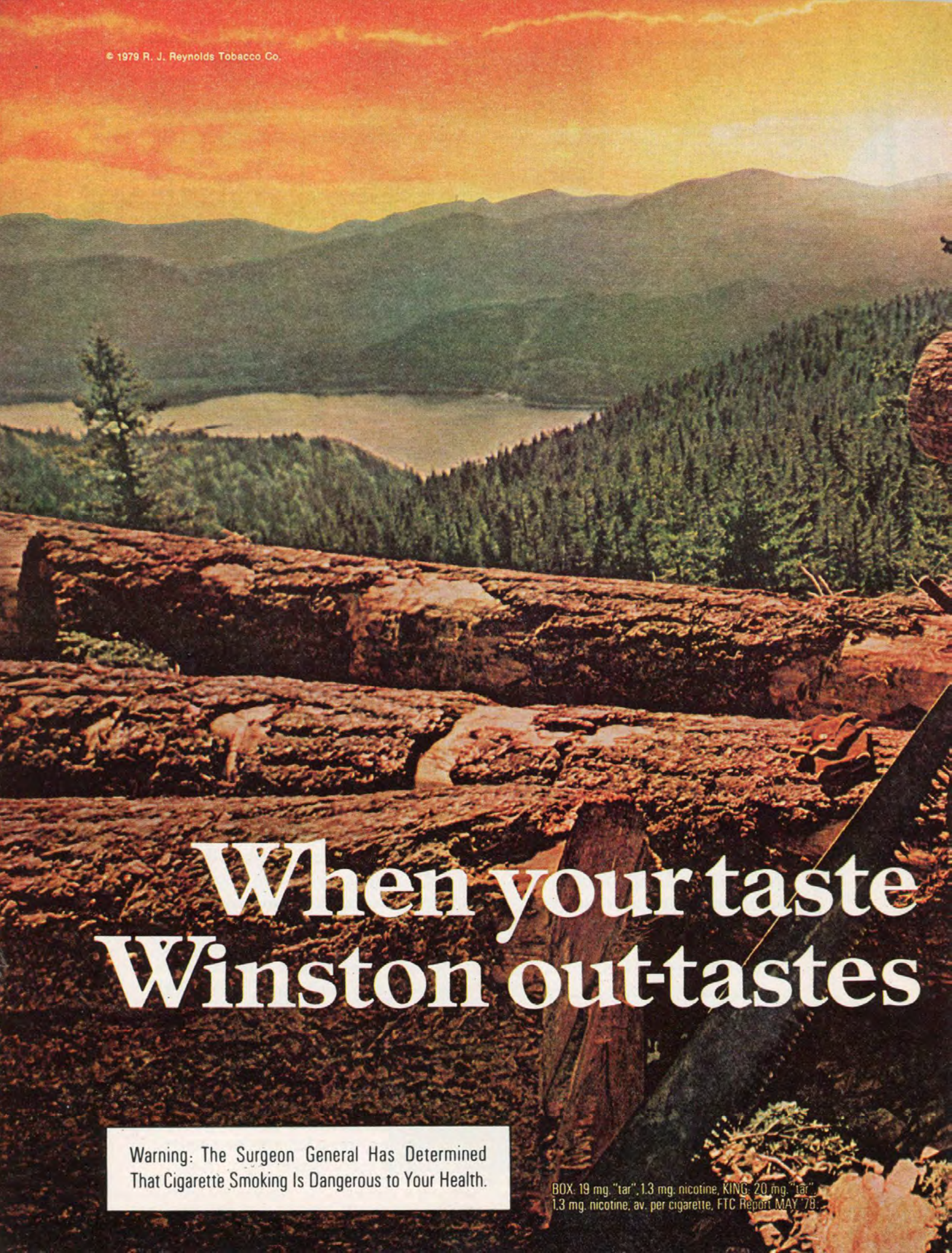

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NOVEMBER

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Coital conference

I've read all the "Forum" letters for about a year now and enjoyed them, but neither the letters nor my limited experience with men my age had come close to the erotic experience I just had.

I am a junior at a woman's college. I'm 20, blonde, and five feet seven inches tall, with an athletic figure: 35-23-34. Even though I have had limited contact with men, I'm pretty sure that my figure is attractive. I have long legs, a tight rear, and my breasts, while not huge, are firm and ample for my body.

I had arranged to meet with one of my professors at his home to discuss a paper I was writing for him. While I never planned for anything to come of the conference, I admit I wanted to be attractive to him: I wore a pair of short, white shorts, a white-cotton sweater (without a bra), and a pair of white, high-heeled sandals, all of which looked, I thought, quite good on my tanned body, set off by my sun-lightened hair. I showed up about 8:15 P.M., 15 minutes late, and we sat in his den. He sat behind his desk, and I sat to the side of it, in a straight chair, with my legs crossed. We talked about English, but being in a nonclassroom setting with him made him seem even more attractive to me. So I flirted.

He was slow to respond, remaining professorial. But at around 9:30 P.M., after one of my stronger flirting glances and smiles, he said, "You know, you really are a fox. And if you keep looking at me like that, I'm going to have to do something about it."

"What do you mean?" I protested innocently.

He replied with something to the effect that my body was tantalizing and my face inviting. I blushed, but I felt my nipples harden simultaneously, and I was also very pleased. He stared right at my breasts and then stood up, walked around behind me, and put his hands on my shoulders. I looked up at him and smiled sweetly. I knew he was looking down at more than my face, and I liked it. My nipples tingled at his stare, and I felt them push against my sweater, realizing that he would notice. He leaned down and kissed me deeply. I responded with my tongue. Then I felt his fingers on my nipples, lightly rubbing them through my sweater. I cooed and arched my breasts up toward him. It felt divine. I reached up with both hands and caressed his neck and head. I was absolutely turned on by being touched only on my mouth and nipples, and I wanted him to keep caressing me more and more.

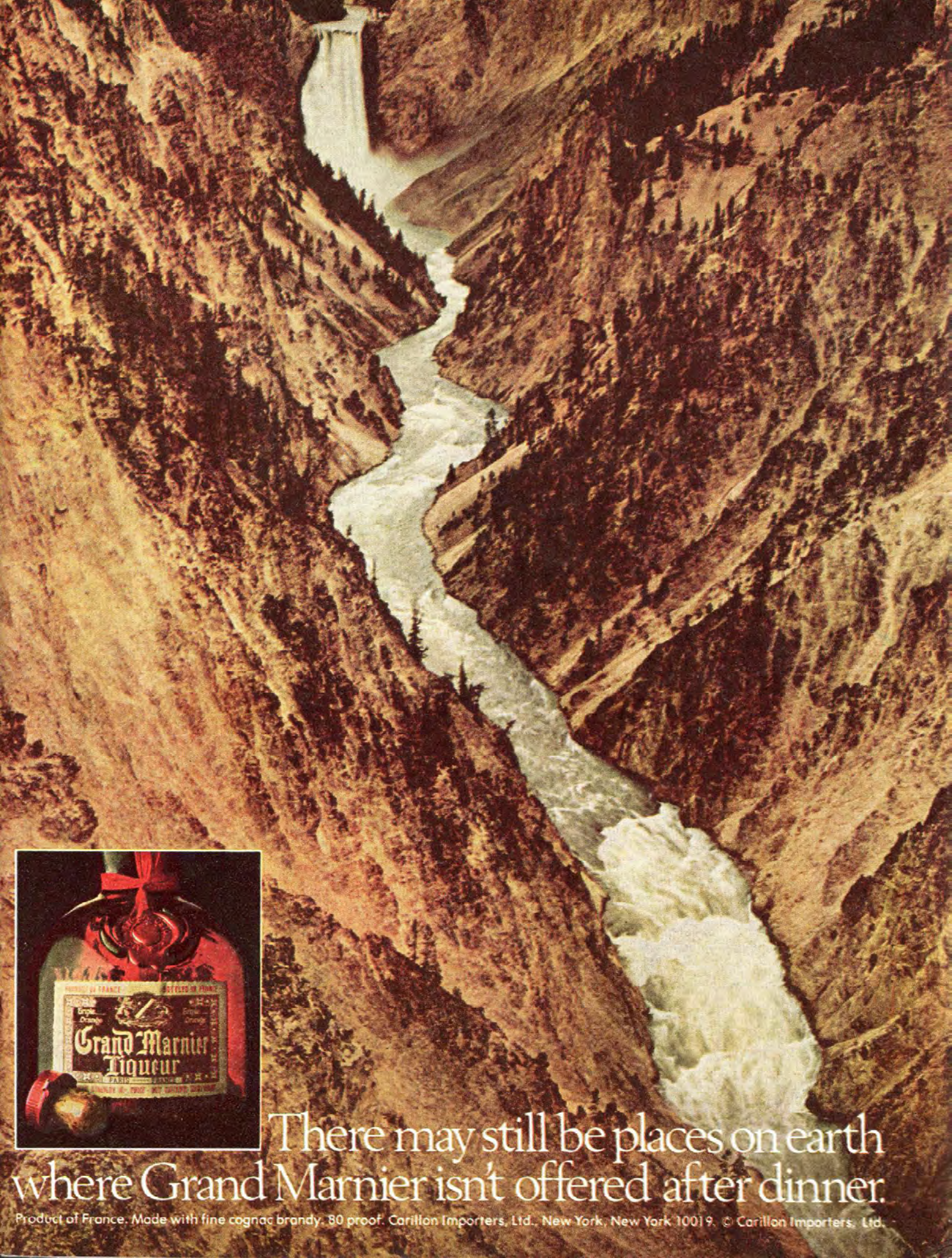
At this point he must have sensed that I was hooked. He stopped kissing me and reached down and lifted my sweater above my breasts. I was exposed and shocked. He was seeing my pink nipples protruding like erections from my bare, white breasts. No man (and few women) had ever seen me like this, totally exposed in full light. I was embarrassed by having him see what was so intimate to me, but I was also very excited. Before I could pull my sweater down, his fingers returned to my nipples—only this time it was my exposed nipples. He gently took each of my bare, pink nipples between his thumb and forefinger and began rolling them back and forth. The sensation was ecstatic. I felt a flood of warmth between my legs and threw my head back, closing my eyes. My breasts were uplifted to him as he stood behind me, his fingers on my nipples driving me to a frenzy. I began moving my pelvis up and down, humping against the material of my panties. I couldn't resist it; I was so turned on.

After this had gone on for a while and I was wild with the tension that had built between my legs, he said, "Finger yourself." I was very embarrassed at the idea of my doing that in front of him, but I needed to do it. I reached up my shorts and found my clitoris. Still, he was rolling my now throbbing nipples, sometimes between his thumb and forefinger, sometimes with a circular motion with the tip of his finger. I was excited beyond belief. Thrilling arcs jumped inside me between my breasts and box. My pants were too tight. I undid them and thrust down the front. I rubbed my wet clit faster and faster, writhed my body up and down in the chair, and exploded in orgasm. "Oh God," I said, "that was fantastic."

"I'm glad," he said, smiling down at me. "Why don't we go into the living room?"

I pulled my sweater down, fastened my shorts, and followed him into his living room, where I sat invitingly on his couch. I expected him to be all over me. Instead, he sat in a chair across from the couch. This was a bit embarrassing to me but he just smiled.

Then he said, "Your body is really beautiful, and seeing you so turned on really turned me on." I blushed even more. He continued, "What I'd really like



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CE 22

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would be for you to take your clothes off so I can enjoy seeing how nice you look." An unbelievable request, you might say. But after he had just given me such pleasure, seeking nothing in return, it seemed like the least I could do for him.

I leaned down to unbuckle a shoe. "Leave your shoes on," he said. "Those beautiful, long legs look so nice in heels." So I stood up. I paused a moment, trying to figure out how to proceed. Then, I guess because he had already seen my breasts, I removed my sweater. As I pulled it over my head, he said softly, "Very nice." I folded my sweater and stood up straight, sucking in my already flat stomach, aware of my exposed, full breasts and protruding, pink nipples, and wanting them to look good. I had on a necklace of white, plastic beads. "I like the necklace," he said. "Definitely leave it on."

I unzipped my shorts at the side, pulled them down over my hips, and stepped out of them. His anticipation showed, as I stood in my white panties and tossed my shorts on top of my sweater. I glanced at him, smiled, grew embarrassed again, and then shrugged. I pulled my panties down, stepped out of them, and threw them on the other clothes. I stood there exposed, my curly pubic triangle all that there was between him and my still wet clitoris, naked except for my white heels and necklace.

"That is really fantastic," he said with sincere appreciation. "You are a beautiful girl. Let's go make some hors d'oeuvres and get a drink."

I was taken aback. He, still in his sport jacket, trousers, and tie, caught me by the hand and led me into his kitchen. He constantly appraised me, breasts, bush, buttocks, and legs, obviously appreciatively and sensually, but he ignored my embarrassment and acted as if this were normal. Standing in the bright lights of the kitchen, I was even more aware of my nakedness. But I saw a bulge in his pants that told me that he appreciated me intensely. And new moisture and warmness flowed between my bare legs, and my nipples hardened anew.

"Here, peel this cucumber and slice it up real fine," he said. While I did so, he proceeded to decrust, quarter, and spread butter on pieces of bread, all the while glancing often at me, occasionally saying things like "My, you are pretty," or "You have a really sexy ass," or "Your breasts are so firm and alive." Once he said, "Seeing that soft mound of hair at the top of those beautiful legs drives me crazy, especially in those heels." These comments embarrassed me, but they also turned me on intensely. I didn't know what else to do; so I just stood there naked, being watched and complimented and slicing the cucumber. Then, at his instructions, I put a cucumber slice on each bread quarter and sprinkled them with lemon juice and pepper. He stood and watched me, smiling. "Take them back in the living room," he said. Carrying a bottle of white wine and two glasses, he walked behind me, obviously so that he could watch me walk.

We sat again,with him in a chair opposite me on the sofa. I kept my legs crossed so that only the top fringe of my bush was revealed. Of course, my breasts and nipples were totally exposed to him. The hors d'oeuvres were delicious. It was very sexy to sit there nude, talking, drinking wine, and eating hors d'oeuvres. In a way, it was the ultimate in formality. I knew I looked better and more alluring than I could in any evening gown. He asked me about my sex life; whether I dated much, whether I liked to flirt, how far I usually went, and whether I enjoyed sex. I answered ambiguously, but even talking about it made me feel erotic. Then he asked me what I liked a lover to do to me. I said I didn't know.

"Uncross your legs," he said. I did, exposing the slit between my legs to his gaze. He looked directly at it, making it tingle. Then he got up, came over to me, and knelt down in front of me, still holding his drink. He kissed my stomach and my bush and then probed lower. The sensation was thrilling and electrifying. All I had ever felt down there was a finger or a thrusting penis. I slumped forward on the sofa, opening my legs and thrusting my box up to his mouth. Delicately, he probed with his tongue, flicking onto and around my clitoris, first lightly, then more intensely and continuously. He tongued the tip and then up and down the sides of it alternately. I began writhing upward to him. He put down his drink and grabbed my buttocks with both hands, pressing my box into his mouth and burying his face in my bush. His tongue was like a continuous lightning bolt, licking the side and tip of my clitoris, then probing into my pussy.

Then he began to combine this with sucking. I went wild. It seemed as if he were somehow sucking my tiny bud of a clitoris into an organ of pleasure several inches long. Holding it in his mouth, he flicked it with his tongue and sucked it in and out. I wildly began to come, vaguely aware of the heightened sensation of his fingers playing at my anus and pussy. I gasped and moaned, and the pleasure became so intense that I attempted to get away from that thrilling tongue and mouth. But he held me tightly, digging his fingers into my anus when I squirmed. I burst into orgasm. I soared. I contracted. I was relieved. I could stop. But he did not. "Enough, enough," I cried, trying to squirm away. But his tongue only slowed down to a steady rhythm against my throbbing clit, which brought me blasting again to another orgasm and then another and then another, right on top of each other. I was shattered. He finally stopped, caressed my clit slowly with his tongue,

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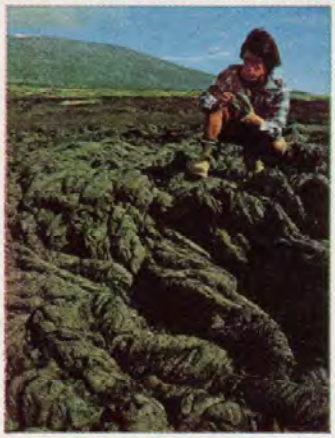

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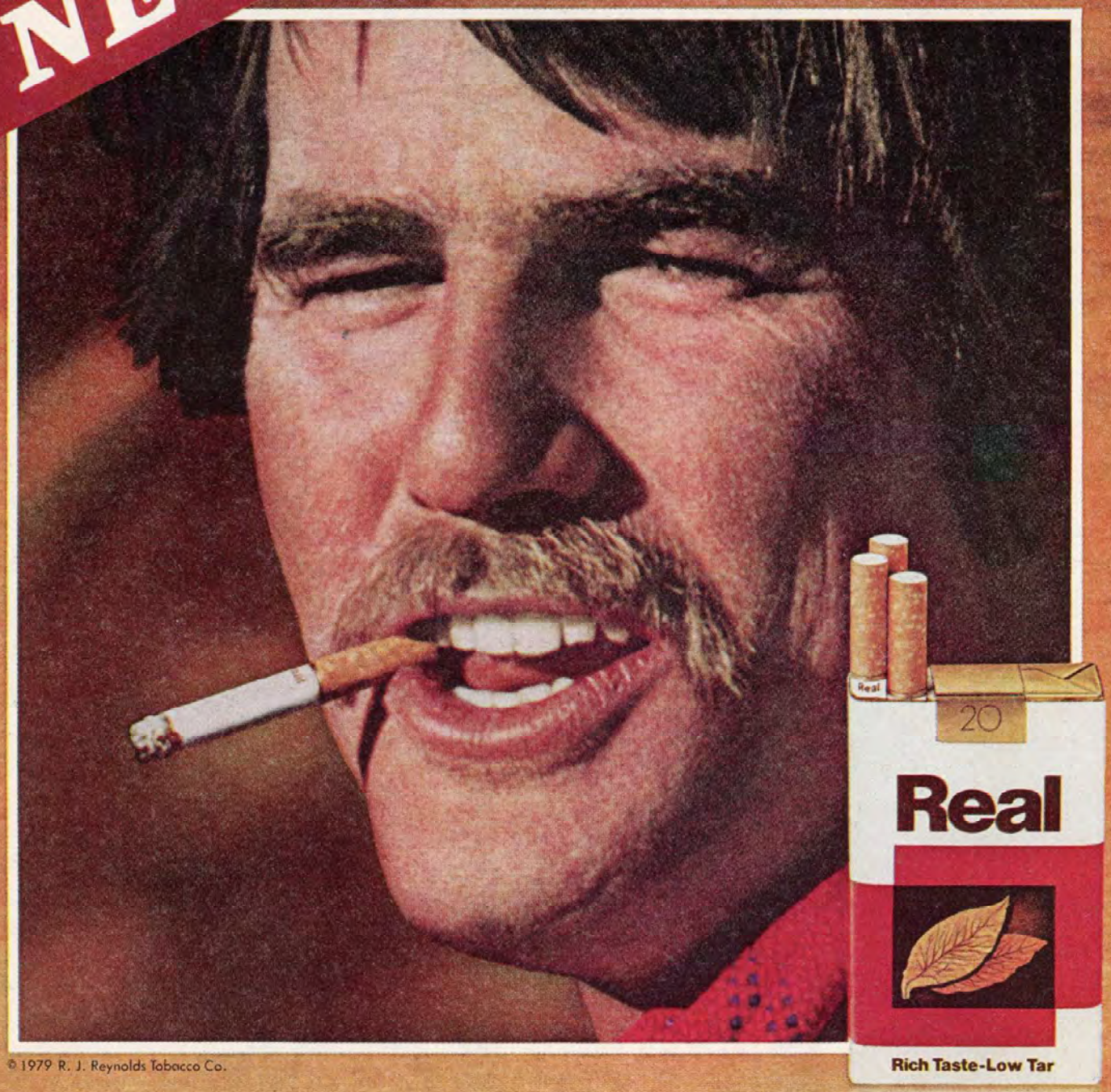

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and then kissed my face and sat down again. I was depleted. I lay there, legs spread, gasping. He sat and watched appreciatively. "Thank you" was all I could say.

After a bit, I said, "I want to do something for you." It seemed out of character for me to say something like that, but nice.

"You will," he said, "but I want you to see that turning someone else on is as sexy as being turned on. Physically, the need is to be stimulated, and it's great. But emotionally, mentally, the real kick is turning someone else on. Also, while there is a physical need for eventual release, and it's fantastic, the buildup, being turned on and waiting, is really the most fun mentally, although it takes self-control and an ability to defer physical pleasure to enhance the erotic mental enjoyment. What we've been doing has been fantastically erotic for me."

What I said next was even more uncharacteristic for me: "Well, anyway, I want to see you nude now."

"Okay," he said, and he undressed, laying his coat neatly over a chair, removing his tie, shirt, undershirt, shoes, socks, trousers, and, finally, shorts. His penis was big but not erect.

"Mmm," I said.

He stood before me for a moment, his dick pulsing slightly, and then said, "Let's have dinner. I'll stay like this. But sometimes wearing a few clothes is sexier than wearing none at all. So let me give you something to wear."

He left and returned with a dress. It was silky, clingy, sheer, and dark blue. It was a wraparound with a broad sash; so it easily fitted me. But it had a few special characteristics. At the top it was very low cut, almost to the navel, and the cut was quite wide. It started at the shoulders, converging to a point above my navel, with just enough material at the breast level to almost cover each nipple. Or, at least, there was almost enough: it was virtually impossible to prevent revealing a touch of red from the edge of a nipple. I have firm breasts that lift up; so I filled the gown out well. The inner side and half of the curvaceous bottom of each breast were completely exposed. Moreover, as I soon learned, while the dress would just cover my nipples when I stood or sat straight up, if I leaned over or twisted, a nipple was exposed or my entire breast popped out. The bottom was split from a few inches below the navel down. Again, if I stood straight, it closed, but when I walked, my inner leg right up to my bush was exposed. When I sat down, the dress fell to either side, revealing my legs and the few intimate inches above them. Although I had already bared all, as he had said, being somewhat dressed was more sexy and raunchy. When I had a dress on, it seemed that I should be covered; so when the dress exposed me, it was somehow more risky than being naked. This was especially so since he obviously noticed each time I was exposed to him, and I could see his penis twitch with pleasure.

We went to the kitchen to fix dinner: a couple of steaks and a sliced tomato. As we cooked, I could not keep my eyes off his penis. I had never really taken a close look at a nude man before. When I reached for something and my nipple was revealed, his cock pulsed. It turned me on each time.

When he seated me at the table and the split dress fell open, his cock jumped up in jerks, and he stood there over my chair, with his arms on my shoulders. I reached up and caressed his organ, and it sprang up. He kissed me and sat down. While we ate, by candlelight, he was naked but hidden by the table and I was exposed from the waist down but hidden by the table. My box got wetter and wetter at the thought of the sensuality of the situation. I wanted to reach down and rub myself, but I didn't, although I occasionally did manage to let my fingers briefly trace over my clit. I leaned forward or to the side as often as I could so that my revealed breasts and nipples would turn him on. I always acted as if it were an accident, smiled, and recovered myself.

We cleared the table and returned to the living room. He sat on the sofa, slumped and exposed, and said, "Now, you can do some things for me. You know how I enjoy your body. I want you to do a striptease show for me—a sex act."

I stammered, "I don't know how," blushing fiercely.

"Improvise," he said. "Remember, your goal is to turn me on. It will turn you on. That will turn me on more. Go ahead."

I started to take the dress off. "Oh, no," he said. "Not yet. You should be able to go a long way with it on." I looked puzzled. "Look," he said, "think of all the ways you can tease by showing a little more. You could drive me wild fully dressed." He saw my continued confusion. "Wiggle. Gyrate. Hunch. Hump. Go ahead."

I began to understand and started undulating before him, like a dancer, letting the split in the dress flick open and closed. Soon I really got into it. I wiggled my breasts so that they popped out of the dress. I saw his cock throb. I sat on the coffee table in front of him and thrust my pelvis up and down and sucked air through my teeth. I was getting turned on. I put my hands to my crotch and parted the lips there and caressed myself. Now he was as hard as a rock and looking glassy. I stuck my finger in my pussy and slid it in and out, writhing all the while.

"Now take it off," he whispered. I stood and did so, slowly and sexily, all the time running my hands over my body. For a while I just had the top part off; then I let the whole dress fall to the floor.

"Stand on the table," he said. I did, and

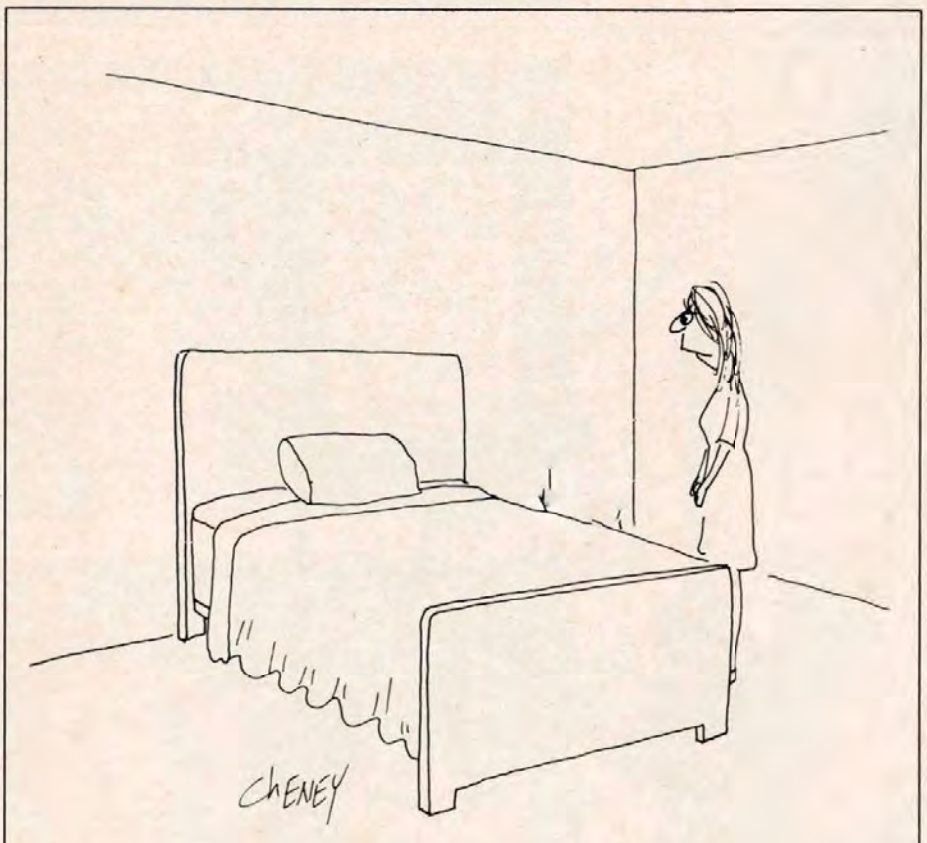
"Martha, your soup's getting dirty!"

he looked up at me. "Let me see that beautiful ass," he moaned. I turned around, and then obscenely wiggled my buttocks. "Ooh," he gasped, "Bend over." I did, knowing that in doing so I totally revealed my pussy to him. "Oh, you look so nice like that," he said, "with your breasts hanging down and your box there between those lovely cheeks and atop those beautiful legs. Touch yourself." I fingered my clit, with him watching between my legs. I slid my fingers up and down inside my juicing pussy. I toyed with my ass hole. His cock was huge and standing straight up. I could see a bead of come on the tip of it. I was so turned on that I could barely control myself. I was about to come.

"Come here," he said. "Kneel here." He guided my head to his throbbing dick. For an instant I was reluctant. But I was so turned on and so wanted to please him that my reluctance was quickly overcome by passion, and I took the head of his cock between my lips. It drove me wild. I began licking it and mouthing it, up and down. My hands found his balls and anus, and I caressed them. His back arched, and he trembled. "Suck it. Take more of it," he gasped. I did. I found it very exciting, and I began to suck wildly, letting the prick go half out and then deeply into my mouth. He thrust toward me first with steady pushes and then spasmodically, finally exploding into my mouth his warm semen. He sank back on the couch, and I licked his dick and it jerked smaller and smaller. Then I crawled onto the sofa and lay there with my head in his lap, with him caressing my hair.

But not for long. I was so randy and turned on from having turned him on and seen him coming that I just twitched and pulsed between my legs for some more attention there from him, more exciting stimulation, and more of those glorious climaxes. I took his hand and put it on my rear. With his arm extended, his hand just reached an inch or so below the small of my back. I wriggled forward on his lap about a foot so that his hand then rested on the bottom of my rear, which he began to caress gently. Another result of this move was that my breasts now hung into his lap, and one of my nipples brushed on his resting penis, a very sexy sensation. His fore and middle fingers played lightly about the rim of my pussy, sometimes brushing onto my clit. I moved my buttocks up and down sensually with enjoyment.

Then I wanted more. I slid on up on the sofa until my ass was right on his lap. With my head down on one side of the sofa and my knees on the other, my rear stuck up at him, and I arched my back and spread my knees so that the entire area between my legs was completely available to him. I wanted him to have total and free access to it all.



"God bless Mommy, God bless Daddy, and God bless all the other fanatical lunatics who are subverting my religious freedom with their archaic jargon."

Now he used both hands, one coming across my back, with which he toyed with my anus and pussy, rubbing my juices from one to the other. His other hand had more direct access. He fingered my clit and rolled it between his thumb and finger, sometimes pulling on it, sometimes massaging it circularly with one finger. I ground up and down with pleasure, and when that was not enough, I wriggled from side to side simultaneously. I reached peaks, but he moved too slowly for me to come; so my pleasure continued, wave after wave. I was ecstatic, but the tension built and built, demanding release. He began thrusting one finger, then two, into my pussy, massaging its tight, wet interior. I began moaning and whispering obscene exclamations and requests. I felt a finger slip into my writhing ass hole. It accentuated the ecstatic agony I was experiencing in my convulsing pussy and on my throbbing clit. Finally, I cried out, "Oh, please, I want to come so much, so bad."

He lifted me off and laid me back on the sofa. At first I didn't understand. But then I saw his cock sticking straight out, throbbing and hard. I knew he was going to fuck me, and I wanted it. I wanted that hot, smooth cock inside me.

He moved my legs around and put each of my white high heels on the coffee table, my legs spread. Then he guided his prick slowly into my waiting, wet box and pressed his body into mine. Slowly and gently at first, he slid in and out, but then he began thrusting more rapidly and harder into a rushing crescendo. I was torn apart by bolts of sensations, more deeply sensual and sexual than I had ever known. I thrust back toward him and wriggled and gasped. Then my breath and gasps became quick, his face contorted, and his pace and ferocity somehow increased again. I felt it coming. I arched my back and felt throbs of climax booming through my body like rolling thunder. Hot juices filled me. He collapsed upon me, and we lay there, both exhausted, both totally satisfied.

"Let's go to bed," he finally said. We did, naked, and we slept. There was one drowsy, sensuous fuck sometime early in the morning, which ended in a sleep-muffled, gentle climax, but otherwise we slept.

The next morning I had to leave in a hurry to get to a class. He smiled at me and said. "The next man who asks you what you like sexually, you'll be able to answer."

"There won't be a next man," I replied. He looked confused and worried until I explained, "You're it. I don't want any other men."

"Well, we'll see," he said lightly, and I left.

I'm not saying that I expect it to last forever at this point, but if I have my way about it, we'll be seeing a great deal of each other. I'm willing to share his technique with "Forum" readers, but I'm not

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European jaunt

I am a university sophomore who has enjoyed reading about the sexual adventures of others in "Forum" for over three years. My bizarre story involves how I lost my virginity a year and a half ago.

I had just embarked on a parent-financed trip to Europe in the summer of 1977 and was extremely excited about finally being able to experience some of life's adventures on my own.

I had started in Germany and had recently arrived in Paris for a five-day visit with some old friends of my father's. Fortunately, I had the pleasure of touring the whole city with one of the two gorgeous blonde daughters with whom I was staying. I almost always had a constant hard-on from just looking at this stunning 15-year-old, whom I will call Cynthia and who was spending all of her time with me.

The third day of my stay we walked through a part of town in which there were several nightclubs. Cynthia told me that the next night we could go to as many of them as I wanted to. I knew that she'd taken a liking to me by the way she frequently eyed my athletic body. She was extremely conceited, however, and never let me touch her, which made me hornier than ever.

The next night rolled around, and after an argument with her protective parents, Cynthia and I were finally allowed to "hit the town" but had to be in the house by two in the morning. It turned out that she had intended to bring one of her many boyfriends along, which ruined my plans to make it with her. She had set me up with one of her girl friends, who couldn't come at the last minute for some reason. I ended up as a third party, which was not my idea of an ideal situation.

After having a few mixed drinks at two or three smaller nightclubs, Cynthia said she wanted to treat me to one of the classiest clubs in Paris. I was pretty loaded by this time, and after a cover charge that was equal to about eight bucks, I sat bored at a table in the corner, watching Cynthia dance with her boyfriend. Rather than do nothing the whole night, I figured I would try to pick up on something with my "American" charm.

The psychedelic light show and live rock band made for a very wild party on the huge dance floor. I got out on the floor and started dancing with a group of people. All of a sudden I found myself doing the bump with a cute, curly-haired blonde, who was smiling seductively at me. When the song ended, I pulled her toward me. Happily, a slow song started to play. As she whispered something in my ear, I began to sway because of my drunkenness. I of course couldn't understand her French, and the loud music wasn't helping the situation a bit.

She started nibbling at my right ear and squeezing my ass, and I was sure she could feel my enormous hard-on through my white painter's pants. Suddenly, she pulled away from me, grabbed my hand, and started to lead me in the direction of the exit. It turned out that the ladies' room was right near the doorway leading out. She signaled for me to wait outside and quickly entered the rest room, shutting the door behind her.

Within a span of five minutes, two other girls exited from the bathroom. I finally decided to return to the dance floor, figuring that she was going to be in there all night. As soon as I started to walk off, I felt a hand on my shoulder. When I turned around, my blonde pickup anxiously grabbed my hand and hastened me into the rest room.

After she had locked the door via a latch over the handle, she walked over to me slowly, leaned up, and kissed me passionately, inserting her tongue deep into my mouth. By this time I'd nearly creamed in my pants.

She then grabbed my head, and while violently kissing me, wrapped her legs around my waist, rubbing her pussy up and down on my belt. I had finally come to my senses and decided to follow my animalistic instincts and take advantage of the awkward situation at hand. I was so drunk that I almost fell down because of her weight. I finally managed to stagger into the stall that she had just used. As soon as I had set her down on the toilet, she undid my belt and yanked down my pants. I felt my full, seven-inch erection enter her mouth. It was only seconds before I had the biggest orgasm of my life. I felt as if I'd never stop coming. After she had swallowed it all, I somehow managed to get down on my knees and pull her dripping pussy into my mouth. Soon she began to gasp as I inserted my tongue into her hole and sucked her whole vaginal area. After about 15 seconds her gasps turned to shrieks as her pelvis began heaving up and down uncontrollably. Suddenly, she grabbed my hair and pushed my head so that my whole face was pressed against her throbbing crotch. I thought she was going to rip my hair out as she came to an exhilarating climax. The taste of the juice from her pussy and her broken French turned me on so much that I didn't care what happened.

I finally stood up and pushed her bra up over her huge breasts. I carefully guided my still-hard cock into her waiting cunt and wildly pumped in and out of her until I had come at least three times inside her.

After what seemed like 15 minutes, I pulled myself away from her and stood up. My knees were shaking, and I felt as if every bit of energy had been drained

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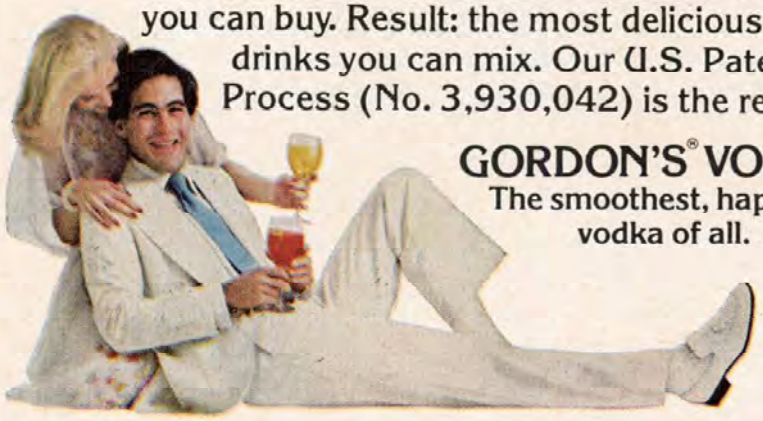

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from my body. I looked at my watch, and it was only 12:15 A.M. She was still breathing heavily and had now begun jabbing two or three of her fingers up her huge opening. I suddenly became frightened that someone would catch us in this revealing state, even though the door was locked. I got dressed and left.

I didn't see her for the rest of that night, and my friendly hostess, Cynthia, never found out what had occurred. After Paris the rest of the summer was quite eventful sexually. I got laid by a lake, in the middle of a grape vineyard, and in the bedroom of the host of a party I attended in Italy. I have since always tried to take advantage of circumstances that permit sex in places other than the bedroom. Unusual surroundings always make everything more interesting. My solo trip abroad taught me a great deal about life, and I recommend one to any young person seeking excitement and adventure. — *Name and address withheld*

You're a bad girl

I won't bother you with descriptions of how good-looking I am, even though people have told me I would make a good centerfold. I am a lean five foot two with big boobs and big hips. I live near a lake; so there is plenty of sun to bathe in. About a week ago I was stretched out on a beach towel when a splash caught my attention. When I looked up, the sun blinded me. As soon as I regained my sight, the first thing I saw was Teri, the youngest daughter of my next-door neighbor.

She told me that she had often watched through my window when I took her brother into my room, as I did at least once a day. She told me how she admired the way I made love to him and the way I made him come in my mouth. At first I was embarrassed that she knew of this, as her brother is seven years my junior. I then asked her why she was telling me all of this and what she wanted. She simply said that I'd "find out" and left. As I didn't see her for a whole week, I dismissed the incident as a prank. How wrong I was!

As the weekend was just starting, I went to my favorite sunning spot to find Teri stretched out on a towel, wearing a skimpy string bikini and covered with suntan oil. I asked if I could join her, and she said yes. I asked what she had meant earlier. She laughed and told me that she had decided I would get my punishment for abusing her brother the following week when she would have the house to herself. I told her that I had no intention of submitting to any punishment and that I certainly would deny anything that she said to her father. She then pointed out that it would be hard to deny Polaroid snapshots. I then agreed to meet her at her house early the next Monday. I called her, hoping that she wouldn't be there, but she answered the phone and ordered me to be there in 30 minutes.

When I arrived, she was waiting at the door, scowling. She pointed out that I was late and that my punishment would be even worse. She directed me to her room, which was beautifully decorated with satin pillows and silk sheets. It was so sexy. She told me to sit down on the bed and wait for her to return. I could feel my juices starting to flow from the tension. When she returned, she was wearing her favorite swimsuit, which barely covered her private parts. I had no idea that she could look so seductive. I was feeling my pussy as it began to drip like a sponge. She just stood there in front of me like an ancient goddess of love. Her body looked as if it had been carved by an artist from long ago, without even the slightest flaw. Suddenly, she snapped an order like a drill instructor, "Stand up, bitch, and take your clothes off right now." I reacted without thinking. I pulled my top off first and then started taking my pants down. As I dropped my jeans, her stare became more intense and her breathing quickened. Her forehead produced tiny dots of sweat, and she started shifting her stance from foot to foot. I felt myself beginning to relax, and I wanted to be taken by this young nymph. After removing the last of my clothes, I felt her hand touch my shoulder, and she kissed my neck and face. Then she kissed my mouth for a long time.

Her hands touched my breasts and stomach, and then she worked her way down my front until she slowly parted the lips of my slippery cunt and worked magic on my clit. My body was tense as my first orgasm began to explode. I moaned and begged her to eat my pussy. She then told me that I was being punished and that she would give the orders. I was then commanded to sit on the bed and play with myself. I hesitated, as I had never done this before. She snapped again, "Finger-fuck yourself before I slap the shit out of you." So I put my finger to my clit and started working it back and forth. As my feelings of embarrassment started to disappear, my pace quickened and I became more fluid in my movements. I was really putting on a show for her, and it was obvious that she was enjoying it. She told me to spread my legs so that she could get a better view. As I started to have another orgasm, I closed my eyes.

Just at that moment she came over to me and held me like a baby and told me that I had pleased her and she wouldn't tell her father anything. I couldn't help myself. I wasn't through. I wanted more. I wanted to eat that sweet little pussy. So she took her bikini off and showed me a body beyond description. I kissed and licked her before concentrating on that salty treasure in the middle of her thighs. I buried my face deep in her snatch and fucked her with my tongue for what seemed like hours. After we finished, she

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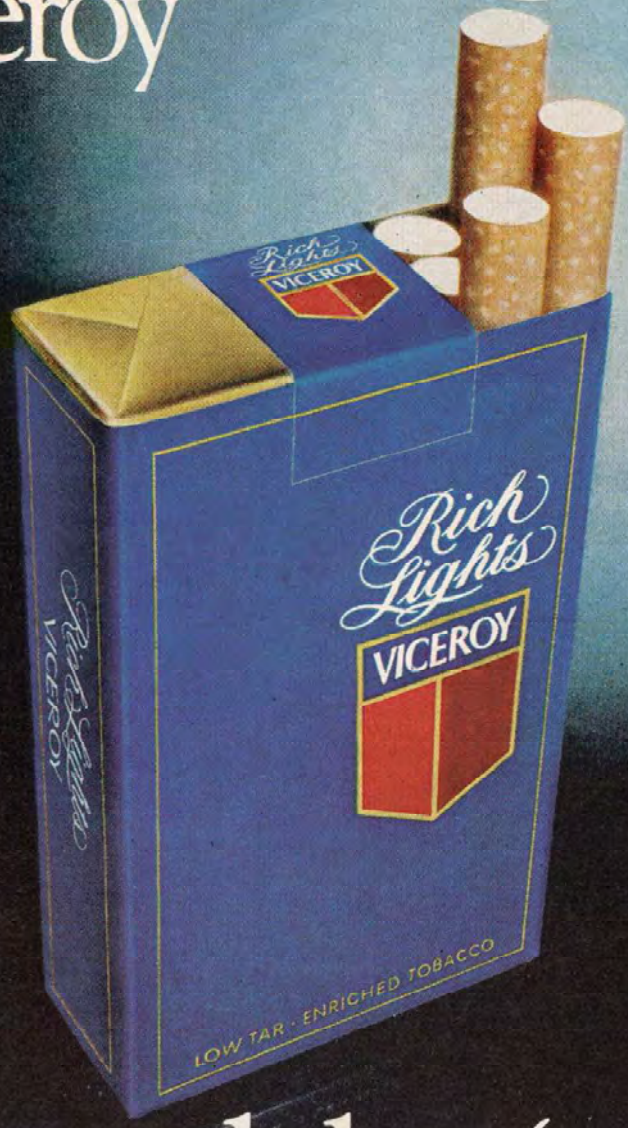

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thanked me and told me that she hoped that she could "punish" me again soon. We meet almost as often as her brother and I do and are thinking of inviting him to join us.—*Name and address withheld*

Dear Debbie

I am a junior at a southern state university, and I would like to relate a recent happening that I still can't believe took place.

One Friday night I was home, watching television. I wanted to relax since I had been up the whole night before, studying for a big accounting test. My roommate was at work; so I was alone in our apartment.

I was really feeling down because my girl friend, Jane, and I had recently broke up. Jane is a real fox, and we had a pretty good sex life going. Often, when we were having trouble in school, we would fuck to relieve our tensions. Jane was great in bed and really knew how to suck me off. Before I met her, I had never eaten a girl out, because I thought it was revolting, but Jane was something special. With her, sex was so beautiful. She wanted to get married before we graduated from college, but I couldn't handle that financially. Anyhow, we had a big fight, and two weeks later the relationship ended when I found out she was hitting the bars almost every night and picking up a different guy every time.

Enough about Jane. As I was lying back, watching the tube, I heard a knock at the door. When I opened the door, I was shocked to see Debbie standing there. Debbie is a good friend of my roommate and is really popular in school. She told me that she was in the neighborhood and figured she would drop on by to see my roommate. When I told her he wasn't home, I figured she would just leave. Instead she asked if she could come in to use our phone. I have often fantasized about making love with Debbie but never thought it would ever happen. After she used the phone, she sat down and we started talking.

After a few minutes I couldn't help staring at her tits. Debbie was wearing a halter top, which did little to hide her big tits and large nipples. I asked her if she would like something to drink and went into the kitchen to fix a drink. As I walked back into the room where the television was, I went over to her to give her the drink. Instead of grabbing the drink, she reached right for my crotch and began caressing my prick through my jeans. I put the glass down and sat down next to her on the couch. Before I knew it, she had my pants undone and was sucking on my prick. Her mouth was so warm as she took all of me in her mouth. Meanwhile I undid her halter and was stroking her gorgeous tits. I was getting hot just thinking about putting my lips to her breasts.

I reached down with my mouth and took her breast into my mouth. Her tits were more beautiful than I had ever imagined. Her nipples stood straight out, and as I was sucking them, she was stroking my prick.

All this time we hardly said a word to each other; it was too good to waste words. After sucking her for about 15 minutes, I reached down and put my hand under her panties, which were soaking wet with her juices. I removed her panties and put my mouth to her warm pussy. I planted one kiss on her clit when she said her first words, "Hon, fuck me now; I can't stand it any longer."

I positioned her on her knees and spread her throbbing lips. I then slowly entered her from behind, and within minutes my prick was rhythmically going in and out of her hot pussy. She began moaning really loud as I fucked her wildly. At the same time I was still playing with her tits and from her groans I think that she was really enjoying our hot session.

My prick was really hard inside her, and I had no trouble fucking her, since the lubricating juices from her pussy were running down her thighs.

It wasn't too long before I felt that I was going to come. When I screamed out with passion "I'm coming," she quickly pulled my prick from her cunt and started blowing me. I shot my wad in her mouth, and she caught as much of my load as she could. Then she began to clean off the head of my prick. Suddenly, we were startled when the door opened and my roommate walked in. It was quite a shock for him to see us in the raw on the living room couch, with her hand on my prick. He just said hello and walked right into his room.

He came out about an hour later and couldn't believe we were still on the couch naked, watching television. My hand was stroking her pussy and I was in seventh heaven. Needless to say, we weren't done for the night. We slept together and had numerous other love sessions. When I was coming in her mouth for the third or maybe fourth time that night, she released my prick and admitted to me that she knew my roommate wouldn't be home and had really come over to see me. A dream come true.

Debbie and I are seeing each other regularly now, and even though I thought I'd never forget Jane, Debbie's hot pussy and big tits have me in a state of euphoria. Debbie has opened up a new life for me, one I thought only happened in dreams. In fact, as I am typing this letter, she has her steaming mouth around my prick.—*Name and address withheld*

Boston screwed

During these past few years at college I have had a wonderful sex life. However, this past year has been pits for outrageous sex—until last night.

I am an attractive, blonde-haired, blue-eyed senior, 36-23-36, in a small college

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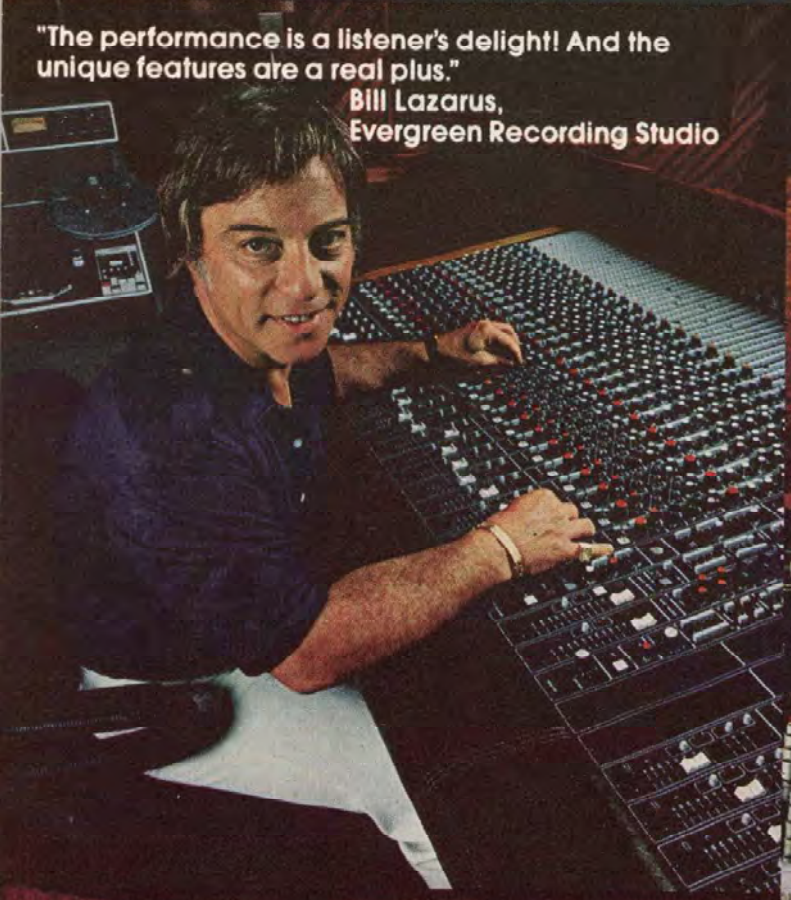

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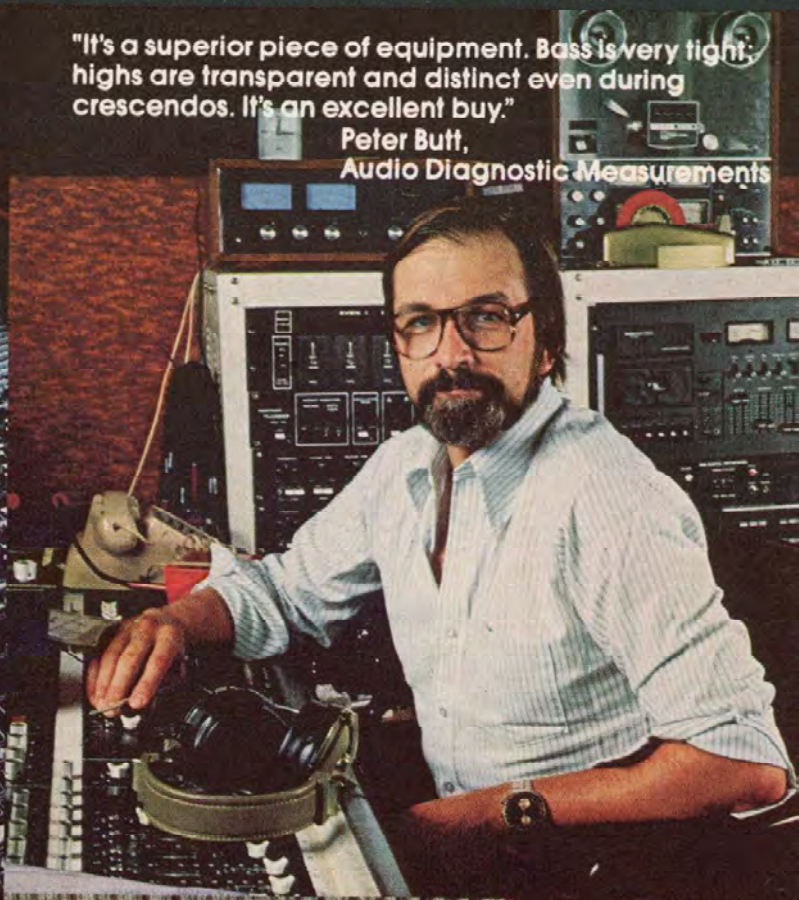

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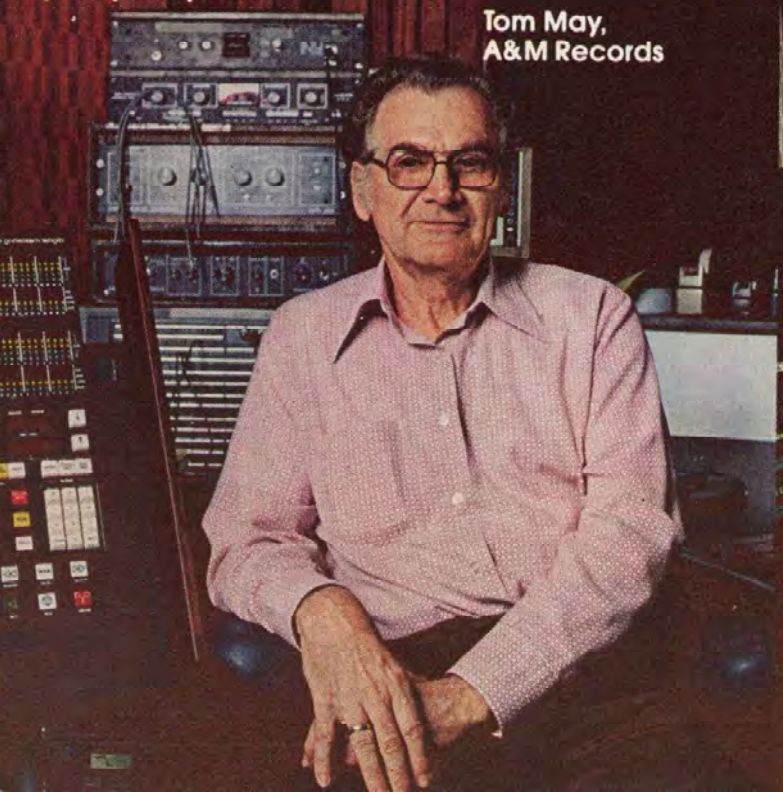

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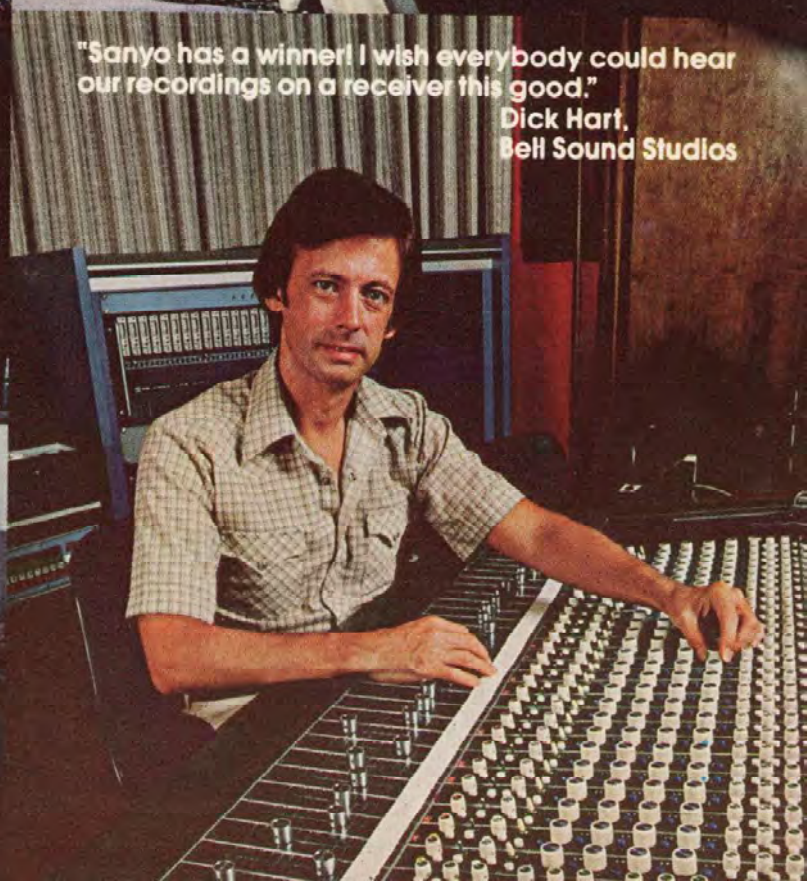

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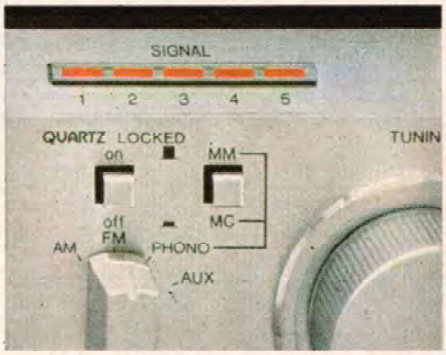

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in the Boston area. Until this year I had gone out steadily with three men at different times, but recently I just haven't been turned on by any of the men who have asked me out. My boyfriend of last year graduated and now lives a thousand miles away. We are still friends, but because we each wanted some freedom and because we were so far away from each other, we decided to split up.

Last night he came to Boston for a one-day business trip and called me to have dinner. The sound of his voice and the knowledge that he was so near made me weak in my knees. I wasn't sure that he would want to have sex with me; so I decided to be especially alluring. I wore a thin Qiana shirt without a bra, so that my nipples could poke through the material; tight—and I mean tight—pants; and a pair of thin black bikini panties. I topped this off with my—and his—favorite perfume.

Paul then took me to a beautiful French restaurant. The wine, the food, the candlelight, and his handsome face and body made me so horny that I thought I would die. But Paul was cool and reserved, talking about his job and asking me about school. I knew he looked cool, but I also knew that in bed he is one of the world's most magnificent lovers. I trembled with anticipation. When we left the restaurant, he drove me home to my apartment, and I was dismayed when he told me that he had an early meeting the next day. I tried to be cool as I suggested that he come upstairs for a quick cup of coffee. He agreed, and soon he was sitting, alone, in an oversized armchair. I gave him his coffee and then squeezed in next to him, pressing my breast against his arm. He looked surprised and then interested, and I noticed a bulge swelling in his pants. After I gave him a quick peck on the lips, he set his cup down and gave me a real kiss. In seconds our tongues were thrusting hungrily into each other's mouths. His hand caressed my breast and pinched the erect nipple through the fabric. It was like a jolt of electricity from my nipple to the pit of my stomach to my aching clit. I moaned and put my arms around him.

He stopped, got up from the chair, and picked me up. I knew then that our destination was the bedroom. He put me on the bed and began kissing me while rubbing my pussy through my pants. By now I was sopping wet, and even the outside of my pants was damp. I grabbed at his zipper to release his beautiful cock. His glans was purple, and as I stroked it with my fingers, it felt as hard as bone and as soft as silk. He opened my blouse and roughly rubbed my breasts as he pulled it off. My pants and panties came off next. Then, as my mouth approached his penis, he started to take off his shirt. I started sucking him as I pulled his pants down and began massaging his balls, lightly brushing the sensitive area under his scrotum. He began to moan as my tongue and lips and fingers excited him. I slowly lay down, still sucking him, and spread my legs. He got the message and started licking my pussy and clit with long strokes. It felt so good that I even stopped sucking him. Faster and faster he licked me until what felt like the whole world exploded. My whole body arched and shuddered in one of the best orgasms I have ever had.

I felt that I had to reciprocate in some way. So, while he was still gently licking me, I began to suck his balls and run my tongue toward his anus while rubbing his penis between my breasts. He started breathing faster and faster. I knew he was going to come. I pulled his penis into my mouth. It was so big that I couldn't breathe, but I wanted it in my mouth. He began pumping it into my mouth and let out a huge groan as what seemed like a quart of semen gushed into my mouth and throat. I swallowed most of it and licked the rest from his limp member.

We then rested in each other's arms, kissing and fondling. He lay on his back as I got some baby oil and spread it over my breasts. I then gave him a breast massage, rubbing my firm globes over his belly and chest. He then started to rub them onto his face and into his mouth. I cried out with pleasure as he bit my breast and then sucked and bit my hard nipple. I reached behind me to find that he was hard again. I moved back against his towering tool, which nestled up to my pussy, his shaft nudging my clit. I couldn't wait any longer. I spread my lips, and he guided himself into my wet, warm, and eagerly waiting hole. The anticipation made it feel even better. I thought I would faint as I felt him fill me up. (Don't let anyone fool you that small cocks feel the same.) I was wonderfully stretched and slowly started to ride him. Within a minute I came, and soon I came again. We rolled over, and he put my legs on his shoulders as he started to smash into me. After a few minutes of this delight I was coming again, and I shouted in ecstasy as he came deep inside me.

At this point we were exhausted and fell asleep in each other's arms. When I woke up, Paul had his hand between my legs and was arousing me by massaging my clit. I looked at him, saw that he was erect, and smiled. "That's an offer I can't refuse," I said.

He kissed me deeply and spread my legs. I took his penis in my hand and guided it into me. "Your cock is addicting," I told him. For fifteen minutes he held off coming. I thought I was in heaven. His strokes were long and slow or short and fast. He did a clockwise or counterclockwise motion in me while pushing in or pulling out. All the while he was kissing my neck and breasts, biting my nipples or earlobes, tonguing my ear or kissing my face. It's not for nothing that

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I think he's magnificent. I came three times, and finally he collapsed in a moan, shooting his sperm into me.

We got out of bed and showered together, rubbing our bodies together to save soap. We toweled each other dry, and I made breakfast for him while he dressed. After a half hour he said he had to leave for his meeting. We kissed and he left.

I was sore for two days afterward, but I wouldn't have traded it for anything. Never have I had more, longer, or more powerful orgasms. Now I can't wait until his next trip to Boston.—*Name and address withheld*

Hot tonight, Josephine!

I want to relate to you something that happened a few years ago. I was reminded of it when I met Josephine (I'll call her that to keep from embarrassing her if she reads this) a few weeks ago.

I had just graduated from high school, still a virgin and aching to get laid. My friend Biff, also free from the cardinal sin, and I decided to take in a movie at the local drive-in, which was showing *Halloween*. Biff drove up, and to my surprise I found he had brought along his sister, Josephine, then 18, and her friend Benita, also 18. I knew then that it might be an eventful night.

Josephine must have had something hot on her mind because she was wearing a low-cut blouse, which nicely showed off her small but firm breasts, and she also had on one of the sexiest pairs of shorts I had ever seen her in. Benita was also dressed very seductively, and I knew she was probably hot for Biff from the way she kept glancing at his crotch when he wasn't looking. I became even more suspicious when I was placed in the backseat with Josephine. I was lucky I had my shirt untucked because my hard-on popped up when I got a good look at Biff's sister.

Not wanting to let a lucky night like this go to waste, I suggested we pick up some beer to satisfy our thirst during the movie. We stopped and got two six-packs on our way to the movie, and then we were all set. By the time we got to the gates, we had polished off four beers apiece, and from the way the girls kept laughing, I thought they had a buzz on. We paid and found a place to park. Then the lights dimmed, and the credits were rolling.

Just as I was about to make a move, Josephine slid her arm around my waist and pulled me close to her. I settled back, wondering what her next move might be. My dick was ready to snap the zipper, waiting for Josephine's soft touch, and sure enough, I felt her fingers zero in, and my dong tried even harder to break its bonds.

As she unzipped my zipper, I reached down her blouse and found to my surprise that she wasn't wearing a bra. I squeezed her nipples slightly, and they firmed to the touch. By then she had my dong out and was rubbing up and down the shaft.

All of a sudden I felt her hot breath as she brought her lips to mine, and we started kissing and then French-kissing. By then I was so hot that I was ready to shoot my load; so I took her hand away from my prick, and we struggled in the cramped backseat to remove her blouse. I glanced into the front at Biff and was surprised to see that he already had Benita's shirt off and was busy licking her upper torso while she had her hands full with his tool.

Then I was busy with Josephine again. I laid her out on the seat and pulled down her shorts and again was surprised to find that she was wearing no panties. I stared at her young pussy and almost lost it again, but I held back. I pulled off my pants completely, and we engaged in a great session of 69. I must say now that I've tasted my share of pussies, but I still say that teenage pussies are the tastiest of all. I furiously lapped Josephine's young juices while she was flipping her tongue all over my dick. She pushed her crotch hard in my face, and I knew she was about to come and so was I. She started to moan as I shot my load forcefully in her mouth. I thought she would gag, but she slurped up every drop.

I was still hard after coming; so we changed our positions. She spread her legs and guided my missile into her target. I met some initial resistance, but things soon started coming. I started off slowly in order to savor the exquisite feelings I was having. Josephine was wriggling to the motion, and all of a sudden she locked her legs around my back and started gasping, "Oh Scooter! Scooter! Please, harder! Harder! Do me, fuck me, fuck me! It feels so good! Fuck me harder!" I couldn't believe my ears! She had never talked like this before. It was fantastic. I complied with her urgent requests and started ramming my dick into her vagina harder and harder, my balls flapping against her. I could hardly believe my whole seven and one-half inches of machinery was actually penetrating all the way. She must have been in heaven. She then arched her back, and we spent ourselves together with cries of ecstasy.

We lay back in each other's arms and listened to the moaning coming from the front seat. Benita was sitting on top of Biff, moving her body in all directions. Then she cried, "Biff, do me in the ass! I want to feel you in my ass!" Biff put his fingers in Benita's love box, lubricated her butt with the juices, and then slowly entered her from behind. From Benita's screams of pleasure I knew Biff was succeeding. I was afraid everybody in the drive-in would be crowding around the Datsun, but even if they had, I doubt that they

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would have seen a thing through all the fog caused by our activities. I didn't even care.

By this time the movie was almost over, and we decided we'd had enough for one night. Needless to say, we went to many drive-ins throughout the summer and really got our money's worth. Tomorrow I am going to see if I can round up the gang and go to a drive-in for old time's sake. I'm sure it will be another great time. *—J.W. Boise, Idaho*

Burning love

Recently, I discovered a method of definitely increasing the visual enjoyment of sex. However, it also proved to have its own definite disadvantages. My lover, Marie, and I were lying in bed, fondling each other, and my hot and eager member was throbbing in expectation of once again being surrounded by her wet and waiting pussy.

We were soon on our knees, one of my favorite positions, and as I prepared to enter her, I had an inspiration that led me, my hard cock bouncing as I ran, into the bathroom to grab her lighted makeup mirror. Marie knew exactly what I had in mind, and with a devious smile, she plugged in the mirror as I positioned it underneath her beautiful love nest. The angle of the mirror made it easy for both of us to see the action, and since we had it flipped to the magnifying side, our uniting genitals were even bigger and better than in real life, almost as though we were seeing it on a miniature movie screen.

Visually, it was some of the best sex I have ever encountered. My seven-and-a-half-inch "Texas Longhorn" was magnified at least one-third more, and Marie's glistening orifice was definitely a sight to behold. My driving inside caused her cunt lips to pucker slightly, and on the backstroke my wet and shining tool stretched out those luscious lips to their full length.

Needless to say, our orgasms hit us rather quickly, Marie responding with her usual screaming and thrashing, and I with an explosive shudder. Both of us were too spent to move, and so we just held each other, resting and savoring the moment. Finally, I slowly withdrew my now softening cock, literally dripping with my come and her love juices.

This moment of perfect bliss and contentment was immediately shattered as my deflated dong withdrew from her slippery slot and struck the surface of the mirror, which was now burning hot because of its lights. In the back of my mind I could hear a sizzling sound just as I literally leaped off the bed in a mixture of extreme shock and terror. The first thing my eyes spotted was a glass of water on Marie's bedside table. I plunged my burned dick into that glass, and it shrunk to about two inches and left me with the coldest feeling I have yet to experience in my 24 years. It was definitely an added shock to my already devastated mind and body, but anything was better than that burning.

I looked back at Marie, who was still kneeling on the bed, both laughing at my ludicrous situation and crying in sympathy for my pain. The only lasting effects of this peculiar incident were a dried come ring on her makeup mirror and a temporary brown patch on the head of my damaged dick. I also developed a healthy respect for the cock-cooking potential of lighted makeup mirrors. *—J.R., Dallas, Tex.*

Taken for a ride

I've been reading *Penthouse* for a few years, and I thought I would share this experience with your readers.

Last summer I couldn't think of anything better to do than to hitchhike around the country for vacation. I was hitchhiking on a Jacksonville, Fla., freeway. I'd been on the ramp only a short time when a van pulled up. I opened the door, and to my surprise there was a really nice-looking blonde driving.

After we'd gone a few miles, we started talking and she told me she sold water beds, had a few accounts to call on in the morning, and would be stopping in the next town for the night. She smiled, looked at me out of the corner of her blue eyes, and said, "You can either stay at the motel with me tonight or move on." I told her that I was in Florida to have fun; so I would definitely stop with her. Well, we got a small motel room by the beach. She told me to go ahead and take a shower if I wanted, since she had a few phone calls to make. I did, but I'd been in the shower for only a few minutes when she opened the door. She was standing there nude and asked me if I'd mind sharing the water. I don't need to tell you what I said!

She stepped in and took the soap from me and then started washing me all over. When she got to my cock and balls, I thought I would come right then, but I restrained myself. After I'd rinsed off, she started kissing her way down to my really stiff cock. She'd been sucking me for only a minute when I came in her mouth. She told me to go lie down and said that she would be there in a minute. When she came out, I was stretched out on the bed, and she just stood in the doorway, looking at me, dripping wet. For the first time, I took a really good look at her: she was beautiful! And it crossed my mind that I should write to "Forum" about this.

She came over to the bed and bent over me, and we kissed long and hard. She started to kiss me all over, doing things with her mouth that I didn't think were possible. I got her turned around so that I could make her feel what she was doing to me. When I started to lick her beautiful little blonde pussy, she almost freaked out. I couldn't believe how she

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was acting as soon as I started in.

Now I've always tried to do all I can to make a chick feel good. I don't believe in just getting off and ignoring a woman. I really get turned on by helping a chick get her rocks off as much as possible. This blonde told me that she had never gotten off from someone going down on her, and that she didn't even like it.

I wasn't going to let that remark stop me, because I've always prided myself on being able to eat pussy pretty well. I really enjoy it. So, I got her to put a couple of pillows under her ass and let me give it a try. I started really slow, running my tongue along the inside of her thighs and then moving down to her little ass hole and very slowly up to her pussy. Just from licking the lips of her cunt I could tell that she was starting to like it. When I got hold of her clit, she went crazy. She was moaning and bucking so much that I couldn't hold her down. She grabbed the back of my head and was trying to force my tongue all the way inside of her. Right then she got off, and none too soon: she had such a tight grip on my face that I couldn't breathe! I had to come up for air; so I kissed my way up to her mouth, and she nearly went crazy. I tried to put my cock into her, but even as wet as she was, I had some trouble. Just as I got the head in, she arched her back, threw her legs around my hips, and started screaming that I should fuck her hard, fast, and deep. Well, it didn't take long for us to come, and after we did, we just went to sleep in each other's arms.

When I woke up in the morning, she was sucking my dick and playing with her clit. She said that if I ate her pussy again, she would give me a nice surprise. Well, it didn't take long to get her off since she'd been playing with herself before I woke up.

She got up from the bed and came back with some lotion. She started putting it all over my hard cock until it was wet. Then she got back on the bed, put some pillows under her stomach, and started putting the lotion over her tight little ass hole, saying that this was the surprise she had for me. She said that no one had ever fucked her in the ass before, and she wanted me to. Well, my cock got harder than it's ever been. And it really made me feel good to have this chick I didn't even know trust me enough to fuck her like that. Well, I got behind her and started kissing her back and neck. She reached around and guided my cock into her. She was so tight that I didn't think it would ever fit. I took as much time as she needed, and when we got it in, she started backing up for more. She was so hot and turned on that I was in her ass for only a couple of minutes before we both came.

Then I rolled her over and couldn't get it into that beautiful blonde pussy fast enough. After a few hard and deep strokes, we slowed the pace down and really took the time to enjoy each other. We both came again and just held each other for a while. Then she said she had to get up and call on her accounts, so we took another shower, said goodbye, and went our separate ways.

I never did learn her name, but I now definitely believe every good thing I ever heard about zipless fucks!—*M.F., Englewood, Colo.*

Privates tutoring

I am a freshman at a small midwestern college, and to be frank, I never thought I'd be writing a letter to *Penthouse*. My experience began when I failed to complete a series of homework assignments for my English literature class. Ms. Daniels, my teacher, had warned me about not finishing them, but I had never paid much attention to her. My thoughts were usually turned toward Lisa, a classmate. Every time I looked at Lisa's full melons and rounded ass, my cock would spring to life.

A few times, I felt Ms. Daniels's gaze trained at my bulging crotch. Although she was in her early forties, her body wasn't all that bad to look at. She had a nice, voluptuous figure and a pretty face, which was usually hidden behind a pair of old-fashioned horn-rimmed glasses. This time was the last straw for Ms. Daniels, though. In no uncertain terms she told me to be in her classroom at 3:15 that afternoon. She said she was going to help me with my problems. I didn't know how right she was!

That afternoon, at the appointed time, I showed up in her room and took a seat. Ms. Daniels wasn't there; so I decided to finish some chemistry problems. A few minutes later, in she walked. She stood before my desk and proceeded to ask me why I was having so much trouble in completing the assigned work. I told her that *Hamlet* and *Beowulf* were just a little above my level of understanding, using all the big words to tell her that in essence the shit bored me. She then started to explain to me that a lot of students had similar problems and that I should try to appreciate the readings more in their context, and so on. All during this time she was unbuttoning her woolen jacket, and now she took it off. Underneath it, she was wearing a tight, white silken blouse that immediately let it be known that she wasn't wearing a bra. I nearly swallowed my tongue.

My cock started to begin its ascent once again. Ms. Daniels asked me if I was all right—she had to ask me twice more before I showed anything by way of a reaction to her question. When she touched my shoulder, a jolt of electricity shot through my body. I swallowed hard, trying to moisten my by now dry mouth and throat. Ms. Daniels stared at my groin, and a sly smile began to form on her lips. She then said that she had no-

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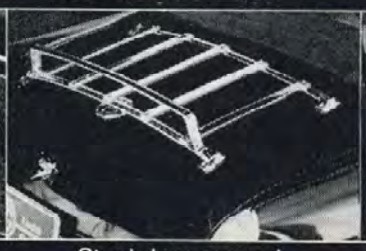
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ticed another of my problems and that maybe she could help with that one "personally." Innocently, I said I'd be grateful for anything she could give me.

Without hesitation, Ms. Daniels put her hand on my crotch and began slowly to massage my throbbing prick like no one ever had done before. Our open mouths crushed together, and I felt her hot tongue probing deeply inside my mouth, feeling its way along each tooth. I broke away and went to the door, which I promptly locked, and then turned out the lights and went back to my teacher. I decided that if she wanted a fuck, I'd give her a fuck she'd never forget.

I pulled the blouse over her head and took a long look at her huge tits. They were so big that they hung on her chest like two ripe grapefruits ready for picking. Her nipples were as hard and erect as the erasers on the sharpened pencils she always kept on her desk. I leaned over and took a long, wet suck on each little bud as Ms. Daniels moaned and pulled at my hair.

Next I reached down to her hip and unzipped her skirt, letting it fall to the floor. I reached between her legs and through her panties felt her sticky wetness moistening my fingers. I eagerly brought my fingers them to my mouth and slowly licked the juice off, enjoying its acrid taste. Ms. Daniels moaned in pleasure as she watched me do this.

I then ripped off her panties and dropped to my knees. I stuck my tongue deep into her cunt, lapping out her juices and nibbling at her hard, throbbing clit with my lips. She must have come at least twice before I stood up and kissed her, my mouth and face wet with her cuntal dew. She ordered me to stand still as she fumbled with my belt buckle and the fly and snap of my jeans. Now it was her turn to go to work.

She pushed me into her chair, with my jeans down around my ankles, and untied my shoes and pulled off my socks, licking and sucking my toes as she did. I nearly creamed in my drawers! After she pulled off my jeans and pulled down my shorts, my meat popped up to its full eight inches. She gasped when she saw the large, circumcised head and my huge balls pushing out through my dark, curly pubic hair.

She told me to sit still so that she could do her job properly. She ran her tongue up and down my hard shaft as she reached under my shirt, rubbing my stomach and kneading my swollen nuts with her hands. She then took my whole dong into her hot little mouth and proceeded to give me the best blowjob I had ever received. When I came, I must have shot at least half a gallon, but she moaned in every drop.

She next stood up and pulled my shirt off over my head, tugging at the hair under my arms with her fingers. She threw the shirt onto the floor, and I grabbed her by her shoulders, positioning her pussy over my still-hard prick. She slid on with ease, and we both groaned as we heard the squish of ready cunt and able cock. We rocked back and forth so hard that we actually snagged each other's pubic hairs! A few minutes later, we came together, and I could feel the warm seepage trickling down my legs.

Afterward we rested, but minutes later I bent Ms. Daniels over her desk and proceeded to lather up her tiny, puckered ass hole with my tongue. After I had tongued her rectum, I stood up and slowly pushed my once again rigid prick into the hole up to its hilt. I pumped and grinded until I felt molten heat from the friction. She and I both screamed as we came together in our last fuck of the afternoon.

We then got dressed, helping each other as we did. I looked at the clock and it was 4:50 P.M. Ms. Daniels and I kissed each other good-bye, our tongues meeting for the last time that day. We checked the hall to see that it was clear, and then left one at a time.

When I received my semester grade in English lit, I told a few of my friends that this was the easiest grade I had ever made. Some asked me how I did it, but I wouldn't tell them. Although I'm all for helping a guy to improve his mind, I'll never tell anybody about this study habit.

—Name and address withheld

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Cashing it in

I'm a tall, good-looking, 22-year-old guy who gets his share of sexual adventures. Despite this, I have always had trouble believing the stories I read in "Forum." However, since last Christmas that has changed.

I work in a 24-hour supermarket in a large northeastern city. It was Christmas Eve morning, and since it was the last workday before Christmas, the boys and I were partying it up a bit. About 2:30 A.M. we were all standing up front by the cash registers when a girl walked in. She had on no coat, although December in the Northeast is very cold. She carried no pocketbook, and she was obviously very wasted. My friends all began laughing at her, but for some reason I thought she was sexy. I decided to be a nice guy and went up to her and started a conversation.

After talking to her for a while, I found out that some guy had picked her up in a club. For some reason, which she couldn't remember, he dropped her off at the store and took off. I also found out that she was drunk from Christmas partying all day and quite high from Quaaludes. We talked for about a half hour, and I told her that I would take her home if she wanted. She said yes, and I got an okay from my boss, and we left.

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Once in the car, I rolled up a nice fat reefer of Colombian so that I'd get in the same relaxed condition that she was in. Once I was good and high, I suggested that we stay at my place for the night and I would drive her home in the morning. She quickly agreed, and I began to get a hard-on I was sure to use.

As soon as we got to my house (my parents and brothers were out west, visiting relatives), I started a fire, cracked open two cold brews, and told her to sit on the couch and make herself comfortable. After sitting down next to her and engaging in a little small talk, I started giving her deep, sexy kisses, to which she warmly responded. Next, I reached out to caress her fantastic boobs only to be surprised by her telling me to "get off my tits." After this happened about three or four times, I got upset and went out cursing into the kitchen to grab a fresh beer. On my way back, just as I was about to tell her to get ready to leave, she looked up at me and said, "Make love to me, big boy." Well, that certainly cooled my temper in a hurry.

I picked her up, took her upstairs, and threw her on my bed. I stood over her, slowly undressing while she was lying on the bed, doing the same. The heat building up in that room was unbelievable. When I got in bed, I thought I would give her a slow, easy fuck to postpone her orgasm as long as possible. She wanted none of that, however. She immediately flipped on her back and told me to fuck her. I quickly mounted her, and she put her legs over my shoulders to give herself the deepest penetration.

It started out as an average fuck, but the longer we went at it, the crazier she got. At first she began moaning, telling me that I was a great fuck and my dick stretched her cunt wide. The more she talked, the more I began feeling like Superman. I was already fucking her harder than I had ever fucked any other girl in my life, but she was begging me to fuck her harder. She was screaming, "Fuck me harder, bang my fucking cunt, bite my tits." The more she begged, the harder I fucked her; and the harder I fucked her, the more she begged. When we both came it was unreal. She screamed at the top of her lungs as my warm seed filled her begging pussy. That was my first experience with dirty talking and hard fucking, and I loved it, but the best was yet to *come*.

We both fell asleep for a couple of hours, and when I awoke, her mouth was filled with my cock. I thought to myself that I would really enjoy a relaxing blowjob, but once again this woman surprised me. She took my rod out of her mouth and asked me if I wanted to come again. After telling her I did, she told me that she wanted me to fuck her in the mouth just as hard as I had ravaged her cunt the night before.

With that invitation I grabbed her, threw her against the headboard of the bed, got

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on my knees directly in front of her, and told her to beg for my prick in her mouth. Her pleading was the greatest turn-on of my life. "Please fuck my mouth: I want to drink your come. I want it on my face and tits. Oh please fuck my mouth hard." Finally, I just couldn't take it any longer. I grabbed her by the back of the head and stuffed my whole hog in there. It was incredible. All kinds of slushing and slurping noises were coming from her mouth. I was telling her to take my whole rod down her throat, and she was fingering her cunt with one hand and toying with my ass hole with the other. I came all over her mouth, face, and tits, and she loved it as much as I did.

After I came, she told me to squeeze her tits really hard while she jerked herself to orgasm. When she came, she began hyperventilating, and it took her about five minutes to finally gain control of herself. We stayed in bed for a couple of more hours. When we awoke, we had one more leisurely fuck and then I took her home. I thanked her and said goodbye to the most sensual and erotic girl I have ever slept with.—*Name and address withheld*

Horny hazing

I am an avid reader of *Penthouse* "Forum" and have been for several years. I must admit, however, that I found some of the letters difficult to believe until recently.

A friend and I are freshmen at the University of Illinois, which, I'm proud to say, has the largest fraternity system in the nation. Keith and I both pledged the same fraternity, which I'll call XXX, because we had heard that it had a reputation for wild times. We were soon to find out just how wild it really was.

On the night of the initiation, we were a little scared, because two of the pledges were going to go through something called "The Ultimate," which no one would talk about. The party began as anticipated, with beer drinking and smoking joints. At about 11:30 we were all a little buzzed, and the real initiation began.

Keith, I, and the other six pledges were blindfolded and told to strip to our underwear. We were led into a dimly lit room that smelled of incense. A voice told us to bend over and grasp our ankles. I remembered the paddle I'd seen earlier that day and braced myself for the traditional fraternity "spanking."

The first pledge in line cried out as the paddle delivered a resounding, stinging smack to his buttocks. This echoed seven loud times, each one harder than the last, before they moved on. Keith and I were the last two in line. When our turn came, to my surprise, the president dismissed the other pledges. Keith whispered, "We're gonna get The Ultimate!"

The president announced that we were in for a special ceremony. I wondered what he meant, but I was apprehensive about finding out. My curiosity was soon satisfied when I felt, not a paddle, but a bare hand slap me hard on the ass. Before I could say anything, it happened again. This continued until I cried out in pain. Then it was Keith's turn. After that, the president explained that part of our special initiation included our first meeting with some of our "little sisters." He told us to get down on our knees and prepare for a real treat. Then I heard a door open, and someone walked into the room. I felt a warm hand caress my thighs and then gently pull my undershorts down to the bend of my knees. Suddenly, there was a hot, wet tongue flicking over my swiftly hardening manhood. Keith's soft, satisfied moans told me that he also was receiving the special treatment. My member was now swollen to its full, seven-inch glory in response to the soft pair of lips tenderly encompassing its tip. My body began to writhe from the sheer ecstasy of the most fantastic blowjob I had ever experienced. I was overcome with a burning desire to see the face of the Aphrodite capable of producing such pleasure.

Ripping off the blindfold, I was astonished to see the broad-shouldered form of one of my new fraternity brethren eagerly sucking away. I jerked back momentarily, but the thought of withdrawing from that cavern of erotic delight made me throw my inhibitions to the wind. I gripped the rippling muscles of his arms and thrust my pelvis forward, knowing that I was building up to an orgasm of epic proportions. When I came, it was like nothing I'd ever felt before. The huge explosion of my orgasm sent an oceanic gush of hot jism rocketing into Don's mouth.

My body went limp, and I collapsed onto the floor, contemplating what I had just done. As I slowly looked about, my attention was drawn to the couch, where Keith was receiving an eight-inch enema. At that moment, I decided to give myself over to total pleasure. The remainder of the evening was a hazy succession of new and exotic sexual pleasures with my housemates.

Since that night I've learned that it's foolish to restrict my thinking with preconceived notions. I still enjoy heterosexual activity along with homosexual. I think this kind of openmindedness is what the whole fraternity system is all about.—*Name and address withheld*

"... And it's "Ladies' Doctor" moving up along the rail!"

Sneaky snake

It was a weekend never to be forgotten.

I had my eyes beaded on highway 51, heading home to my parents' house for the weekend after a hard week at college. Thoughts began racing through my mind that no one was to be home until 5:00. My girl friend, Tina, was at home, anxiously awaiting my arrival. The thought of her

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began to motivate my tool. I shifted position to give it room to grow. When I got into town, I headed straight for Tina's house.

Within moments I had her on my couch and was getting very hot. I began caressing her boobs until her nipples were at full erection. She had on a small halter, which tied in back. I grabbed the strings, and with one quick jerk it fell to the floor. I slowly ran my tongue across the crevice of her soft breasts, my tongue darting in and out. I had her so stirred up that she reached over and grabbed my engorged member. She slid my pants off to give it better attention.

My mind was spinning, and I bent over and asked her if she would like to go upstairs. Before she could reply, I had her in my arms and was fleeing out of the room. My water bed was great. I had her down to her birthday suit and gently set her down. She started pumping my dork in fury until I was about to blow my wad. Then she clasped the base of it and held me off. Now it was my turn for some fun. I tied her arms around the bedposts and slid my tongue first across her navel and then to her love tunnel. I teased her juicy lips, parting them with my index finger and eyeing her cute gams. She began to shudder, and droplets of come began to run down my cheek. She begged me to fill her with my stout, eight-inch member.

I played with her small but firm tits until she could take no more and pulled me on top of her. In five deep thrusts, I shot my scalding load well inside her pussy. We both fell against the wall in exhaustion.

By now it was 4:30, and my mom was due home at 5:00. But I knew that we had time for one fast, furious fuck. This time she was the aggressor. I lay back as she brought her rich, full lips to my limp dick. Slowly, she slurped me back to another throbbing erection and then climbed up and sat down on George, our pet name for my prick. We screwed for what seemed like ten minutes as she guided herself up and down like a piston on my dong. Finally, I shot off again, and we quickly dressed and went downstairs, minutes before my mom arrived from work.

It was about 10:00 before we got our next chance to feel each other's body. We were on a sofa in the living room, watching television, while on the other sofa slept my dad, worn out from his day at work. My mom was upstairs; so we did-

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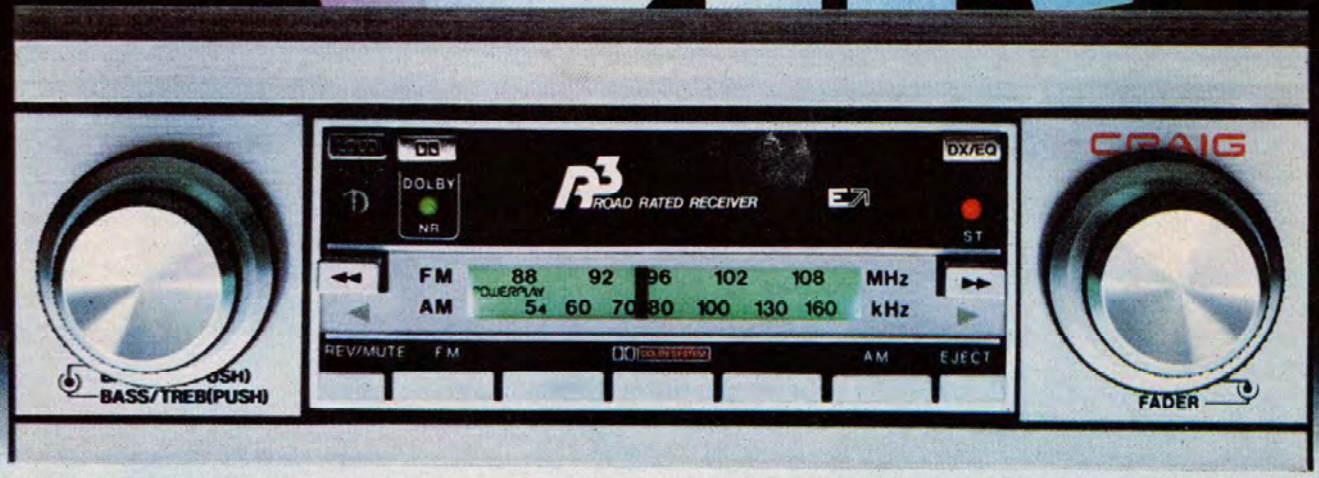

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n't have to worry about her. After some preliminaries, I quickly got down to business as I pulled her jeans down and mounted her doggy-style. I pumped hard and drove for everything I was worth while my dad continued to sleep. Suddenly, he stirred; so we slowed down for about 90 seconds. Then we picked back up, and I shot jism everywhere, moaning aloud. I looked up to see Jessica, my mom, standing over us. Needless to say, we have cooled down when we're at my house. For the next three days we didn't fuck at my house, but next week my parents are off to Arkansas on a business trip. I know where I'll be!—*Name and address withheld*

Easy riders

I am a freshman at a large Wisconsin university. My friends and I are avid *Penthouse* readers and have never taken much stock in "Forum" letters until recently. Over spring break, two friends of mine, Mitch and Dick, and I were planning to go to Florida. Because of the high costs of travel, we decided to take two other riders. We put posters up around campus advertising the extra room, and, much to our surprise and delight, we got immediate response from two voluptuous babes, Cheri and Juliet.

I thought Cheri had a great body but didn't realize how fantastic it really was until I saw her in her string bikini. The sight of her beautifully shaped breasts made my member salute. My erection was quite noticeable through my skimpy trunks, and I caught Cheri gazing at my crotch more than once. Trying to get alone with Cheri was quite impossible because Juliet, Mitch, and Dick were always around. However, I was determined to fondle her tits and dive into her honey pot.

On the ride home, I was lucky. With three of us in the back, we were rather crowded, and to my delight, I found myself sitting right next to Cheri. Since the ride was a long one, a lot of sleeping was at hand.

Cheri and I had a blanket around us because it was comfortable. Somewhere in Tennessee (or was it Kentucky or Indiana?) I woke to find Cheri's fingers gently stroking my thigh. My zipper was tested to the limit. Her fingers gracefully moved up my crotch, and she cupped my whasker with her hand. Slowly, quietly, she proceeded to unzipper my Levi's so as not to wake Dick and Juliet. Mitch was driving and thought we were sleeping. She whipped out my rock-hard, seven-inch hunk of manhood and began tantalizing the head with her fingernails. By this time I was ready to shoot enough come to frost a wedding cake, but Cheri's hands wouldn't let me. She continued gently stroking my stiffness. I felt as if my back teeth were floating in semen. Cheri glanced at Mitch to make sure he wasn't looking and quickly and quietly dived under the blanket. In no time at all she had taken all of me into her mouth. Old Faithful proceeded to let loose with a geyser of salty sweetness.

By this time my itchy fingers were already working at her jeans. I worked my way through her velvety bush to her love box. She was already hot and very wet. I gently massaged her vertical lips. I heard her gasp, and she grabbed once again for my love lever. My middle finger then ventured into her cave and sought out her little man. After tickling her erect clitoris, I felt her tremble all over as waves of orgasm shot through her body. I now plunged three fingers deep into her steaming cunt.

She tightened her squeeze on my erectness as I continued deeper into her love cavern. Once again I found her going down on me. She slowly licked and sucked my rocks until I thought I was going to shoot come out of my ears. She proceeded up my shaft, nibbling as she went. When she reached the head, her bionic tongue acted like a ballerina, dancing lightly and encircling the floor daintily and skillfully. She finally pounced on her prey and gobbled up everything I could shoot at her until my middle leg withered.

All of a sudden, Mitch pulled off the freeway to get gas. Faster hands and heads you have never seen. In about three seconds we were zipped up and sitting there as if nothing had happened. However, I noticed that Dick was grinning at me; so I think he knew what had been going on. When we stopped for gas, he got back into the car and sat next to Cheri. Well, I was too tired to go another round and didn't argue with him too much. I don't know if Dick did anything with Cheri, but if he did, I know that he had a wild trip home!—*Name and address withheld*

"Well, well, well, and what little food additives shall we condemn today?"

Saturday night live

Secretly, I have always been a voyeur; so when I went looking for a new townhouse to live in, I was careful to choose one with a view into the next-door neighbors' bedroom. Well, never in my wildest fantasies did I expect the bedtime hour to be so exciting. My next-door neighbors turned out to be a family of three. Father, mother, and 18-year-old daughter named "Star." Star's room is located right across from mine.

We both moved in on the same day, and it was hard not to notice Star unpacking since there weren't curtains. I noticed her watching me. So I would take off my clothes, except my underwear, and then turn off the lights, take off my underwear, and put on a robe. Then I'd turn on the lights. I would always wait until Star was in her room and stand back far enough so that no one downstairs could see me. There was always enough light from Star's room so that she could clearly see

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me from her bedroom.

It didn't take long for Star to catch on. First, she would sit next to her window and pretend she was studying but would always give me her full attention after I shut off the light. My moves were slow and deliberate, allowing plenty of time for her to see my completely nude body. On the third night she did the same for me. First, she took off everything but her bra and panties, standing back far enough so that I could see her. She began to brush her long, blonde hair. I became so turned on that I began to masturbate. I could see her watching my hand rub my cock, and slowly she lowered her hand between her legs and began to do the same, working herself up to a violent climax and falling to the floor out of sight. I soon followed. That ended that for a few nights, and our greetings during the day were short and polite. Her parents never knew a thing.

Then one Saturday her father put a shade up in her room. I thought the party was over. Not so! That night Star came up to her room around 10:00 P.M. dressed in a cheerleader's outfit, with her hair done up in pigtails. I was sitting at my desk with the lights on. I watched her close the door, lock it, and walk to the open window, giving me a wave and holding up a small, white joint. She sat beside her window, lit up the joint, and began to "get mellow."

I have always enjoyed "good Smoke" and keep a few "rolled and ready" on my desk; so I joined her. We sat and smoked in silence. When she had had enough, she got up and began to pull the shade down (it had been closed to the middle). It went all the way to the top. She gave me one of the sexiest smiles I have ever seen on a female. I moved over to the middle of the room and began to watch "Saturday Night Live." She started practicing her gymnastics, always making sure her ass pointed in my direction. Her eyes lit up when she saw I had brought my field glasses for zoom shots. She then removed her top and motioned for me to do the same.

I willingly obeyed. Having removed her panties, she stood in her bra and cheerleader's skirt, slipping her hand in and out of her pussy. I slowly unbuckled my belt. Her tempo grew, and her young body began to quiver. By now my prick had leaped out for a better view, and soon she climaxed and fell to the floor. We stayed up that night for hours entertaining each other. I masturbated twice and stayed hard the whole time. Our conversation during the day was kept to a polite hello. Then, on Star's very next birthday, her parents gave her a private phone; guess who she called first. We now have both sight and sound. She does everything I ask. Last week she wore high heels while brushing the blonde hairs on her cunt.

Just when I thought I had the greatest show on earth, Star decided I hadn't seen

anything yet. She had told me that on Saturday night she was going to bring home a surprise for me. I was to keep all the lights off and hide over in the corner of my room. Again I willingly obeyed. The show that followed set my balls on fire. At 10:00 P.M. Star showed up with a girl friend who was just as pretty as she is. They smoked a little grass and made some phone calls. Star kept looking over at my place. I could tell she was getting turned on, knowing I was watching. Star began to exercise and undress at the same time. Her girl friend was getting turned on from watching her and soon was rubbing her pussy through her wool skirt. Star continued to undress, exposing her bare, blonde, dripping-wet pussy. Her girl friend's head was soon buried between her legs. They spent the rest of the night on the bed while I stood on my tiptoes for a better view. (I have since met her girl friend—by phone—and we have spent a few nights entertaining each other.)

Well—would you believe it?—just when I thought there could be nothing better, Star came up with something different. Last Saturday night Star told me again to hide over in the corner with my lights off. I willingly obeyed. At 9:00 P.M. she showed up with a six-foot-two, 220-pound jock from school. They proceeded to move the bed over against the wall. (I had told her I was having trouble seeing her and her girl friend with the bed in the middle of the room.) There was some touching going on between the two of them, but I could tell the jock was not sure if he was going to get laid or not: only Star and I knew for sure.

The sex that followed would beat the bluest movie in town. Star pretended that the buttons on her blouse kept coming undone, exposing her see-through bra. The jock's cock was ripping through his pants. Once, while they were horsing around, Star fell onto the bed and raised her legs high enough to give the jock a real nice beaver shot. By now the kid was ready to come in his pants. Star knew it. She reached down, unzipping his fly and turning him slowly to be sure that I got a good view of what was probably the sexiest stud I'd ever seen.

The blowjob didn't take long, and the jock shot a full load into Star's mouth. She smiled from ear to ear as she looked my way. But now my field glasses were steaming. Soon my hands were full of the same creamy substance. The show continued long into the night.

I have no intention of decreasing the distance between our windows. One of these days I'll fuck her pussy off myself.
—Name and address withheld

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is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

"Orange" crush

My husband and I have been regular readers of your magazine since the "Vietnam Veterans Adviser" column has been included in the text. Often you have had serious articles concerning the dilemma of the Viet vet. However, Marta Tarbell's article "The Agent Orange Time Bomb" (August 1979) is the most alarming report yet.

My husband is a Vietnam veteran and served in the army in the early 1970s in the southern areas of Vietnam. A couple of years ago he started to exhibit strange symptoms, none of which doctors could diagnose. In the last year these symptoms have become more frequent and severe. He has experienced numbness in the hands and feet, abdominal pains, pains in the lung area, nosebleeds, eye problems that resemble optic nerve problems, skin rashes that look like blisters and appear overnight and last for weeks, irrational behavior, and a vitamin deficiency that requires three times the normal requirements to stay healthy. I have had three miscarriages, when there was no physical reason for them.

The fact that the government will not recognize its fault in the poisoning of thousands of innocent men is a disgrace to the families of these men. I love my husband and want to spend the rest of my life with him, but now I have to wonder how long we will be together before he is killed by dioxin. People affected by this tragedy must speak out and make the government pay for this foul deed. I only hope that I have touched others with similar experiences and can encourage them to let others know what has been done.—*L. Marilyn Watling, Morris, Ill.*

I read the article by Marta Tarbell about Agent Orange. I myself am a veteran of Vietnam and have symptoms of this dioxin poisoning. I'd like to know whom I could contact for more information on this important matter. I would greatly appreciate any help you could give me.—*Floyd Patrick, Somerset, Pa.*

I have just finished reading Marta Tarbell's article. She mentioned the "Agent Orange Victims' International," but no address was given. My only brother is a Vietnam veteran and already has most of the symptoms named in the article. I would like very much to get in touch with Jane Dziedzich and her organization. I won't let my brother die without a fight.—*B. House, Joliet, Ill.*

I am a Vietnam veteran who was exposed to the chemical defoliant "Agent Orange" while serving in Vietnam in 1968. Could you please inform me if there is any agency or organization which I could contact concerning symptoms and effects of this exposure? I would like to know if there are any tests available that would determine whether or not the chemical residue persists in the body after a given period of time.

I thank you for your consideration and commend you for your ongoing service to those Vietnam veterans who need answers to serious questions that official government agencies "can't be bothered with."—*Norm Milliken, Uniontown, Pa.*

On behalf of the National Veterans' Task Force on Agent Orange, I am prompted to write and thank you for running Marta Tarbell's insightful article on Agent Orange, Vietnam's chemical time bomb. We must applaud your continuing efforts to bring the true story of Vietnam and its warriors to the American people and the rest of the world, especially in this area of insidious chemical poisoning of those who were sent to fight.

By this letter, I would like to extend the assistance of the Task Force to those readers who feel they may have been poisoned by Agent Orange while in service. We have reports that many stateside bases were sprayed with the same and similar herbicides during that same period of time. So the veteran who was never in Southeast Asia could still have been affected by dioxin, that "most toxic of all manmade substances," according to Dr. Barry Commoner.

The National Veterans' Task Force on Agent Orange is a group of 15 Vietnam veterans' organizations and citizens' organizations with the express goal of developing the true story of the use of chemicals in Southeast Asia and the intent of providing both assistance in claims work to those veterans and their families who may have been affected and the necessary public information to get these jobs done. Through our members and associates, we can provide assistance with claims procedures for active service personnel and veterans of Southeast Asia and their families in pursuing claims for compensation and/or disability with the Departments of the Army, Navy, and Air Force (for active personnel), the Veterans Administration (for separated personnel), or in civil actions against the manufacturers of these poisons.

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I'd like to thank *Penthouse*, Bob Guccione, and the Vietnam Veterans Adviser, William Corson, for all your help in straightening out the misinformation about Vietnam and its veterans. Keep up the good work! It's comforting to know that someone, somewhere, cares about the welfare of those who bore the full force of the hatred and confusion surrounding the Vietnam War, even if those in the government who sent us don't give a damn. *—Ron DeYoung, Chairman Pro Tem, NVTFAO*

We urge everyone who wrote to Penthouse *requesting more information on the effects, tests, and treatments of "Agent Orange" to contact the following organizations:*

AGENT ORANGE VICTIMS INTERNATIONAL
P.O. Box 113
Mohegan Lake, N.Y. 10547

NATIONAL VETERANS' TASK FORCE ON AGENT ORANGE
600 South Michigan Avenue, Room 310
Chicago, Ill. 60605
(312) 663-1600, ext. 626

Congratulations on your article "The Agent Orange Time Bomb." Even though some of us knew many of the facts in the article, you have the great ability to get those facts out to millions of Vietnam vets.

When the story of possible Agent Orange poisoning broke back in March 1978, the VVAW's (Vietnam Veterans Against the War) earliest response was to urge that the government, specifically the Veterans Administration, inform Vietnam vets about the possible dangers. Fortunately, the media had done a good job—because the VA has, as yet, done almost nothing, scared to death that it will ultimately have to compensate the victims of the defoliant, as well as spend the necessary money to come up with effective tests and, we hope, treatment. It's kind of an instant replay of the VA's dealings with victims of atomic tests in the 1950s, victims of which are only now, finally, being compensated—20 years after the fact.

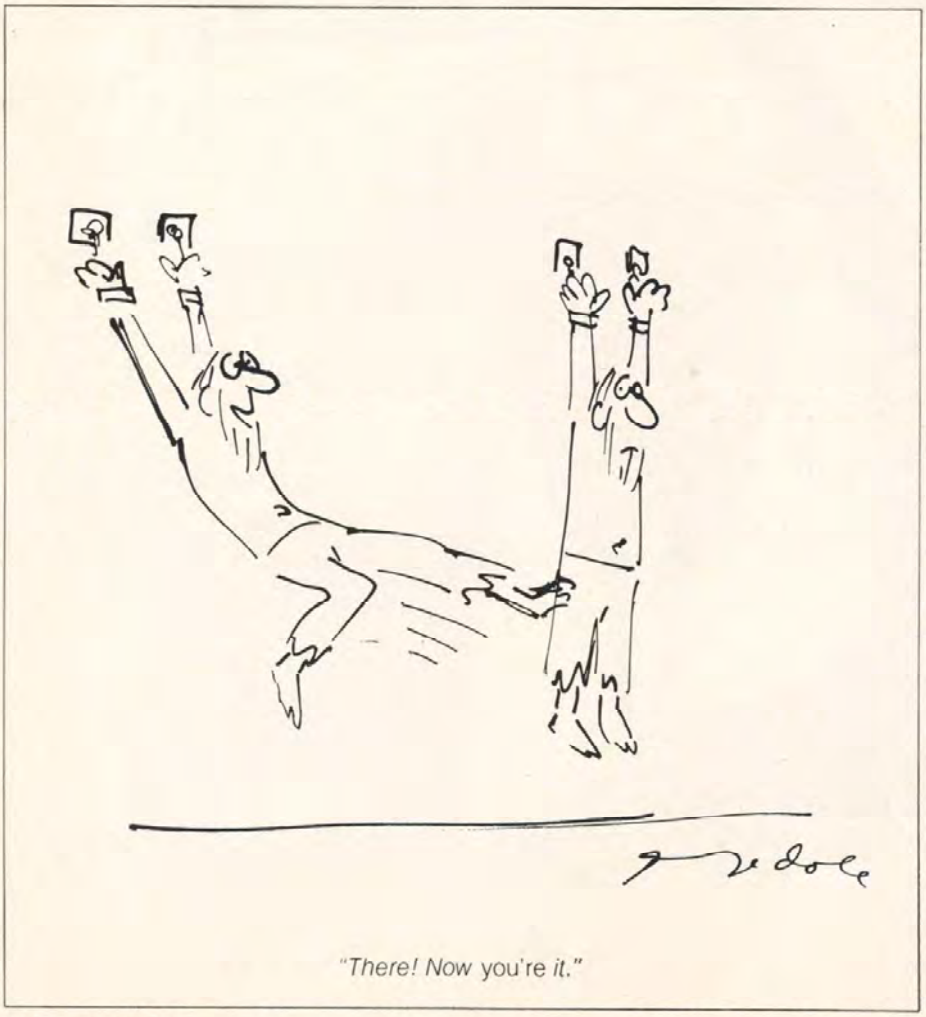
The VA now claims that no more than 500 veterans have written in to suggest they are victims of Agent Orange. Yet, in the wake of Bill Kurtis's television series on Agent Orange here in Chicago, there were at least that many veterans who made claims here at the Chicago VA office. And who knows how many vets still have not heard of their potential danger?

Much good research has already gone on. We are fortunate in Chicago to have a group of doctors at Cook County Hospital examining veterans who may show symptoms of Agent Orange poisoning. There is, still, a much larger question as yet barely touched: what is the connection, if any, between the effects of the defoliant and the psychological effects of what is often called the "post-Vietnam syndrome"?

Until questions like this are answered, and until effective tests and treatment for Vietnam vets contaminated by Agent Orange are finally resolved, our organization plans to keep on fighting. It's already clear that the powers, from the military to the Veterans Administration to Dow Chemical, will do all they can to kill off the issue unless people refuse to let it die. As vets who have already been used to fight a rotten war in Vietnam, we cannot sit idly by and let ourselves be the silent victims of still another atrocity *—Pete Zastrow, for Vietnam Veterans against the War, Chicago, Ill.*

It seems to me that a person who robs a bank and kills people in the process is less a criminal than a company, like Dow Chemical, that manufactures products—for a profit—with the deadly power of a chemical like dioxin. As stated in your article on Agent Orange, three ounces of dioxin placed in New York City's water supply could wipe out the populace. If convicted of a crime, the "criminal" may pay with his life, while the worst that can happen to a company is lawsuits brought against it by families of the victims. This may cut into profits, but it can surely be made up for by charging the consumers more for other products that the company manufactures. A cash settlement will not bring back the dead, nor will it assure that the same thing won't happen again.

I think that if the heads of companies were held criminally responsible for the damage and deaths that their products and by-products cause, the products might be tested more carefully before being released on the market and into the environment. Charges should also be brought against government and military officials who have contracted for and have used these deadly chemicals. *—C. L. Kimes, Watsonville, Calif.*



"There! Now you're it."

Future space

I really enjoyed Dr. Robert Jastrow's article "Ten Years after Apollo XI" (July 1979), about the probability of life in space. It's a relief to know that there is someone intelligent enough to know how to spend a few billion in tax dollars now to gain the most in the future, whether it be for us or our children. Most people I know can't see beyond their neighborhood clergy. The universe happened before, and it will happen again and again, governed not by divine intervention but by proven laws of physics and relativity. I think anyone who believes otherwise is either autistic or ignorant. I'm going to show the article to some of my friends in the hope that it will open some closed doors. But I'm doubtful. If they haven't tried to pick their own mental locks by now, then they are too far gone to know which door to open if given a key. *—M.D., C. C., Calif.*

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Dr. Robert Jastrow's essay was well put, but I disagree with some of his comments.

Most certainly we need to increase our space activities. Funding should be made for the missions Jastrow mentions. But when he claims that there will be no space colonies because of the expense, lack of applications, and human needs, I must object. Space colonies are more open than any urban center, and I see nothing to say against an up-curved horizon except that it is different.

As for the cost, the price tag should be the least of the problems. So what if it takes 50 or even 1,000 shuttle launches to build a colony. The inhabitants of those highest cities will benefit through savings on launch costs on satellites and other products made on the colony.

Also important, it will establish that feeling of purpose that we had during the Apollo days. Of all things, space colonies should be foremost on our list.—*M. Eckardt, Ft. Riley, Kans.*

Stayin' alive with ISG

Congratulations to Craig S. Karpel on his most informative and well-documented article "The Victims of Terrorism Strike Back" (August 1979). After reading about the International Security Group and their degree of maintaining "defensive security," I have had second thoughts about the California nameplate syndrome (license)!

Thanks for allowing the public to peek at what the real private sector can do.—*G. DiCenzo, Santa Monica, Calif.*

We have just read Craig Karpel's excellent article about the International Security Group of San Antonio, Tex., which markets armored vehicles and security training and systems to potential terrorist targets.

Unfortunately, in referring to us as a supplier of ballistics glass to ISG, our company was incorrectly identified. We are PPG Industries, not Pittsburgh Plate Glass.

Your readers, I believe, might be interested in learning a bit more information about the PPG ballistics glass that is used by ISG in the armoring of automobiles. "Lightweight transparent armor" is the technical term for protective transparencies that are bullet, or ballistics, resistant. It is not a bulletproof glass, a not-quite-accurate synonym.

PPG's Automotive and Aircraft Glass Division provides ISG with windshields and rear windows made of laminates of float glass and polycarbonate, as noted by Mr. Karpel. They are designed to dissipate the force of a projectile and stop it before it can penetrate the vehicle. The bullet-resistant side windows fabricated by ISG are made of PPG's safety glass and polycarbonate.—*John S. Ruch, Manager, Public Relations, PPG Industries, New York, N.Y.*

Airing the draft

Penthouse has struck me as assuming a strong advocacy position towards issues of critical importance. Your early articles exposing the treatment of Vietnam veterans illustrate the blatant hypocrisy of politics and the military in this country. Continuance of that theme in the Vietnam Veterans Adviser column proves your sincerity and the seriousness of your position.

The draft issue threatens to rear its ugly head again, as a new crop of youth is being primed for drafting into service. While it appeared that the Pentagon and Congress would keep their heads down for a decade or more, they've been very direct about reinstating the draft shortly. They weather demonstations of a few thousand protesters and then go about with their plan.

Your influence on the discourse of major issues is very strong among young men threatened by the nation's about-face on the draft issue. I urge you to print articles about the draft and the military, its methods, goals, and treatment of enlisted men, and, particularly, draftees.

My concern is personal, as I become enraged about the waste of young men's lives for the security and maintenance of excessive military budgets, kill training, and the imperialistic activities of old warriors.—*K. H., Grayling, Mich.*

MOANS & GROANS

Joys of running

This is an open letter to Patrick Owens, author of "Jogology" (July 1979). Your slow gait is obviously not the type to be seen on the street. Rather, it would appear to manifest itself more apparently on the cerebral track. Perhaps if, as you suggest, we runners were to carry the unfortunate upon our backs, you would be one of those fortunate enough to get a ride.

I have been running for only three months and have never experienced anything like the consciousness I know during and after a run. I have never been in a marathon. I haven't even been in a five-mile race—yet. But, I can tell you that I have been in the "bistros" more times than I have run. Joggers are sweaty and smelly, you say? Try the drunk with his shirt open to his navel, who offends not only with his flammable breath but with his aberrant conversations as well.

The men and women I run beside do not need to drown their sense of self in a bottle or glass. They (and I) hold the development and discipline of our bodies and our minds to be more satisfying than the union of bar stool and broadening rear end.

And now, Mr. Owens, perhaps you are willing to get up off the butt and onto the balls (of your feet) and give a bit of healthy activity a try.—*Sherry Mangel, Sherman Oaks, Calif.*

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I have just had a wonderful experience—and one which I never would have expected. Believe it or not, I have my wife, Marie, to thank for it. Marie is a tall, curvaceous blonde. She happens to have a job that necessitates her traveling from time to time. Because of her job, she was going to have to spend several weeks in California, and just by chance her Aunt Cassie (whom I had never met) was supposed to be in town for several days. Marie decided that I should entertain her.

Marie said that she had given her aunt a picture of me and that I should wait in the cocktail lounge at the airport. I was only on my second drink when a nice voice said, "Ray, I'm Cassie, Marie's aunt. I'm so glad we finally have the chance to meet!" It was a good thing I was sitting down at the time, because Cassie didn't seem to be more than four feet tall. She had a nice face and, as it turned out, was only three years older than my wife. After one drink, we picked up her luggage and headed for home.

I was in the family room when she came downstairs after freshening up. When we went out to dinner, she had on four-inch heels, but she was still only up to my elbow. Dinner was very enjoyable, and Cassie made the conversation light and easy. I was totally unprepared for what happened when we got home, and I'm still having trouble believing it.

I had said good-night to Cassie and was in the midst of a good, hot shower when the shower door suddenly opened. Before I could say anything, Cassie was in the shower with me and the door was closed. She hastily explained that she knew that I couldn't and wouldn't have thought of doing anything like this, but that she had no such inhibitions and that under such circumstances I had no choice and there was really nothing that I could say. She said that inasmuch as she was the guest she was sure that Marie would certainly approve of my treating her like a lady, but who was to determine what kind of lady? Cassie was anything but bashful, and the crowded shower situation certainly brought us into intimate contact. My cock was nearly at the level of her tits, which were much larger and very firm—much more so than I would have expected. I was nearly finished rinsing off when she got into the shower and was really astounded when she began soaping my cock and balls. There was no doubt what she had on her mind, and I began getting a very pleasant erection. Just when it was really getting to feel good, she popped the door open and we both got out and dried off. She kiddingly fanned my pecker with her towel while wiggling her butt.

I was thinking, while I was still drying off, that I just had to be too large for her and that our bodies were really out of proportion. She was already in bed, and when I crawled in I began to feel like a baby-snatcher: here I was kissing her, and her pussy was up around my belly-button. Little did I know just how great she was! She told me to stay on my back as she pulled the sheet back, grabbed my cock, sat on top of me, and began easing its head into her. She took her time until she began to "lubricate," and it probably took her five minutes before I suddenly realized that I had all of my seven inches buried to the hilt inside her. It was really feeling fantastic, and it wasn't until then that I realized just what a beautiful body she had, even though it was so very small. She took her time massaging me, sliding up and down and gyrating a little, and sometimes it seemed as

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Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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though she was doing all of those motions at once.

She had had two orgasms while not letting me come even once. Then, all of a sudden, she was pumping her pussy up and down my cock with long, rapid strokes and I knew we were both going to be having a mutual orgasm. Boy, did we ever! Cassie was fantastic, incredible, totally satisfying. It must have been 15 minutes later when she dismounted from my then limp penis and went into the bathroom to clean herself. We curled up together, and I really had a good night's sleep. Around six in the morning, Cassie woke up and proceeded to awaken me by sucking my cock. Our bodies just weren't made for 69, but I managed to play with her a bit until she mounted me.

We had breakfast after we took another shower together and then went shopping and sightseeing. She said that she preferred to have dinner at home, and later we sat around in our robes, having a cocktail. She was sitting on the barstool, and I was kissing and feeling her while standing alongside her, and somehow I began thinking about how nice she would taste. I put both hands under the cheeks of her ass and set her on top of the bar. She was just like a little doll. I was able to kiss her tits while still standing, and by sitting on the stool and leaning over, I was able to bury my face between her legs. I knew that she was enjoying herself, and it wasn't long before she was moaning with pleasure.

Cassie was never in a hurry, always taking her time so as to make me last as long as possible. She was really a perfectionist, and she obviously enjoyed our relationship as much as I did.

Cassie somehow knew how to have an orgasm herself without making me come, and her warm lubrication just made my cock feel better and better all the time.

Suddenly, the phone rang. It was Marie in California, calling to let me know how she was doing and saying that she definitely would be home ahead of schedule. She asked me how I was getting along with Aunt Cassie, and of course the connection was so good that Cassie could hear both sides of the conversation as she was sitting on top of me. I told Marie that we had been having a very nice time shopping and sightseeing and eating out together. During the conversation Cassie had kept up just enough motion to keep my cock hard. The change of pace had somehow made me last even longer than usual—after I hung up, she had a total of four orgasms before we both climaxed in a fantastically violent finish. The next day she proposed that she extend her visit for two more weeks, when Marie would be returning. Naturally, I quickly agreed.

About 5:30 A.M. Monday morning, I awoke to smell bacon and eggs and coffee. After breakfast Cassie told me that she didn't want me to be able to look at any other woman or have desire for anyone except her. When I got home from work, I found that she had cooked dinner, and we had another fantastic love session that lasted until early morning. She didn't give me a moment to breathe, and believe me, I didn't want one. It seemed to get better each time.

Cassie left town two weeks later, giving me a blowjob on the way to the airport to make sure that I was completely drained.

The next evening, I picked Marie up at the airport, and she complimented me on staying on my diet and said it was obvious that I had lost a few pounds. She said that I looked so good to her that she would like to eat me up. I was thinking that if she only knew how much I had been eaten, she would probably be cutting off my balls instead. Later on that evening, I was surprised to find that I was horny just thinking of Cassie, and Marie said I gave her one of the best screwings she could remember. Later in the week, Cassie called to thank Marie for lending her home to her and said she hoped to be able to visit again.

I don't know what the future holds, but the recent past certainly has been fantastic. I was wondering if it is normal for someone who loves sex so much to have it as infrequently as Cassie told me she did. It also seemed that my cock grew at least an inch while Cassie was here—is that possible? Also, do you think my wife can tell whether or not I've been making love to someone else?—D.S.

"At last—an honest politician who really lays it on the line!"

It's entirely possible that Cassie was sex-starved. A number of tiny women write to me complaining about men's fears of screwing with them—in your letter you expressed this fear. Quite often it is necessary for tiny women to play the aggressor, since some men are afraid of hurting them with their big (well, let's say average) cocks. Before she met you, it is entirely possible that Cassie was not quite so aggressive. When she found you taking a shower just a few feet away, she probably couldn't resist.

I wouldn't worry about your wife finding out, unless, of course, you start using some new sex techniques you picked up from Cassie. Or you begin developing obvious affections for small women. Or Cassie begins visiting you more and more while your wife is away. Or you whisper "Cassie" in your wife's ear during a pleasant dream.

Could Cassie have caused your cock to grow? Only in your head. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, but size can be in the eye of the possessor.

TOMORROW IS ANOTHER LAY

I'm 23 years old and have always considered myself open, honest, even loose about sex. I never thought I'd be happy with just one man. So I thought marriage or monogamy was impossible, much less desirable.

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But I surprised myself by falling in love and getting married. My husband, Bill, was killed in an accident six months later. We had always had an exceptional sexual relationship, but marriage seemed to enhance it. There was a new quality about it, probably stemming from our new commitment and our desires to fulfill each other completely. We experimented without embarrassment. I had never tried anal sex, for example. I wasn't opposed to it; it had just never happened. We both loved it.

I have a boyfriend now. He's extremely important to me, and I think I have fallen in love with him. Les is aware of this, though I think he doubts it because of my husband's death.

Anyway, our sex life started off with nothing spectacular. I was having trouble with guilt, and it took me some time to rid myself of that. Eventually, I started feeling fresh and healthy about sex again, with renewed desire and passion. Les is fairly straight about sex. We have had anal sex occasionally, both enjoying that. The problem is that Les doesn't kiss. He could have me reduced to puddles of wetness if he would only kiss me. So foreplay is usually reduced to sucking him off until he is hard (and then we make love). If I don't get wet from that, and occasionally I don't, then I have to catch up later.

There have been times when we have fucked on every piece of furniture in the house, but that was when he was a bit high and less inhibited. Once, after I had come and we were fucking away for his shot, he began kissing me. I thought I was spent, but his kisses set me off, and I came incredibly.

I'm constantly battling with whether the problem is mine and I expect too much or whether Les just needs teaching. But the fact is that I have been reduced to an insecure lady, unsure of my abilities with this man, and I am becoming more hesitant about approaching him.

I have tried talking to him, but he doesn't get the message. Should I just muster up all my courage and completely take over? I can see myself back in old form again, just telling him to shut up and let my fingers do the walking. Then I would do anything and everything my heart desires to any and every hole he has. Or should I convey my needs to him (in no uncertain terms) and hope he will gather me up and fuck me like he never has?

Recently, an extremely attractive man gave it his best shot and touched my face and hair with his hand while he kissed me quickly but ever so tenderly. So I know that I'm not altogether unappealing.

Don't tell me that Les is selfish and cold, because his personality and every other aspect of him is genuine, unselfish, and honest. I also know that I am special to him, and family and friends have made it obvious that they have never seen him this close to people in the past.

I've always felt that any sexual problems between a couple should be solved by them and endured as long as there is love. But frustration has pushed me to realize that maybe love cannot, after all, conquer all.

Do you have suggestions or special tricks that you could share? I'd really appreciate your advice.—R.T.

In my opinion, kissing is an even more intimate act than intercourse. When you kiss someone, you can actually see his face, feel his mouth, touch his skin, and taste and smell him as well. In other words, almost all your senses are alert. When you fuck with someone, however, it doesn't really make much difference what he's putting inside your cunt. It could be his hand, his tongue, his cock, or even a vibrator or dildo.

A kiss is upper persuasion for lower invasion, as some wise old Chinese once said. When men go to visit hookers, they often refuse to get kissed; and vice versa—a hooker will usually refuse to kiss her client because that's a privilege she reserves for her own man.

There are ways to try and seduce your man into becoming a better and more involved lover, even if it means taking a chance at being laughed at when you try on a sexy outfit. A no you can always get, but a yes is a reward. You may soon find out it was worth the effort. After all, don't we all have our fantasies, and aren't most of the girls in *Penthouse* clad in some sexy outfit? So why not you?

Another solution might involve making yourself a bit less available so that he's the one doing all the chasing. Maybe once you cool off, he will warm up. But maybe not. If after weeks of playing hard to get you get nothing—well, then, try raping him. He might learn something when you use all his orifices as they've never been used before.

Meanwhile, I would make sure you do meet some other men and start making new friends. They don't have to be lovers, although that is always a possibility. You have endured a great tragedy with the loss of your young husband, and it might be wiser right now to concentrate less on this one man, Les. He's not the only choice you're being offered.

"Poor Wallace is despondent. His company was just acquired by the boy who used to mow our lawn."

LOVE AND LET LOVE

I'm a 22-year-old single male, and I have a question for most of the men who write to you. Although I can't say that I've been in love with all of the women I've slept with, I can safely say that I've cared for the majority of them. I won't sleep with just any woman. I'm Italian, and as funny as this may sound for a man to say, I'm not a whore.

When I read your letters, I hear a lot of "I fucked the hell out of her" or "I blew my wad deep into her mouth" or "She

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went into convulsions when she came." Is that all you get out of sex? Don't you ever get to know the women you make love to? All these writers go into great detail about how big the woman's tits were or how great her pussy tasted. Why don't they tell us if she was a nice person, what she was into besides sex, and how they felt about her? When I'm with a woman, I dig the sex, but the time after is just as good and special. I like to hold her close, and I love the close, uninhibited, and often crazy conversation that follows good sex.

Are all men so damned insecure about their masculinity that they can't admit they've cared about the woman with whom they had such dynamite sex? It's hard for me to believe that they didn't feel something.

Xaviera, your column is fantastic and open-minded. Your advice most always makes sense, and you sound like a sensitive woman. Why is such an important part of sex almost completely ignored? I'd be very interested in your reader's responses.—V.F.

My opinion is—the headjob before the bedjob. There are those of us who can enjoy sex for the sake of sex, and I have known a great number of handsome playboys who are proud to tell their friends that they "screw a different bird" every night and never ever have to resort to fucking a girl more than once, since the choice of free pussy is so great.

I often feel pity for that kind of fellow, because he will never learn the true meaning of the word *love*. To him it is all merely an ego trip. But please, don't blame some of our readers and letter writers for merely describing their sexual escapades. After all, I am known to try to solve people's sexual hang-ups, and if I were to be a full-time psychiatrist I'm sure I would be faced with a somewhat different kind of letter writer. There is an old French saying that goes, *Les gens heureux n'ont pas d'histoire*, which means happy people don't have a story to tell. It's true that most people are not really interested in reading about happy, balanced, normal, average, and/or emotionally stable individuals.

Sex should be fun; you are right. And there is more to a woman than just a cunt, a nice pair of legs, a great set of boobs. In short, a woman ought to be considered as more than the sum of her private parts. Maybe that's why I wrote the book *Xaviera on the Best Part of a Man*. Some real male chauvinists were rather upset by it. I seemed to be judging men merely by their cocks, and some men just couldn't take the joke.

As I grow older and more experienced, I find myself more and more adopting your view of sex. I find it difficult to function with a nice man who has nothing intellectually or emotionally to offer me, just a hot body. Love is a matter of give and take, and if I were you, I'd let the other men do their thing while you concentrate on making your woman feel like a total woman.

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ONLY THREE WILL DO

I'm a 23-year-old woman, with long black hair and a body that has been admired by men for as long as I can remember. I've always been told I have beautiful, sexy eyes, and before my husband I had always had my share of lovers. I've always been very horny, and I love to have sex. I need *sex.*

I've constantly turned down men's advances, because since Jason and I have been together he has been my only lover. For the first five years of marriage, that is. Then Jason and I became friendly with a man named Fred. A very dear and close relationship developed between us, and Jason and Fred began working together. The three of us shared everything and had lots of fun. Our friends began thinking of the three of us as a normal thing, a modern-day mod squad.

Well, needless to say, it developed into a terrific ménage à trois. Our relationship grew even better. For me, it was a dream come true. There is nothing in this world better than being loved by two men. They admire me, love me, treat me like a queen. It just seemed so perfect for the three of us.

Jason is tall, small framed, and very good-looking. He is also the sweetest guy in the world. Fred is shorter but is built much wider, and he's also good-looking. The sexual part is out of this world. I have two men loving me, holding me, touching me, kissing me, licking me, and making love to me. It's just too good to describe on paper. All of this has been going on for three years.

The situation has changed recently. Fred now has a girl friend; so we don't share everything as we did before. He feels he needs to "check out" what he wants out of life. We still see him and still enjoy ourselves, but it's not as constant as it was before. This girl knows nothing of our threesome but hears a lot from Fred's friends on how close we are. I miss our old status a great deal, but now I take the extra loving whenever I can get it. Jason accepts changes easily. He enjoys the time we have with Fred, and he doesn't miss it when Fred's not around. For me it's much harder. I miss the two of them together, the closeness, the constant sexual undertones.

I love being with Jason in bed. I also enjoy Fred in bed, and I know that a woman couldn't ask for a better situation. I don't have to go out and have an affair behind my husband's back, because he allows me to have this extra lover. What I wonder is, what I get from two men I don't think I could get from being monog-

amous ever again. Am I sick? It's a wonderful feeling, physically, to be loved by two men, but I think I need the extra attention emotionally as well. Can I have your thoughts on this subject?—C.L.

Funny, but if you read the dedication of my first book, *The Happy Hooker*, you can see that it's to Larry and Takis. Those two were the men I lived with on and off while I had the house of prostitution in New York City. I've loved and cared for both men. Larry was to me like your husband, the stable port to return to, and Takis was the considerably younger and more beautiful Greek lover, a great lover. Larry and Takis were rather jealous of each other in the beginning. I tried keeping them apart, but their jealousy soon grew into friendship. In no time we found ourselves involved in threeway lovemaking. For a year this ménage à trois lasted, and sometimes during arguments I'd find myself attacked by both of them; that's how loyal their friendship had become.

For me, too, it was a great ego trip to be seen strutting around town, sitting in restaurants and bars, accompanied by a handsome, gray-haired "fox" and a gorgeously tall, dark, and handsome Greek man. When our relationship broke up, I kind of missed their mutual attention.

You still seem to love and care for your husband, certainly more than you do any other person in your life. Maybe it would be wise right now to devote all your attention to him for the time being. You might even suggest to your husband that he look for a girl to share your bed. It would mean you'd have to start digging ladies for a change, but that shouldn't be too difficult for a liberated and free-spirited woman like you.

A few last words: you are definitely not sick to crave two people as lovers. Just a bit more demanding, that's all.

WILD IN THE STREETS

I've been wondering lately whether I'm sexually abnormal, and it is beginning to frighten me. Here's why. Last year while spending some time with my parents in a Carolinas coastal town, I became reacquainted with Paul, a boy who had lived on the same block when we were in elementary school.

Paul asked me to go to the movies that night, but when he arrived he was on foot. A heavy fog had set in, and it was too difficult to drive. So, clad in raincoats, we started the walk to the nearest movie house, several blocks away. Twice in the first couple of blocks, we nearly bumped into people. You could hear them but couldn't see them coming.

As we were crossing a park near the downtown section, Paul suddenly said, "I bet I could make love to you in this fog and people would walk right on by and never know it." Before that instant, there had been nothing that had even made me want to hold hands with Paul. But immediately it felt like sparklers had been lit

CONTINUED ON PAGE 254

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

LAUGH TRACKS

BY MARILYN STASIO

So far, it's been a typically dumb and disastrous year in the real world, what with atomic reactor plants springing leaks in our backyards, DC-10s crashing right and left, people gunning each other down on gas lines, and 77 tons of mangled Skylab falling out of the sky on our heads. Pitching itself headlong into the temper of these anxious times, the entertainment industry is feverishly forging our new shows to reflect this real world we live in. Consequently, the 1979–80 season will be awash in comedies.

Press the talk-button on any entertainment industry executive, and you'll get an appropriate theory on this year's comedy boom. "The tougher the times, the more people want to escape through laughter" goes one popular saw. "Laughter reinforces a nation's sense of stability," one pundit said recently. Personally, we go for the old show-biz maxim "Funny is money."

The economic point is socked home by the television industry. Of the shows making up the Nielsen top ten, nine are situation comedies. ABC, the league-leading network, proudly acknowledges that its success in the ratings race is due to its bulging stable of sitcoms. Wistfully eyeing his fat-cat competitor, one NBC exec recently noted: "Today, the network that's number one in comedy becomes the number-one network."

So, nobody should be surprised that the word for the new television season is: more comedies. Last season, almost two-thirds of all prime-time fare consisted of sitcoms and comedy-heavy shows. But the networks were determined to give us more, even if they had to use a shoehorn to squeeze them in.

Flushed with the success of "Soap," ABC has spun off "Benson," in which Robert Guillaume's acerbic butler turns man Friday for a fuck-up state governor. "The Associates" is another spin-off, this time from "Taxi." ABC hopes its viewers will find the comic mayhem of a New York law office as funny as the stuff that goes on in the garage. The network's third sitcom entrant, "Hart in San Francisco," stars Ron Moody as an Inspector Clouseau–type detective from Scotland Yard, on loan to the luckless S.F.P.D.

CBS's new sitcoms line up thus: "Working Stiffs," about a couple of incompetent brothers who work as janitors; "The Last Resort," in which a bunch of high-spirited young actors turn a quiet resort hotel into the kind of uproar that CBS hopes will recall the craziness of *Animal House*; and "Struck By Lightning," a boy-monster comedy that is supposed to make people laugh the way they did at *Young Frankenstein*.

After considering the heavy competition, NBC's Fred Silverman has called it "suicidal" for his own network to throw its own sitcoms into the field. By way of compromise, he's giving us another blast of last season's "Real People," a docu-comedy-variety hour that reminds NBC execs, anyway, of "Laugh-In." He's also giving holdover comedies like "Different Strokes," "Hello, Larry," and "B. J. and the Bear" a chance to find their legs.

Why all the laugh-tracks, after all these years of private-eye dramas and cop capers? Whenever they're feeling self-righteous, the networks try to sell us the theory that they're deliberately substituting these "healthy" comedy programs for the sex-'n'-violence shows that once saturated the airwaves and got so many public pressure groups up in arms.

The real reasons are less philanthropic. For one thing, sitcoms cost very little to produce, compared with action dramas. For another, audiences were probably ready for a change, having been drugged to death by the overload of tits and guns. Most important, the comedies are clearly giving people something they want—*safe* anarchy.

When you first look at them, the new sitcoms seem to be selling a simple, escapist view of life appealing to tired and wiped-out psyches. Look again. In all the new shows, and many of the most popular holdovers, a mood of comic anarchy reigns, perpetrated by characters that turn the real world on its nose.

Just look at this rogues' gallery of clowns: smart-ass kids, idiot adults, working-class slobs, incompetent professionals, bumbling politicians, teenagers with superhuman powers, adorable intergalactic bozos. Every time Mork sits on his face, the gesture is a cosmic fart at reality. It's the use of comedy as weapon, yanking power from the hands of its traditional holders, like grown-ups and other authority figures, and placing it in the mitts of traditionally powerless groups, like adolescents and clowns.

Scott Reynolds

"Children have taken command of the set in prime time," says CBS President John D. Backe in explaining the sitcom blitz. But that's not quite right. The new mayhem-comedies give the infantile ego in all of us the illusion that we can romp all over the real world, which we have little power to change. Except in fantasy.

No wonder the sane and witty Mary Tyler Moore is doing a stumble. Us kids want more iconoclastic heroes to represent our mood of comic subversion: characters who can unleash that repressed urge to do damage to the "adult" power structure of reality—by laughing it to

pieces. At least, for half an hour, and without taking any real risks.

No wonder that "Saturday Night Live" got to be the hottest show on the late-night airwaves. Its hip, anarchic brand of comedy represents a purer form of satire than "Mork and Mindy," but the nose-thumbing impulse is the same. And this season watch for a tougher version of SNL called "Second City TV," with a 35-city syndication spread, which should bring its irreverent, up-yours comedy style into a lot more unsuspecting American households.

Comedy is also enjoying a resurgence in movies. Robert Altman's newest, *Health* (Twentieth Century-Fox), is a satire on health freaks. It stars Carol Burnett, Lauren Bacall, and Glenda Jackson in a send-up of clean-livers fighting for control of a big health institute. *Fatso*, another Fox venture, has Anne Bancroft writing, directing, and starring in a light family comedy about an Italian clan that believes any problem can be solved with massive doses of food.

The Fish *with Stockard Channing. Bad News Bears grown up.*

United Artists has a romantic comedy of the *Goodbye Girl* variety in *Captain Avenger*, which stars John Ritter of "Three's Company." *The Last Married Couple in America* (Universal) stars George Segal and Valerie Harper in another contemporary romantic comedy that tries to suck the same sophisticated vein of yesterday's George Segal–Glenda Jackson outings.

A couple of charm comedies are also in the works. UA's *The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh* features Jonathan Winters, Stockard Channing, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar in a story about a basketball team that sounds like a grown-up version of *The Bad News Bears*. Little charmers Kristy McNichol and Tatum O'Neal already have their smiles glued on for *Little Darlings*, a Paramount opus about cute kids at summer camp.

There's even a black-comedy entrant this season. UA has matched Peter Sellers with Shirley MacLaine in a screen version of *Being There*. Jerzy Kosinski's oddball novel about a recluse who tears himself away from his TV set and becomes an instant celebrity.

Universal is the only company that seems to have tapped into the bozo-comedy trend. The company is not only rereleasing *Animal House*, the madhouse movie that goosed the duck last season, but is also unveiling two new follow-up movies starring that darling and devilish demiurge, John Belushi. Steven Spielberg's *1941* casts the rotund one as a gung-ho World War II pilot who takes off during the famous Los Angeles Air Raid. The "action misadventure" movie also features such iconoclast figures as Dan Aykroyd, Joe Flaherty, and John Candy of "Saturday Night Live" and "Second City TV" infamy. In *The Blues Brothers*, Belushi and Aykroyd render a full-length musical-comedy treatment of the wacked-out soul musicians they created on SNL.

Another stalwart from SNL, comedy writer Michael O'Donahue, has been copped by United Artists for a new movie called *Saturday Matinee*. The film's star, Chevy Chase (yet another SNL alumnus), is coauthoring the script, which purports to be a take off on the movies and movie-going rituals of our youth.

Those "Saturday Night Live" people really get around. Gilda Radner has just finished a comedy act on Broadway, stepping into the wedgies vacated by Lily Tomlin and Bette Midler, who also did dynamite business in big Broadway houses. Aside from Gilda's rays of insanity, Broadway is settling in for a season of promising, but scarcely revolutionary, new comedies.

As usual, Neil Simon has a new show, *I Oughta Be in Pictures*, which stars Tony Curtis as a Hollywood writer reunited with his 19-year-old daughter from New York City. Bernard Slade who got a good gimmick going in *Same Time, Next Year*, does a variation on it in *Romantic Comedy*, about two playwrights who maintain a professional and romantic alliance over a number of years. Morton Gottlieb, the show's producer, promises that it will be "a kind of tribute to those high-style romantic comedies" that kept Broadway in high fashion during the 1930s and 1940s.

As the season continues, we'll probably find ourselves drawing lines about the new wave of comedy: between satire and whimsy, between iconoclasm and tantrums, between genuine anarchic humor and break-the-furniture showing off for company. But for now, just brush your teeth, because all those nice people in the entertainment industry are shelling out a lot of bucks so they can see you smile.

Eric Baskin

Gilda Radner on Broadway

SCENES

CUT IT OUT!

Get that *fucking* camera out of my face. . . ."

And so it was that through the magic of television the word *fuck* penetrated about 25 million American living rooms. The powerful and controversial Academy Award–winning documentary *Scared Straight* contained heavy doses of graphic language and brutal sexual threats. Yet more than 100 local television stations bought syndication rights and aired the education-by-intimidation film March 8, 1979.

Two months later the CBS television network broadcast *Blind Ambition*, the David Susskind–produced docu-drama of what John Dean said happened during Watergate. Part two of *Blind Ambition* included a scene in the Oval Office. It was based—verbatim—on White House tapes. President Richard Nixon and yes-man Dean, at one point in time, decried the media treatment of the Watergate burglars. It went something like this:

President: Goddamn it, if they'd been Communists you'd have the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* raising hell about their civil rights.
Dean: That's right.
President: Or Manson.
Dean: That's right.
President: Jesus Christ. If they'd been killers, wouldn't——
Dean: That's right.
President: Isn't that true?
Dean: It's absolutely true.

Airing Scared Straight *on TV: vile words hit the tube.*

Although actor Rip Torn repeated the actual words uttered on September 15, 1972, by President Nixon, some 30 million viewers were spared the profanities. Instead, they heard the president's "Goddamn" become "*bleep*-damn." "Jesus Christ" also was covered up by an electronic, videogamelike *bleep*.

CBS had refused to break precedent and allow "goddamn" and "Jesus Christ" to be broadcast over its network. The big tubes at CBS—despite strong recommendations from the network's own internal censors to "not sanitize history," and despite power plays called by Susskind (he refused to make deletions himself and delivered the show to CBS as originally written by Stanley Greenberg)—elected to bleep away six "Gods," "Christs," or "Jesus Christs."

The whole question, certainly, was mountain-making of the highest order. But the bleeping battle demonstrates how CBS, ABC, and NBC continue to censor their programming according to standards that are no longer realistic in today's tits-and-ass television world.

Despite the fact that the FCC has not lifted the license of a single television station in 30 years, when a PTA group in Peoria or a Polish-American association in Pittsburgh yells about too much video violence or too many Polish jokes, the networks jump. Censors grab their pencils.

While sensitive-but-noisy minorities clamor for tighter network control over language, violence, and stereotypical portrayals, censors are constantly pressured from the other direction by producers and writers—the so-called creative community. The creative community freights scripts with loads of double entendres, explicit sex scenes, and graphically violent episodes far in excess of known network standards, knowing full well that they will be excised or ameliorated.

For example, this is the comment one CBS censor made when confronted with the first draft of a Joan Rivers television movie, *A Situation Comedy*: "Joan Rivers has managed to break every decent policy rule in the book—unacceptable and rotten ethnic jokes calling the usual sick names of "wop," "nigger," "Polack," "mick," "spic"; falling-down-drunk series stars; toilet humor . . . such marvelous sexual humor as 'I call Noel's his 'little boat' and mine 'my little dock.' (And that's the mildest!) Excessive casual profanity . . . a gay boy scout. . . ."

Some examples of actual decisions made by censors at CBS in Hollywood show how absurd much of the censoring process is and demonstrate that the CBS decision to bleep "God" from the Oval Office was in keeping with its—and the other networks'—anachronistic, puritanical censoring policy.

At CBS, censors work hard. Performers like Charo constantly torture the censors who edit talk shows like "Dinah!" or "The Mike Douglas Show."

The irrepressible Charo made her entrance on "Dinah!" one day and immediately told Ms. Shore that she had been warned "not to say 'tits.'" She added, "When the censor hears that, he gets pissed off." Charo later told a story about one of her ancestors who dated Chris Columbus but "married a sailor that had a bigger dinghy." Another day Charo dipped into the audience, selected a "bicepsual" man, begged not to be "misconscrewed," stripped him to the waist, and commanded him to perform "tit" excercises while repeating after her, "Bit by bit I must enlarge my tit." He did, and she did, and bleeps were everywhere.

Elizabeth Ashley, who boasted that she has gotten to sleep with almost everybody she ever wanted, lost . . . "rip off a piece on a one-night stand" to the censor's sharp blade. On "The Mike Douglas Show," Rex Reed's "Producers want to keep John Travolta's brain atrophied and his crotch twitching" was cut after "atrophied."

George Carlin may think that there are only seven words that can not be said on television, but CBS censors know a lot more. "Ass," "whore," "horny," "nipple," "bullshit," "schmuck," and "mother"—in the jive sense—are no-noes. So are "beaver," "broads," "gonads," "penis," "shit," "piss," and, usually, "crap." "Crap" makes rare appearances, such as in *Blind Ambition*, but it usually gets turned into "crud." In the movie *Some Kind of Miracle*, a grown man had to explain to his wife that, because of his medical condition, he "messed his pants" at work.

Gynecologist and proctologist jokes are regularly canned. The word *good*, as in "how good are you," is changed often—to "how terrific are you" in one case. "Bulldung" became just plain "bull" on a "Dallas" episode, and a "hot husband" was cooled off by censors, becoming a "warm husband" instead. "Bonkers" was replaced by "senile." "Geez" became "gee" and "asses" went to "tushies."

The phrase *making it* never made it until the show by that name came along. Still, "doing it" doesn't get past CBS censors. Even plain old sexual intercourse is too explicit. The marriage act is abstracted to "sexual relations." "Shacking up" is not acceptable, either.

"Hells" and "damns" are limited by CBS to four per hour, although its docu-drama unit often permits as many as 10 or 12 per two hours. The use of "God" is confined to moments of high emotion, as in "O my God, John, you've messed your pants!"

Of course, words like *wop*, *kike*, *nigger*, *spic*, *Polack*, *Nip*, and *mick* aren't suitable for television viewers. Nor are many stereotypes. Homosexuals on CBS, for instance, have lost limp wrists and lisps, thanks to a Gay Liberation Task Force consultant. CBS regularly seeks his advice when faced with a scripted gay so as not to offend the increasingly vociferous gay community.

The consultant once called CBS Program Practices to complain that a male contestant on "Three's a Crowd" had been turned down by the show because he wanted to bring another male on as his "husband." The consultant was advised that contestants have to be bona fide wives, husbands, and secretaries.

Watermelon jokes, nose jokes, shortness jokes, and Polish jokes all have virtually disappeared from CBS shows.

Acts of violence are monitored closely as well. Slow-motion violence is almost completely forbidden. No cross-hair views through

Wide World Photos

Charo: born to be bleeped.

telescopic sights can be used. Victims of shootings die bloodless deaths and must close their eyes; "Blow their heads off!" becomes the less gruesome "Blast 'em!" The standard violence "count"—a punch in the mouth and a cowboy-Indian battle each count one—is two for a one-hour show like "Hawaii Five-O," although a three-count is sometimes acceptable. (The 1978 season average of 2.05 violent incidents per hour for 22 hours of "Hawaii Five-O" was 11 percent higher than it was the previous season, for those of you who are keeping score.)

Drinking and smoking and gambling are rare in television's puritanical Fantasyland. Casual beer drinking is frowned upon—someone is either an alcoholic or doesn't drink at all. Smoking marijuana is rare, never instructive, and, from the way it was treated by one unhip CBS censor, no fun: "I have contacted producer . . . and asked for a line change to eliminate the seeming pleasure of smoking grass. He agreed. . . ." Gambling jokes aren't funny, either. Peter Marshall's reference to his Milton Bradley gambling game, ". . . good for children . . . helps them learn to add and subtract," was cut from a "Dinah!" show.

If further evidence of the inane and overprotective thinking of network censors is needed, here's an example: "There is a possible edit of Charlie Callas's impression of Sammy Davis, Jr., doing the Alka-Seltzer commercial. After his line 'What a relief it is,' he lifts his leg and does a burp-type noise. His timing, however, was perfect with the raising of his leg, which made it appear that he was breaking wind. We will be reviewing this segment at editing, and if we feel it is a 'fart,' it will be deleted. (God, how embarrassing.)"

Even the old playground basketball game of horse was not safe from one CBS censor, who hallucinated thusly over a portion of "Celebrity Challenge of the Sexes": "Since some basketball terms are also drug terms, and since Scott Baio is a teenage idol, I requested retakes of those terms I felt inappropriate, such as 'shoot horse,' 'he can really shoot it up,' etc."

In the old days of television, when the three networks still had their oligopolistic grip on television content, such ridiculous censorship by networks could effectively guard the sensibilities of viewers. But the television picture of 1979 is crammed with cable systems, pay-television channels, video cassettes, video disks, and so forth, which offer an endless variety of non-network-provided TV fare. Unedited R-rated movies, revues of topless dancers, and even Carlin's infamous routine about the seven words have been on tubes all over America.

Isn't it time someone realized TV's viewers have changed? The masses who watch an average of six hours per day are not children, and they don't need to be protected by network nannies who can't tell a game of horse from a bowl of hash.—*Bill Steigerwald*

Ellison/Sygma

Paul Bush

Elizabeth Ashley and Rex Reed: talk-show censorship.

FILMS

TRUE TO LIFE

It seems that any film buff worth his salt can spot a movie studio's style in an instant, with one eye closed, in a dark room, just by passing five frames of a given American classic under his nose. I've never been very good at that. Sometimes I can identify a studio, especially if I've gotten to the theater early enough to read the logo when the picture begins. But for the most part the fine distinctions between, say, 1930s and 1940s Warner Brothers shadows, Paramount glitter, and MGM gloss, have remained mysteries for me, unlocked only in other critics' articles about the films. Nowadays the game has somewhat changed, of course. You look at the financial statements rather than the production values in determining what the movie moguls are up to, and except for the patterns of the usual top-level firings, resignations, and embezzlements, it would be hard for anyone to say what a major studio's style might be.

But among the minors, things may be a little different. If I had to pick a "studio" for demonstration purposes in the late 1970s, I'd take Lion's Gate, though I gather it's mainly a cottage industry, without a back lot—but with a sound stage. But it has a look and a style; and if they are very much the look and the style of Robert Altman, whose production company Lion's Gate is, they begin to seem adaptable to other talents and points of view. You can recognize them (too easily) in the work of Alan Rudolph, notably, *Welcome to L.A.* and his recent and much better *Remember My Name*. They were adaptable to Robert Benton's individualistic *The Late Show*. And now they appear again in ***Rich Kids***, by a director, Robert M. Young, whose best-known work so far—the frantic prison drama *Short Eyes* and an earnest study of illegal aliens, *Alambrista!*—seems nothing at all like this comedy about growing up and growing older in New York. I know at least one Robert M. Young fan who thinks *Rich Kids* is a terrible commercial compromise. But commercial compromise has saved more than one idealistic filmmaker from himself, and the mere fact that Young, who is in his fifties, can turn around and do a movie thankfully devoid of social significance may be his most encouraging sign to date.

A teenage love affair.

They aren't really rich kids, anyway. Comfortably well off is more like it. They live Upper-West-Side New York City town houses and renovated brownstones and go to private schools, but to maintain that standard both of their parents typically will have to work. Their parents, by the way, are divorced or about to be divorced—and that, together with the mutual sexual/romantic awakening of young Franny Philips (Trini Alvarado) and

Jamie Harris (Jeremy Levy), is the substance of the film.

Franny and Jamie meet and fall in love and help one another by means of their family traumas. They are fine casting choices, handsome but not too cute, and just enough brighter than life to make a couple of hours watching them bearable. However, they are generally upstaged by their elders, who include the superb Kathryn Walker and John Lithgow as Franny's mother and father, and Terry Kiser as Jamie's father, who makes television commercials and also makes airline stewardesses his son doesn't much approve of.

Jeremy Levy and Trini Alvardo in the new comedy Rich Kids.

It's one of the virtues of *Rich Kids* that it promotes genuine contact between adults and teenagers, that its gags never assume a loss of affection, that 13 isn't automatically a wiser age than 33, and that the idiot deceptions parents practice on their kids really are to save the kids' feelings—and the kids are smart enough to know it.

Rich Kids includes a fair measure of merely inept filmmaking. Young doesn't always know when to cut, or whom to cut to, and the movie flounders somewhat, especially near the beginning, just in handling reaction shots. But he is sustained by what I take to be a real sense of decency, as well as by a sense of humor about the kids' experiments in sex, the adults' experiments in sex, everybody's precocity, and everybody's eagerness to smooth things out for everybody else. Young is also sustained by what I'd guess to be a feeling of sureness about the project. He uses only one member of the Altman stock company, Paul Dooley, as the comic psychiatrist Jamie's mother has married after separating from his dad. But the strong casting generally seems typical of Altman; and I suspect that the producer is everywhere behind *Rich Kids*, which may remind you, as it does me, of such unpretentious Altman as *A Perfect Couple* or *California Split*. So you might call it a studio film wherein the idea comes first and everybody's sensibility comes second, where Young's quite lovely understanding of character and locale submits to some hard decisions about plot and situation and pacing—so that the movie survives its flaws and suggests the benefits that the collective art of filmmaking is sometimes all about.

If *Rich Kids* exemplifies a certain "type" of movie, then Harold Becker's realization of Joseph Wambaugh's ***The Onion Field*** may exemplify no type at all but rather a lot of skill and energy looking for something to lend them a purpose. They've been promoting *The Onion Field* as "A True Story," and barring one set piece—a hard-bitten old cop's ringing defense of a young cop's arrest procedure that sounds like unadulterated Wambaugh fabrication—I dare say it's true enough. Perhaps too true for its own good.

The central act in *The Onion Field*, in which two small-time Los Angeles hoods (James Woods and Franklyn Seales—both terrific performances) almost by accident kidnap two young police officers (John Savage and Ted Danson), force them to drive out to the country, and then, in panic, kill one of them, makes no sense. It doesn't have to; it actually happened. The movie goes on to explore the days that preceded and the years that followed the act. The hoods are apprehended soon enough, tried, and sent to death row. But they then begin a process of legal maneuvering that will save their lives and frustrate the judicial system. The surviving cop (John Savage), on the other hand, feeling guilt and personal inadequacy, enters a severe decline that gets him dismissed from the force and brings him virtually to suicidal despair. He'll recover, but nothing ever is properly sorted out.

In outline this sounds like easy irony by the forces of law and order. On the whole, it isn't. Of course, the film takes sides. But it treats its bad guys both exhaustively and scrupulously, so that you'll know almost everything about them except what really makes them tick by the time you're finished. There is a problem in this, in the way *The Onion Field* keeps advancing information instead of clarification, and it finally succumbs to its own bewilderment at what is going on. We never get motives, because there don't seem to be any. We do get behavior, but nothing so comfortably artificial as character analysis. The time and attention given to examining the hoods' lifestyles in the long run explain nothing—except that the resourceful jailhouse lawyer that James Woods becomes on his own behalf seems to owe a lot to the compulsive egoist he had been from the beginning.

Much of *The Onion Field* is exciting to sit through, and for sheer tension its one horrendous crime works as well as anything I've seen in recent movies. But the old police-force mystique that sustained a previous Wambaugh film, *The New Centurions*, several years ago has now given way, on the one hand, to a mass of surface accuracy and, on the other hand, to a mysticism surrounding the murdered officer—which never come together well enough to make much dramatic sense.

Movies, partly because they are really a chain of still photographs, have always led a peculiar life between fact and fantasy. They are often accused of cheating us into fantasy because they look so much

John Savage: doing away with that old police-force mystique.

like fact. Moralists resent the unreality of movies in a way they don't resent the unreality of plays or novels. They recognize the potency of a medium that, until recently, at least, hasn't looked like a medium, that so readily seduces us into accepting its lies for truth. The history of the old fan magazines is, I'd guess, a record of that seduction, and the fan magazines date from a time when the studios and the worlds they created formed something satisfactory for the audience they trained. We'll never go back to that time. We've lost the innocence, and we've lost the special literacy that enabled decades of moviegoers to juggle the contrary claims of dream and disillusion with such apparent ease. A lot of people have to *think* their way into movies these days, and in place of the old hokum of semi-awareness we have a newer hokum of perfect understanding of what's really going on up there on the screen. To the new audience, a movie like *The Onion Field* may seem wholly adequate. By contrast, a movie like *Rich Kids* will look irresponsible.

And yet *Rich Kids* succeeds precisely where *The Onion Field* fails: in making something shapely and complete—partly because Robert M. Young's film has the grace to play fast and loose with all the issues it raises. Of course, irresponsibility guarantees nothing, and most movies like *Rich Kids* fall into outright dullness faster than you can blink your eyes. But the chances are there. As a director, Robert Altman has tended to make those chances the subject of some of his own movies. And now, in the pleasantly traditional work he's producing, Altman seems almost to be demonstrating what he means: social comedy rather than social commentary. It's a good trade-off. Twenty years from now films like *Rich Kids* will have become poetic history, an imaginative record of our time, like all those memories on "The Late Show" that have become our most important past because back then they never worried too much about what the present might mean.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

FANTASY ISLANDS

In the last ten years, the genre of fantasy has had a resurgence in America. Nowadays there isn't a soul on the planet who hasn't read some science fiction or some occult, or who can't quote some arcane phrase from *The Hobbit* or a work by Castaneda. Yes, the masses are into fantasy. And when the masses get into fantasy, the masses start writing fantasy, and then—look out! Before you know it, fantasy has become a monster.

Now, it is possible, as they say, that every man/woman has one good novel inside of him/her. Even the most mundane existence possesses some human drama, and, of course, for an ending there's always death or birth. But it does not follow that everyone also contains one good book-length fantasy. No, the fact of the matter is that most people's fantasies are very boring, and mass-oriented fantasy—witness polyester leisure suits and water beds—is the most boring of all. When we are speaking of fantasy, we are speaking of visions of salvation. And it is a peculiarity of the genre worth remembering that one man's Shangri-la is often another man's time warp.

Such it is with ***The Man Who Rode His 10-Speed Bicycle to the Moon*** (Marek, $7.95), by Bernard Fischman. A Jewish guy who lives on Riverside Drive in Manhattan feels he is becoming transparent. He buys a ten-speed bike. He leaves his wife. His beloved dog dies. And a few months later he acquires the mystical oomph to pedal himself right over the George Washington Bridge and up to the moon, his momentarily reincarnated pooch tagging behind him. Then he pedals back. The doggie vaporizes. The guy lands in Central Park, finally, at peace with himself. This is a simpleminded text, best described as the spiritual awakening of a Zabar's customer. You'll love it if you are one.

Hidalgo's Beard (Andrews and McNeel, $9.95; paper, $5.95), by Conger Beasley, Jr., is subtitled "A California Fantasy." Perhaps this is a subtle way of saying that only Californians will truly understand it. The novel begins endearingly enough. Navvy Dypes, age 27, has, by an "act of will," changed himself into a fish and lives at the bottom of his father's swimming pool in Palm Springs, Calif. His father, understandably enraged at Navvy's lack of civic responsibility, wants to send him to a sanitarium and get him irrevocably changed back to human form. Forced to get out of the pool and attend a cocktail party, Navvy meets Hetty, a lady of similar ichthy inclinations, who advises him to go to Ensenada, Mexico, where, in a bust of Manuel Hidalgo, he can find the means to achieve a state of fishy permanence. Thus ends the part of the book that even native New Yorkers can appreciate and begins Navvy's trip to Ensenada, a journey of such contorted symbolism that even a seasoned *brujo* would feel out of it. If you want to try, I wish you well. I tried. Twice I read the journey part of the book, twice, and still I remember no character or event that takes place in it short of the curious fact that some women possess a whistling organ in their vaginas that when blown makes a dog's eyes pop out. Fantasy should transcend reality, not obliterate it. In his next book, Mr. Beasley would do well to remember that symbolism is only the flashy clothing of myth. An ape remains an ape though dressed in a cape, does it not?

Science fiction is another kind of fantasy, and ***A Wizard in Bedlam*** (Doubleday, $7.95), by Christopher Stasheff, is a good little book in the classic genre. The story concerns rebellion on the planet Melange, a class of feudal bent, ruled by a class of lords and worked by a population of serf clones who live, think, and look like the original serf from whom they have been genetically descended. Dirk Dulaine, a young expatriate, returns to aid the serf rebellion and teams up with Gar, an off-planet rich kid, who is searching the solar system for a good cause. Gar has his own space yacht and can read minds, and together he and Dirk fulfill a 500-year-old wizard's prophecy. Gladiatorial combats, mystical mental ability, inventive space weaponry, and you don't have to be from California to grok it.

If you believe in the future of the written word, it is your literary duty to purchase ***The Princess of All Lands*** (Arkham House, $8.95), by Russell Kirk. This is a stunning book, and each of the nine short

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Dracula as a recurring fantasy figure: still undead.

stories within it is beautifully written. If, as is the reviewer's lot, I am forced to reduce the jewel-like craft of Kirk's writing to a single thesis, I suppose it would be the annoying habit of occult forces to extract payment in human blood, regardless of the apparent innocence or guilt of those present at the unfortunate appointed moment in time. Bain is a character who runs throughout the book, perhaps not unconsciously, for it often appears that fate is the bane of all existence.

My favorite story was "Ex Tenebris," in which an officious bureaucrat tries to evict an old lady from her little house in a decaying, picturesque English village so that he might build the English equivalent of a shopping center in its place. With the help of a ghostly vicar and fate in the form of a falling cement gargoyle, the bureaucrat gets his.

The stories are great, eerie but not heavy-handed, set in modern times but mercifully bereft of jogging sequences.

Over the years Frankenstein has evolved into many creatures, clones, robots, and the like, but Dracula remains unchanged. His story, the same story that Transylvanian-Americans would have us believe is completely apocryphal, is told again and again, and still vampire fans can't get enough of it. ***Bloodright, Memoirs of Mircea, Son to Dracula*** (Walker, $8.95), by Peter Tremayne, is one of the latest in the vampire genre, and it's bloody good. The conceit is that the author is merely presenting to us a manuscript edited by the famous Van Helsing and written by Mircea, the actual son of Dracula, in 1480. The author claims he found this manuscript while browsing in a street market in London and that it is a true memoir and that Dracula actually existed. Okay. But if I were Tremayne, I'd claim I wrote it, because it is indeed a sweet piece of prose.

At any rate, Mircea, taken by his mother from his father's castle when but a babe, is now a sexy young man about Rome, screwing other men's wives and generally being bored and indolent. The wrath of an angry husband forces him to leave town at the selfsame moment that a letter arrives from his brothers in Transylvania, imploring him to return to Castle Dracula to reclaim his birthright. His father is now dead, as is his mother, who, it seems, saw fit to keep him ignorant of his relatives' refined gourmet tastes. And so, off he goes, an innocent lamb to the slaughter. Boy, is he bummed out by the gloom of the castle, the bats and wolves baying all around, his brothers' lack of humor! There's no garlic or salt for his food, and the local peasants react to him like angel dust. And when he finds out his dad is undead—well, you know the rest. But never mind. The twist is a nice Oedipal one, with echoes of Apollinairean delicacy in the overall tone. And at the end, you won't be disappointed. Dracula remains undead.—*Emily Prager*

SOUNDS

WEILL AND WEBERN

Kurt Weill and Anton Webern composed their most enduring music between the world wars, at a time when Europe seemed to be lurching hell-bent from nervous decadence into brownshirt barbarism. On the surface they seem very different. Weill abandoned atonal music for the theater, and his collaborations with Bertolt Brecht touched off a series of widely publicized riots and scandals, while Webern's rarefied, meticulously ordered compositions were seldom performed and remained practically unknown during his lifetime. Weill lived and worked with the attractive, enigmatic actress Lotte Lenya in Berlin and was a central figure in the intense cultural life of the Weimar Republic, while Webern held down a series of drab and often demeaning positions in his native Austria—correcting scores for publishers, conducting the romantic kitsch he despised—while composing in private. When the Nazis took over, Weill fled to America, where he eventually composed for the Broadway stage. Webern stayed in Austria, where he was shot and killed in 1945 by a trigger-happy American soldier.

Since World War II, the impacts of Weill and Webern have been escalating. For a long time much of the attention directed at Weill centered on his most popular collaboration with Brecht, *The Threepenny Opera*, and Webern's work was discussed and dissected by composers and critics while going largely unheard by the general public. But on November 16, New York's Metropolitan Opera will premiere its ambitious production of Weill and Brecht's bitter, thorny ***Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny***, thus giving the final establishment imprimatur to a work that has already achieved the status of a genuine modern masterpiece. And Columbia records has released the first definitive Webern collection, ***The Complete Works of Anton Webern, Volume One***, a boxed four-disc set recorded under the direction of the most prestigious conductor of contemporary music, Pierre Boulez.

Mahagonny is frequently performed by European opera companies, but the Met's production really marks the work's acceptance into the American cultural mainstream. It is a dark parable of base motives and anarchy, set in an imaginary America inspired by

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Culver Pictures

Anton Webern and Kurt Weill: courage in the face of chaos.

the popular songs, newsreels, and sensational journalism of the Jazz Age. At the beginning, three criminals fleeing the police found Mahagonny, a "city of nets," to ensnare the unwary and separate them from their money. The founders offer cheap whiskey, prostitutes, and brutal prizefights as bait. "This entire Mahagonny exists only because everything is so evil," they explain, "because no peace reigns and no harmony, and because there is nothing on which one can rely." They advertise the merits of their city like shrill carnival barkers over Weill's astringent instrumental counterpoint and jerky fox-trot rhythms, and soon the place begins to fill up with "sharks," or low-riders. The sharks' theme is the celebrated "Alabama Song," the only song from this organic, tightly woven opera to find widespread acceptance on its own.

Among the new arrivals are four loggers from Alaska, one of whom, Jimmy Mahoney, falls in love with the prostitute Jenny. But love in Mahagonny is consummated for money, and their relationship is no exception. Later, Jimmy leads the citizens of Mahagonny into an experiment in unrestricted license, in which everyone obeys only one law: "You may do it." But he falls victim to another, unwritten law. For spending beyond his means and failing to pay his bar bill, he is condemned to death, and Jenny denounces him in court before bidding him a fond good-bye. In the end, the city is destroyed, and here Brecht's didacticism is most evident. "You see," Jimmy opines shortly before his execution, "that's the way the world is: peace and harmony do not exist, but the hurricanes—they do, and typhoons, where hurricanes seem inadequate. And just like that is man: he must destroy whatever exists.... What horror holds a typhoon compared to man, when he wants his fun?"

The first performance of the complete *Mahagonny*, presented in Leipzig on March 9, 1930, occasioned a riot that engulfed the aisles and then the stage in raging fistfights while Nazi storm troopers paraded outside, protesting the opera's "decadence." At least one member of the audience was seen applauding and booing at the same time, indicating the almost schizoid reactions *Mahagonny* can provoke. For while it is outspoken in its denunciation of capitalism and the almighty dollar, it singles out the working man, Jimmy Mahoney, as an apostle of anarchy and chaos, making the work equally odious to Communists and Socialists. Nor will Christians and other believers in the perfectibility of man find its message to their liking. *Mahagonny* cuts every which way, sparing nobody. And Weill's remarkable score, which transforms the jazz and popular dance music of its period into a grotesque cultural death rattle, yet includes some superbly executed polyphonic writing and enough harmonic ambiguity to recall Weill's early involvement in the atonal school, is his most impressive single achievement. The only complete recording of *Mahagonny* is a Columbia boxed set, recorded in 1956 and featuring Lotte Lenya in her original role as Jenny. It captures the music and the outrage of Brecht's text with admirable clarity. For those who would rather wait and see before buying, PBS will televise *Mahagonny* live from the Met on November 27.

Culver Pictures

Weill with Lotte Lenya in New York: composing for Broadway

The tastes of symphony and chamber-music audiences move at such a glacial pace that Anton Webern, who had written some of his most important music by 1920 and composed the mature works that set the direction of the post–World War II European avant-garde before 1934, is still more often praised than performed or listened to. One problem is that his music is difficult to perform, and until recently the only available record album of his complete body of work—which is so compressed that it can be played in less than four hours—was a muffled set of insufficiently rehearsed performances conducted by Robert Craft. Columbia's new Webern album was a labor of love for Pierre Boulez, long Webern's outstanding interpreter and most dedicated contemporary champion. In Webern's careful ordering of the most minute musical details and his insistence that the tiniest element in each piece of music be irreplaceable, the perfectionist Boulez, a composer of considerable accomplishment himself, recognizes a kindred spirit. Without exception, his versions of Webern's compositions are splendidly luminous and engaging, belying assertions that the music is inherently difficult or cold.

If Webern intrudes on the popular imagination at all, he does so as a rigorous serialist who sought to bring every aspect of music, from melody, harmony, and rhythm to timbre, dynamics, and a measured use of silence, under strict developmental control. But the paradox of Webern's music is that within the confines of his almost obsessive structuralism, he achieved a dazzling originality and freedom. His earliest major orchestral work, the Six Pieces for Large Orchestra opus 6, first performed in 1913, uses the broadest spectrum of dynamics, moving from a whisper to a scream and back again in unpredictable pulsations. Its pared-down thematic materials are continually passed back and forth between instruments and sections so that the play of colors becomes an important structural linchpin. In the Quartet opus 22 (1930), Webern's choice of instrumentation (piano, violin, clarinet, and tenor saxophone), playful use of syncopation, and willingness to let his thematic materials develop relatively freely lend the music an appealing freshness. Again and again, the listener savoring Webern stumbles on passages that open up whole new worlds and are over almost as soon as they've begun. The fourth of his Six Bagatelles for String Quartet opus 9 consists of a sustained harmonic drone followed by a repeating ostinato and strikingly prefigures the work of today's minimalist composers, yet it lasts only seconds.

In Thomas Pynchon's encyclopedic novel *Gravity's Rainbow*, Webern's unnecessary death in 1945, just when he seemed about to win wider recognition, is a central episode. It's easy to read a lot into it—the West's ritual murder of one of its most refined and progressive artists, for example, or the dead end of European musical hegemony at the hands of an America that shoots first and asks questions later. Perhaps Weill's defection to Broadway, for which he wrote stylishly and at times brilliantly but never with the acerbic eloquence of *Mahagonny*, can be seen in the same light. But more than anything else, Weill and Webern were caught up in a cataclysm that would leave their world forever changed, and their artistic courage in the face of looming chaos may help explain their present appeal. In an America torn by social disintegration, an energy crisis, indecisive leadership, the threat of nuclear disaster, and any number of additional *bête noirs*, the example of two composers who held to their individual visions in the face of the storm can only be inspiring.—*Robert Palmer*

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GOMEZ

Jimmy Carter forced
Congress to pass the Panama Canal
Treaties against the best
interests of the people of the
United States.

THE PANAMA CANAL SELLOUT

BY EDWARD RASEN

I hope we never hear the word *Panama* again," said Jody Powell, Jimmy Carter's trusted aide. Supposedly, this sentiment was shared by the "Deacon"—the president himself. While sitting in his little study next to the Oval Office, listening to a Wagnerian opera, pondering communiqués from Tehran and Panama City, Carter must have spent a lot of time wondering why one man he frequently called his "great friend," the shah of Iran, had lied to him, and why his "friend Omar Torrijos" was trying to blackmail him politically.

Carter's desire to forget Panama is understandable. As a presidential candidate, he said he would never lie to us. In regard to Panama, the question is whether he ever told us the truth.

To this day, much of the real story about the two canal treaties (the first is meant to allow gradual Panamanian "control of the zone" through 1999; the second will completely relinquish it all to Panama in the year 2000) has been obfuscated by sophisticated propaganda.

In March 1978 the canal supporters gathered at the White House, opened bottles of champagne, cheered and patted each other on the back, and Jimmy let loose a four-square Baptist smile that signaled the salvation of his presidency. The final count was in: the Senate, by one vote, endorsed the canal deal. They raised their glasses and toasted Panama: their first "foreign policy victory."

Of course, no one is yet quite sure what, in fact, the Senate vote really meant: whether an international agreement, of doubtful legality, distorted by propaganda, political sloganeering, special-interest lobbying, presidential arm twisting, corruption, deception, and cover-up signaled the salvation of the Carter presidency or a continuation of dirty politics and executive deception.

But the champagne toasts were just the wishful thoughts of born-again politicians who hope to fool all the people some of the time and pray to succeed all the time. Panama has now returned to haunt the man who staked his political career on the issue.

On June 16, 1978, Carter visited Panama and exchanged diplomatic documents giving that nation control of the canal. Carter did this despite the Senate's having passed the Brooke Amendment, which said that any exchange of documents should not be effective earlier than March 31, 1979, and treaties should not enter into force prior to October 1, 1979. Under international law the president's actions create a de jure situation that makes the symbolic exchange binding. Many legal experts feel that by symbolically transferring U.S. property to Panama, Carter violated the Constitution of the United States. Under Article IV, Section 3, Clause 2, Congress has exclusive power to dispose of federal property and territory.

Over the past year the House of Representatives has blocked all legislation and funds needed to implement the treaties. Members of the president's own political party are turning against him. In January of this year, Carter had told John Murphy, a Democrat from New York and chairman of the House Merchant Marine Committee, to take care of the problem. At the time Murphy's committee was about to debate proposals for funding the canal deal approved by the Senate because the House of Representatives has final approval on appropriations. The mood in the House was strongly anti-Carter on the issue, and Murphy was worried. Mail to members of Congress was still running 70 percent against the Panama treaties. Debate was still raging over the president's disposing of federal property without congressional approval. So Murphy went to the White House for lunch with Carter, carrying proposals and drafts of legislation reflecting opposition views as well as compromise agreements. After a short prayer

and some political gossiping, Murphy began explaining the mood of the Congress on the Panama issue. He started to hand some of the revised legislation to the president. Carter waved it away. "I don't care about these proposals," he told Murphy. "Just get the legislation passed."

But shortly after the lunch, Rep. John Dingell, expressing the mood of his fellow Democrats, told Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher: "We in the House are tired of you people in the State Department. . . . If you expect me to vote for this travesty, you're sorely in error." Two months later, in April of this year, the Congress dealt the president another setback by solidly rejecting $14 million in aid to Panama.

To be sure, there have been, and will be, winners and losers in the canal debate, as assuredly as Teddy Roosevelt and his big-stick diplomacy wrested the Panamanian isthmus from Colombian control in 1903. But they will not be the winners and losers that the orators and pundits suggested.

Despite the fact that the stage managers of the morality play pitted the proud American citizen against the oppressed *Yanqui*-go-home *Latino*, neither the American taxpayer nor the Panamanian citizen is much of a winner. And the real story of the Panama Canal agreement of 1978 suggests that the treaties were not a negotiated revolution in United States policy toward Latin America so much as they were the refinement of that policy—a policy created by and for the traditionally narrow interests that have always benefited by the exploitation and manipulation, whether at home or abroad, of the average citizen, the "outsiders," as Jimmy Carter used to call them.

What perhaps is most curious about the story is that, for all its rhetoric, the Carter administration from the beginning allied itself with the "insiders"—the bankers and entrepreneurs and Wall Street power brokers. And the story of the canal treaties becomes an enlightening glimpse at the machinations of insider politics orchestrated by the man who claimed to "owe special interests nothing," to "owe the people everything," and who promised "to keep it that way." Panama—the word that the Carter administration would just as soon forget—reveals the hollowness of Carter's declaration about who his creditors are and the emptiness of his promise not to kowtow to special interests.

JIMMY CARTER NEEDS A VICTORY . . .

As the nation geared up for what the press was calling the "historic" Senate vote on the Panama Canal treaty in early 1978, Carter's year-old presidency was on the rocks and floundering badly. The Bert Lance affair had only recently traumatized his administration and extinguished his luminous candle of executive integrity, and good ole Bert was still hanging over the White House like a radioactive cloud of iodine 131. In January Carter had been caught—on national television—lying about his part in the dismissal of Philadelphia D.A. David Marston. A month before that, he had infuriated liberals—many of them his supporters—by letting "big shot" former CIA Director Richard Helms plea-bargain his way out of perjury charges, again trying to shade his own participation in the deal. Then conservatives were maddened by his signing a $200 billion Social Security tax increase—in the face of his promise not to raise taxes for middle-income wage earners. His "moral equivalent of war" energy program still languished in Congress, threatening to become nothing more than a ridiculed acronym—MEOW. Unemployment had not slackened. And despite his promised assault on inflation, the consumer index had jumped another 2 percent since he took office. Members of Carter's own party were already looking for another standard-bearer for 1980.

> The story of the canal treaties is an enlightening glimpse of the machinations of insider politics orchestrated by a man who claimed to owe special interests nothing.

After 13 months of Carter in the White House, polls confirmed the worst: Carter's approval rating dipped below that of Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, *and* Nixon at the same stage of their presidencies. After 13 months of symbolism and plummeting popularity, the fledgling president from Georgia seemed to be losing his hold on the reins of national power. He desperately needed some kind of victory. And he chose Panama as the battlefield and set every big gun in his administration to the frantic task of bagging a treaty.

So important did the treaty finally become to his credibility and his authority as a competent chief executive that the issues of Panama became secondary to the political problems of the president. *Newsweek* magazine reported that "for many undecided Senators, the most telling argument [for the treaty] had less to do with the virtues of the treaty itself than with the disastrous emasculation of the President's ability to conduct foreign policy if we were repudiated on Panama." And *New York Times* political analyst Hedrick Smith concluded that a defeat on Panama would have been "almost as severe a blow to Mr. Carter as was the Senate's defiance of Woodrow Wilson in 1919, when it refused to ratify the Covenant of the League of Nations."

Carter was spared such a fate, but at what cost to the American taxpayer and the independence of Panama? Who are the real victors in Panama? And how and why was such a treaty negotiated and sold to the American public?

THE POLITICS OF EXECUTIVE OFFICE HARD SELL . . .

Although there were many assurances from both Carter and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance that the new treaties "would not cost the U.S. taxpayer one dollar," the first public money was spent long before the Senate agreed to turn over American property to Panama, in a White House propaganda war.

In February of 1978 word got out of the existence of what the *Washington Post* called "one of the most closely held, limited circulation documents in the State Department." That document was a weekly report known to its select group of readers as the PITS—Panama Information Track Score. The reason why it was kept so secret is that PITS gave a blow-by-blow account of the Carter administration's efforts to sell the Panama treaties to the public, using the public's money to do so. It documented one of the most intensive tax-supported lobbying campaigns in memory. And to many treaty opponents the PITS was solid evidence that the Carter administration was violating the law—a 1926 criminal statute forbidding the use of public money to pay for efforts to influence members of Congress.

From a small office in the State Department's Latin America Bureau, decorated with strategy maps of individual states and colored pins and charts, looking much like a "war room" in the Pentagon, two full-time staffers and a number of part-timers called in from other agencies monitored the progress of a Panama Canal treaty battle plan that had been drawn up by Carter's trusted strategist Hamilton Jordan in the spring of 1977—months before most senators had even begun considering the question.

According to the *Post*, the plan called for an attack in the best traditions of Madison Avenue. There were studies of senators' past voting patterns on similar issues; sophisticated market analyses to determine whom to hit the hardest and how best to hit them; formulation of six standard treaty speeches outlining the party line; and special two-day seminars for administration salesmen, which included strategy advice from professional psychologists on how to relate to different kinds of audiences and videotape practice sessions.

By February of 1978, just four months after President Carter and Gen. Omar Torrijos of Panama signed the treaties in Washington, the administration's tax-supported sales force had chalked up

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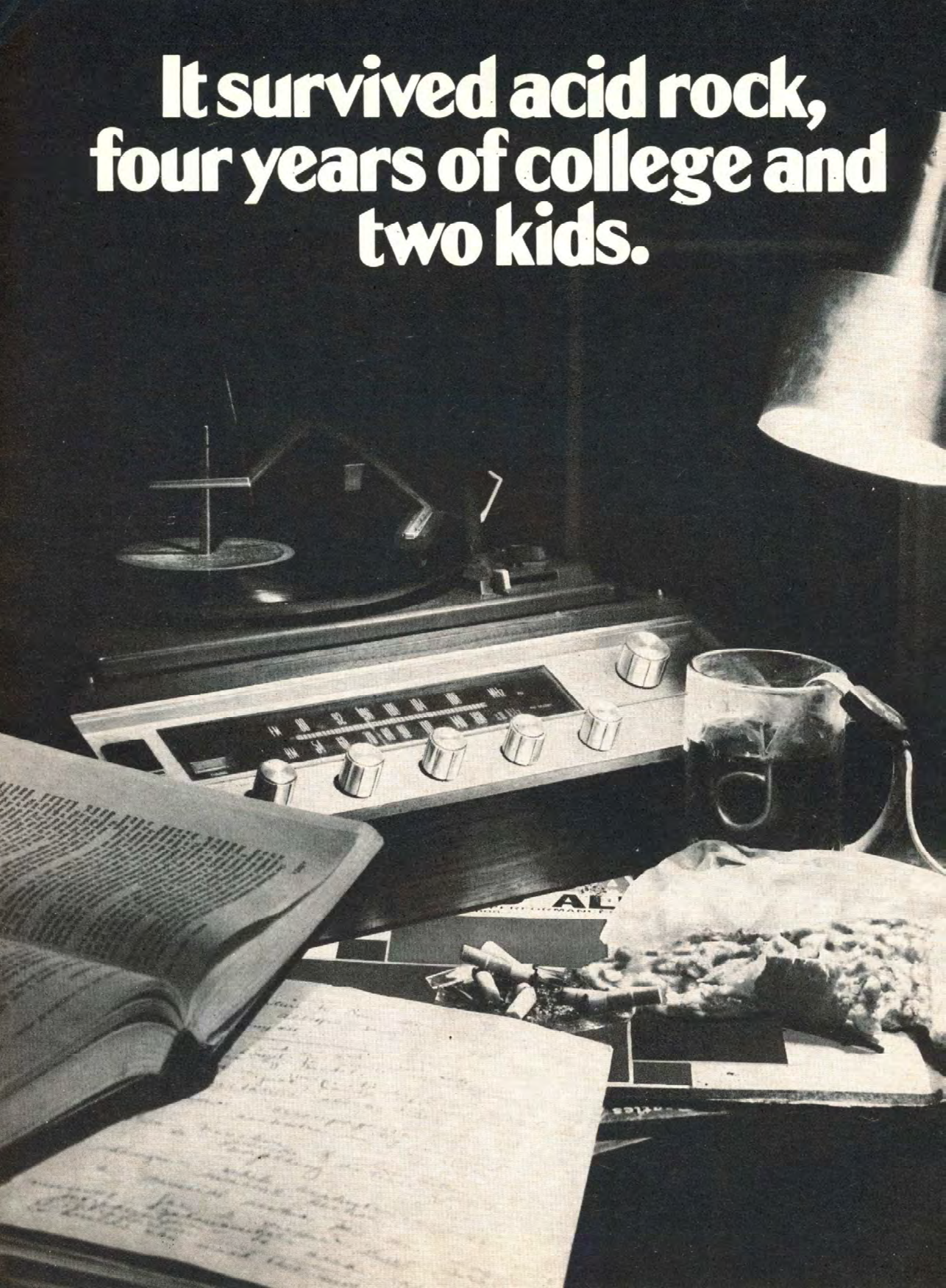

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476 live speeches to groups as scattered as senior citizens in Miami and boy scouts in Doylestown, Pa., and had conducted 388 media interviews (all of which were duly noted by the PITS). Carter himself had presented the case to a live, national television audience, and he gave 25 different citizens' groups the privilege of meeting him in return for their attention to his treaty pleas.

Although the administration's army of speakers claimed never to have advised their listeners to write to their senators—obviously aware of the 1926 criminal statute barring such lobbying—that defense sounded a bit like, as candidate Carter once said of the Watergate culprits, "tiptoeing through a minefield on the technicalities of the law, and then bragging about being clean afterwards." Most observers were well aware of the fact that neither boy scouts nor senior citizens would vote on the treaties and that their support was enlisted for no other reason than to influence the votes of senators, a point well understood by Jordan: "Some of those bastards [senators] don't have the spine not to vote their mail. If you change their mail, you change their mind." With Jimmy Carter's own political future at stake, the ethics—not to mention the legality—of using public money to lobby Congress was lost to the desire of saving political grace.

Less legal hairsplitting was required, however, to detect the ethical problems of another kind of White House hard-sell tactic. In its effort to finance a $600,000 protreaty media campaign—in addition to the lobbying effort being financed with tax revenues—the White House in late 1977 directed the well-connected former chairman of the finance committee of the Democratic National Committee, S. Lee Kling, to set up the "Committee of Americans for the Canal Treaties, Inc." (COACT). To anyone not aware of Kling's past or his mandate from the White House, COACT seemed like a grassroots, nonpartisan effort on behalf of the treaties. By November, Kling and his committee, using the mailing address of a Washington-based insurance broker as cover, were placing large ads in major American newspapers—complete with a persuasive list of 200 prominent Americans supporting the treaties—asking for funds.

Not surprisingly—except to those who believed that the treaty represented an ideological struggle between establishment conservatives and democratic liberals—the list of COACT members included David Rockefeller (chairman of Chase Manhattan Bank), John H. McCloy (former chairman of Chase who was affectionately referred to by many as "chairman of the establishment"), G. William Miller (named by President Carter to head the Federal Reserve Board and, later, the Treasury Department), Irving Schapiro of DuPont, Arthur Taylor of CBS, J. Wayne Fredericks of Ford Motor Company, Armand Hammer of Occidental Petroleum, and so on. It was a good chance for anyone wishing to gain favor with the White House to chalk up brownie points for future reference. At a COACT fund-raising event in December, which funneled $80,000 into the canal coffers, Occidental Petroleum and Braniff Airways had no problem finding $22,500 to contribute to the cause.

But the ease with which Kling managed to trade future political favors for hard cash must have gone to his head. Because he then devised a plan for some real arm twisting.

Enlisting the aid of Robert Strauss, national chairman of the DNC while Kling was its finance chief and now Carter's special trade representative, Kling suggested holding private fund-raising receptions for the biggest of corporate big shots at the Watergate apartment of Strauss. Strauss, the man who was then making crucial decisions about what kind of foreign competition American businesses would have to face, agreed. And the president himself even offered to invite those businessmen who would contribute $15,000 or more to a special White House dinner as a token of his appreciation. This was extortion at its subtle best. *Los Angeles Times* White House correspondent Robert Shogan later observed, "In the high-pressure atmosphere that pervades relations between business and government in Washington, corporate executives regard any contact with top federal officials as precious." In this instance the businessmen were offered contact with *the* top of federal officialdom. And the message from the White House was clear: no money, no meeting with the president.

> Referring to the Senate, Hamilton Jordan said: "Some of those bastards don't have the spine not to vote their mail."

Kling's assistant, Conrad Trahern, sent out 30 letters of invitation in December in which he outlined the scheme. In all, 40 invitations were slated for delivery, but someone blew the whistle on the plan and complained to *New York Times* columnist William Safire of the "shakedown" operation. At that point no amount of "tiptoeing through a minefield on the technicalities" sufficed to explain away the conflicts of interest and heavy-handed persuasion techniques being employed by the White House, and Safire's subsequent revelations immediately killed the project.

MEANWHILE . . . BACK ON WALL STREET . . .

Together, the massive, publicly funded White House lobbying effort, the apparent influence-peddling schemes, and, as the voting day approached, the deals made with key senators (Herman Talmadge reportedly changed from opponent to proponent when the White House offered to support the Georgia senator's farm legislation and give him a dam or two) were a good indication of how badly Carter wanted a personal political victory and to what lengths he would go to achieve it.

Nevertheless, there was much more involved than the questionable political motives on the president's part. Not every prominent American was strong-armed by Carter, and there were more subtle—and more revealing—reasons why so many standard-bearers of establishmentdom, Carter included, were lining up on the side of a supposedly antiestablishment, liberal-leaning agreement.

Part of that story begins long before Jimmy Carter entered the national political arena, as influential East Coast "movers and shakers" were beginning to wrestle with the growing problem of keeping Latin America safe and secure for United States investments.

In early 1971 the Rockefeller-dominated Council on Foreign Relations began turning its attention to the Panama Canal, the most symbolic target of *Latino* nationalism and anti-Americanism. After a series of lengthy meetings led by Rodman Rockefeller (Nelson's son), Douglas Dillon (a member of the Rockefeller Foundation and Secretary of the Treasury from 1961 to 1965), and William P. Rogers (one of Nixon's secretaries of state and later a foreign-policy adviser to the Carter presidential campaign), the CFR came to the conclusion that turning the canal over to Panama was essential if the United States was to maintain a climate conducive to continued American investments in Latin America.

Not so surprisingly, CFR's policy decision came just months after a deal was struck between leading New York banks and General Torrijos in which Torrijos agreed to reorganize Panama's banking laws. With that reorganization the general made his country a tax- and regulation-free haven for foreign financial institutions, and tiny Panama—smaller than the state of Maine, with a population of 1.7 million—joined the Bahamas and Cayman Islands as an international refuge for the megabucks of the world's largest banks.

Then, in the modern version of Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders and his swinging stick, into Panama marched Bank of America, Bankers Trust, Chase Manhat-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 204

Source comparative 'tar' and nicotine figures: Either FTC Report May 1978, or FTC Method.
Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. 'tar,' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette.
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Photograph by Carl Fischer; television insert photo by Michael Feder.

Everyone in Hollywood loved the idea of "A Dog's Life." A show about a group of dogs, with no humans, sounded like a sure-fire winner for the fall television season. That was the dream. This is the reality.

THE UNMAKING OF A SITCOM

BY BEN STEIN

Charlie Hauck is an unlikely guy to be a big-time television comedy producer in Hollywood and especially at Norman Lear's Tandem/TAT Company. In a world of sleek types with New York accents and Gucci loafers, Charlie Hauck is a paunchy man with a friendly, midwestern face and a slight drawl. In a world of producers who got their jobs by slogging their way through the stand-up comic route and their wife's cousin-in-the-business route, Charlie Hauck was a writer for *Business Week* who went into television via a children's show on PBS in Cleveland. He wrote a few scripts for a very successful show called "Maude," and next thing he knew, he was a full-time writer for "Maude," passing other writers who had grown up with comedy, blooming into a hot Hollywood property.

Then a few of the more senior people went off to produce their own shows, and *wham!* Charlie Hauck, the relaxed-looking guy from the Midwest, suddenly became producer of "Maude." He wasn't just another producer. Charlie Hauck was a producer with a bullet; that's how fast he was rising. When a network official heard about a new pilot idea from someone at Tandem/TAT, the network official always asked, "Can you get Charlie Hauck to write it?" That's how hot he was. Charlie had dozens of shows to choose from. All he had to do was to wink his approval, and a show got made.

Charlie Hauck is a pistol. A producer like Charlie makes about $25,000 for writing a 30-page sitcom pilot. He makes an additional $10,000 if he directs it. But now he has problems.

This is what happened when television tried to be as cute as a little puppy.

In December 1978 an obscure comedy writer wangled a meeting with Al Burton, the creative director of Tandem/TAT. Al Burton, the originator of the Miss

Teenage America Beauty Pageant, who has been around cuteness all his life, was told of a good idea. "It was really simple," Burton said. "The plan was to put people into dog suits and have a family with some humans and some dogs. I loved it right away."

But the powers that be decided that the concept would be even better if it was only about dogs and had no humans in it at all. There would be a whole group of dogs (really people dressed up as dogs) that would have a whole life of their own. The families that owned them would never be seen.

The concept was brought to Charlie Hauck. "I loved it," he said. "I love dogs, and this was a fantastic idea. Who doesn't love dogs?"

All of a sudden, everyone in Hollywood was talking about Charlie's show. It sounded like a sure-fire winner. The obscure writer who had brought in the idea was obliged to part with it for a significant consideration in cash, plus a job on "Hello, Larry," a new Tandem/TAT comedy. And Charlie Hauck, his cohort, Artie Julian, and their secretary, Pam Csiki, went to work in their suite at 5752 Sunset, overlooking Denny's 24-Hour Restaurant, at the end of the string of offices they call "The Norman Lear Off Ramp" of the Hollywood Freeway.

They had hardly even begun to think about the script before the first good word came in. Fred Silverman, NBC's genius programmer, wanted new comedy ideas. He had heard about the dog show and had snapped his fingers. He wanted it. "Don't bother to finish telling me the story," Fred Silverman said. "If it's got people dressed up as dogs, it can't miss." Fred makes about $1.2 million a year because he's supposed to pick shows that can't miss.

Within a couple of weeks, Artie Julian and Charlie Hauck knocked out a pilot script. A writer like Artie would get about $10,000 for cowriting the pilot and perhaps $5,000 for help in producing it. It wasn't Shakespeare, but then what television is? It was a good, solid story that introduced the players, the situation, and had a little bit of jeopardy, a few laughs, and a lot of cuteness.

At the beginning the audience is introduced to a big old dog living with a family in an unnamed midwestern town, in an old backyard and on a porch. The dog has friends that go with him when he chases joggers, and he's got a girl friend across the street, a statuesque dog woman he has known for years. McGurk is the name of the big dog. Iris is the girl friend. Iris has a little sexbomb daughter named Camille. They are a happy family until McGurk's master brings home a new, young dog from parts unknown. The appearance of the new dog puts McGurk into a trauma of jealousy. McGurk convinces himself that, since he just came from the vet and since his owners have just had a big hole dug in their backyard, he, McGurk, is dying.

The rest of the show is about how everyone around McGurk, especially the young dog, Tucker, responds to McGurk's tragedy. In the end, of course, it turns out that McGurk isn't dying at all.

Well, it introduced all the characters, and it had a few good lines. NBC gave the green light for production. By the middle of March, casting began.

"We weren't looking for people who looked particularly like dogs," said Eve Brandstein, a raven-haired, attractive woman who has the grim task of choosing among the legions of actors and actresses who appear for the slightest chance at any part. "We were looking for people who were funny. People who had character in their faces. This was one of the few times when they weren't insisting that we get gorgeous girls and lifeguard-type men."

So the actors and actresses came, first to the Wilton Building, where Eve Brandstein has her office, right in the middle of Metromedia Square. The square is dominated by the offices and the sound stages of Norman Lear's Tandem/TAT studios. It was once a movie studio, long before there was sound. Now it hums with the production of sitcoms. In the middle of the square, which is at least four city blocks and getting bigger all the time, there is a work of art.

Standing on a marble ledge jutting out from a rehearsal hall and costume storage building is a statue about 60 feet high, made of angular stainless steel, of a naked giant of a man. In one hand he holds a stylized molecule. In the other hand a stylized piece of electronic equipment. He has genitals as big as the trunk of a Cadillac.

Carved into the marble, in the best socialist realism jargon, is the legend: "ALL HONOR TO THE MINDS THAT CREATED THE MEDIUM."

But the men and women, girls and boys, who have come to try out for "McGurk," as the show is now called, hardly even look at the sculpture. They are too busy looking at each other. They come in tight jeans with dog collars around their necks. Many of the men and women have dog tags dangling in front of them. A few others have fake dog ears. Others have flea collars.

Like most of the people who come for tryouts in Hollywood, the aspirants for "McGurk" have a hardened, desperate quality about them. They show up in old Volkswagens and decrepit Ford Falcons. If they had made it, they wouldn't be at these cattle calls. They hardly ever talk to each other while they're waiting. They might help someone else, unintentionally. One girl with a tomahawk face whispers—stage whisper—to the girl next to her. "Who do I fuck to get this part?"

"Is that the extent of your concern, Herbert—what will it weigh in at?"

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"Yourself," say three other actresses in unison.

The casting is narrowed down, and the best few go to read for Charlie Hauck and Artie Julian at the end of "The Norman Lear Off Ramp." Then the best of these are taken over to a taping stage at a place called VidWest on Cahuenga Boulevard, almost in Studio City, almost in the dreaded San Fernando Valley, for final camera tryouts.

A few actors and actresses have slightly more stature than the others. They have scheduled, private tryouts. Generally, they get the parts.

By the end of March, the cast is complete for the first taping. The star will be Charlie Martin Smith, a diminutive fellow who played the nerd without a car in *American Graffiti* and one of the Crickets (the nice one) in *The Buddy Holly Story*. Charlie Martin Smith has had major movie credits; he's a star. He will get first billing for playing the young dog, Tucker. A star like Charlie earns about $17,000 for the pilot and an option on his services for a year.

Bill Kirchenbauer will play McGurk. Kirchenbauer is a slightly paunchy, balding fellow who achieved national recognition on "Fernwood Tonight" as the small-town night club singer, Tony Rolletti, the Tony Martin of Fernwood, Ohio. He would make about $12,500.

Iris will be played by a beautiful girl named Debórah Zon. It's pronounced De Bora, and indeed that's the way it's spelled on the mimeographed cast list. An actress like Debórah would earn about $10,000 for the pilot.

Camille will be played by, appropriately enough, a young sexbomb named Sherry Lynn. Sherry will make about $6,000.

Casting is done one day, and, magically, the set appears and rehearsals begin—the very next day.

The paint is still wet on the set; so rehearsals begin in Rehearsal Hall C, a few doors down from the offices of the powers that be at Tandem/TAT, and only a dozen yards from the Norman Lear Off Ramp, where Charlie Hauck and Artie Julian have now been joined by a tall, blonde secretary named Judy. To the casual observer, Judy is the best thing about the production so far, since she has a figure that keeps making the network representatives walk into the wall.

In Rehearsal Hall C the actors and actresses begin to block the scenes and read their lines. They are under the watchful eye of the director, a young, thin man named Peter Bonerz. Bonerz was brought in personally by Charlie Hauck. With a piercing, hawklike look on his face, Bonerz scrutinizes the performers and gives them advice while traffic roars by on Sunset Boulevard outside.

"It looks like jock itch."

"You're acting like actors," he says. "You can't do that. You're *dogs*, not actors. Dogs are cute; people like dogs. People don't like actors."

Bonerz is an acting teacher in Hollywood. The average television watcher probably remembers him as the dentist who shared a suite of offices with Bob Newhart on "The Bob Newhart Show." Now he is teaching art. Three people pretending to be dogs gather around the make-believe bed of McGurk, pretending that they're enjoying kibbled dog food. Bonerz scowls.

"Peter's been after them all day to act like they're really enjoying that kibble," says a bystander. "First he told them to pretend it was steak. Now they're supposed to think it's pizza. He's going to go through hot dogs and shrimp until he gets just the right look on their faces." The bystander looks impressed. "The thing about Peter is that he's a perfectionist," he says. A director like Peter earns about $20,000 for a pilot.

A few days later the set is ready. Chuck Murawski, a young blond man with a neatly trimmed mustache, looks proudly at his work. He is Tandem/TAT's ace set designer, and he has every reason to be proud. The set has, on the left, the back porch of a frame house, complete with peeling paint and a screened-in doggy area. Then there is a perfectly green Astroturf yard and a few fake trees and a wooden fence. There is a street in the background with other small, frame houses. The whole thing looks so much like a small town out of your imagination that you might expect Sherwood Anderson to appear at any moment.

Now the rehearsal starts to get serious. Word filters onto the set that Freddie has read the script and loves it. He thinks it could be big. Very big. There is already talk of spinoffs around the set, even though rehearsals are still a few days off.

Charlie Hauck does not let it turn his head. He is—all kidding aside—a serious guy. He watches a bit where Tucker does not want to give McGurk a rubber mouse. The actors cannot quite get into the swing of it, but Charlie Hauck says they can't lose the bit. "The rubber mouse is important," he says. "Rubber mice mean a lot to dogs."

The bit with the rubber mouse is saved and later works wonderfully.

Charlie Hauck, with Artie Julian, has come up with a chorus-line number for the dogs. He wrote a theme song, and now he wants to see the dogs in a line, kicking and dancing to the music. He watches the performers doing the routine and frowns.

"That's moving, not dancing," he says. "*This* is dancing." Then he breaks into a chorus routine, kicking and jumping while he sings: "There is nothing like a bowser/With its nose against your trouser."

"See," he says after he stops. "That's dancing."

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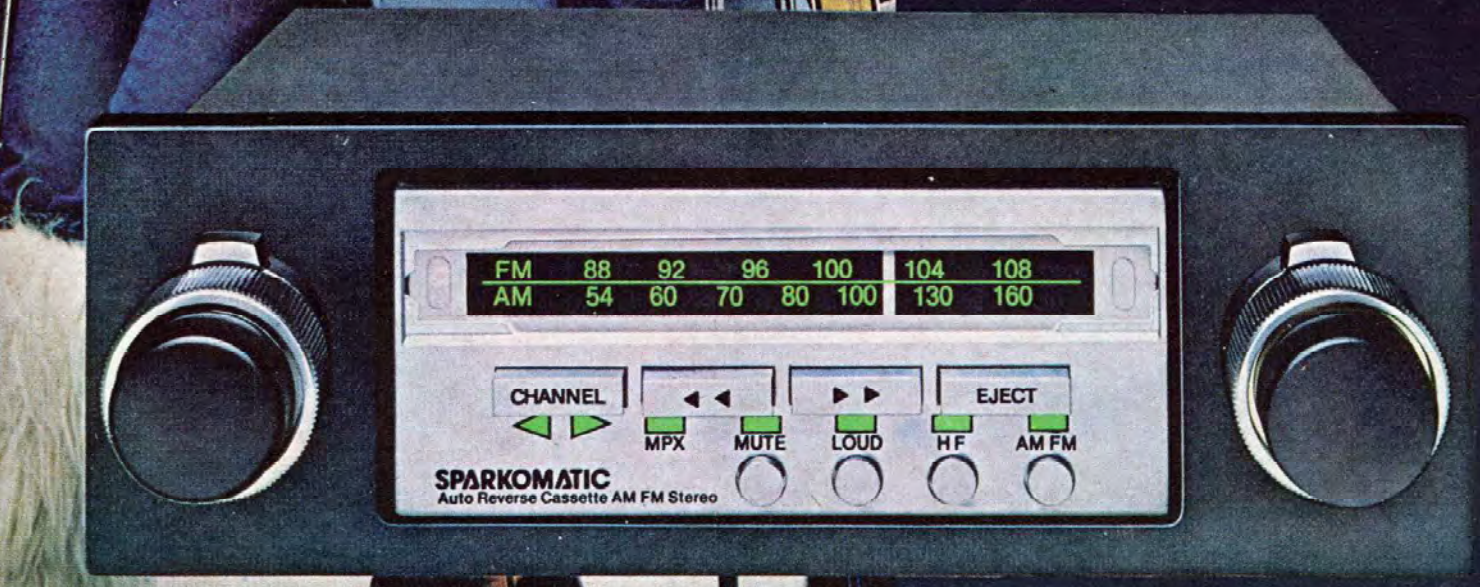

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The cast looks a little sheepish about having been outdone in the dancing department by a plump man who isn't even an actor. To break the tension, Bill Kirchenbauer says, "Hey, listen, we've all got to be careful, 'cause I heard this amazing story, and it's true. This guy I knew got electrocuted because he was walking his dog, and the dog peed on a live wire. The charge went up the pee, into the dog, up the dog's leash, and electrocuted the master. That's the honest truth. That's why I'm an orphan."

The actors and the crew smile, and Peter Bonerz tries to look paternal and authoritative. "Okay," he says, "sometimes we need that. Let's get back to work."

The sound stage, stage seven, is cold and drafty. But inside their dog suits, the performers sweat profusely. Every few minutes a girl comes by with cool rags and wipes off the performers' faces. "Jesus," says a stagehand, "far out."

The stagehand is amazed to see people sweating indoors. "It's really gonna be weird if they have to do a lot of pickups. They'll be fainting from the smell." Stagehands earn about $300 for a normal day's work. They make more if they work a lot of overtime.

The performers do the routine of the rubber mouse a few more times, and then Bonerz clears his throat. "All right now," he says. "Let's do the whole first act."

The performers clear their throats. "Now take a deep breath," Bonerz says, breathing deeply and holding his arms out straight from his sides like a symphony conductor. "Take in some air and get all that actor's stuff out of you."

Then the actors and actresses do the first act. Even the stagehands—a hardened crew—laugh at a particularly good line in the script.

McGurk: "Don't make trouble. Humans hate trouble."

Tucker: "Why do they get married?"

Then there is a breakdown. Debórah and Bill have a very hard time getting out the words to a bit about how humans like to pick up helpless-looking dogs in grocery store parking lots. Finally they skip the bit.

Charlie Hauck looks a bit worried. It is somehow just not clicking as it should have. There is one line where McGurk explains that he's worried because there's a big hole in the backyard that "the gardener dug yesterday." An observer on the stage laughs. "They don't know that people in the Midwest don't have gardeners," he says.

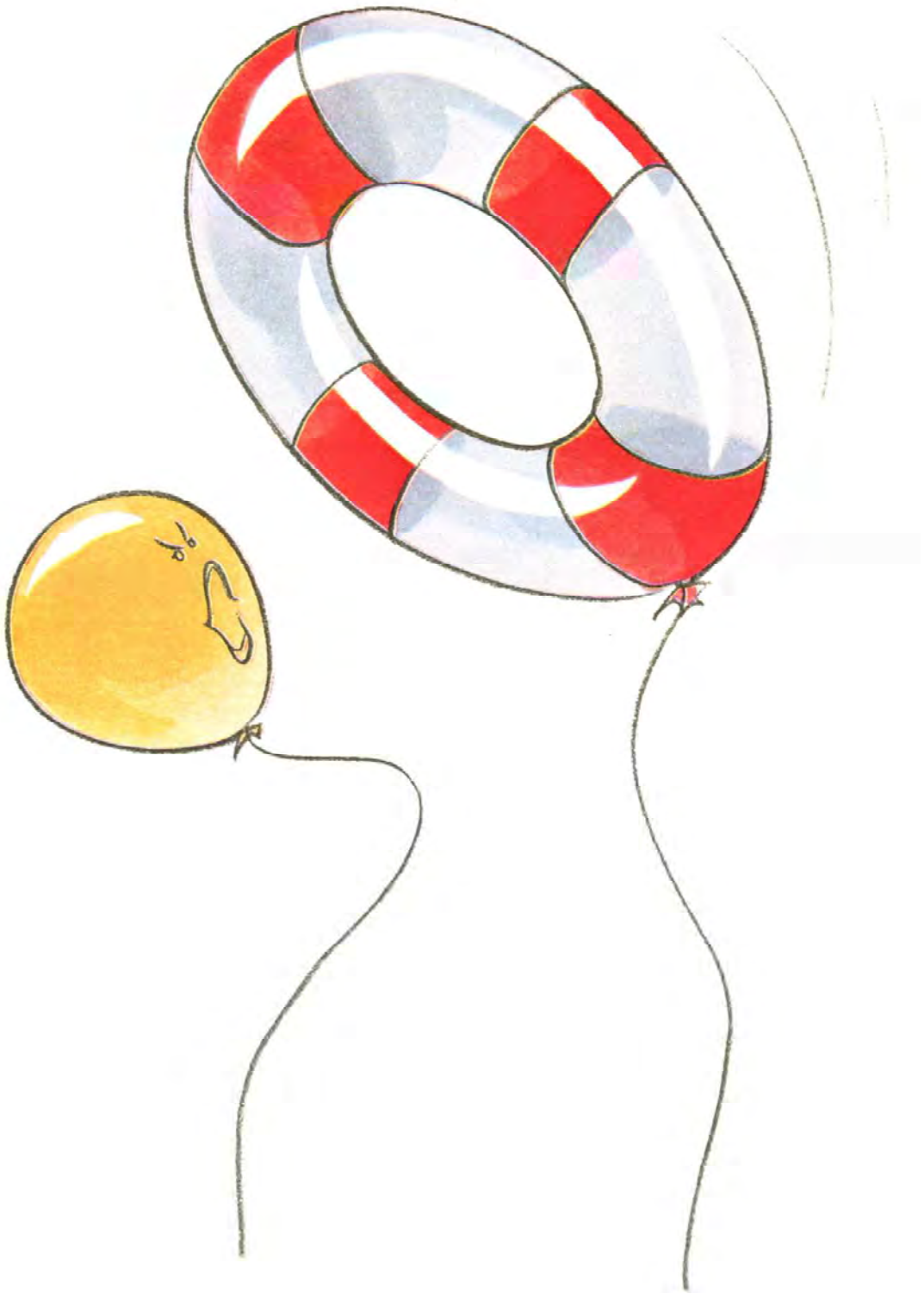
But that's not the problem. Somehow, even though the script is funny, even though the concept is adorably cute, it doesn't exactly sing.

"It was fine," the director says after the whole run-through is over. "Everything was in its place. It just lacked the magic of the play." He pauses to let the fact sink in that this sitcom is also a play, and then he says, "Remember, you gotta have fun,

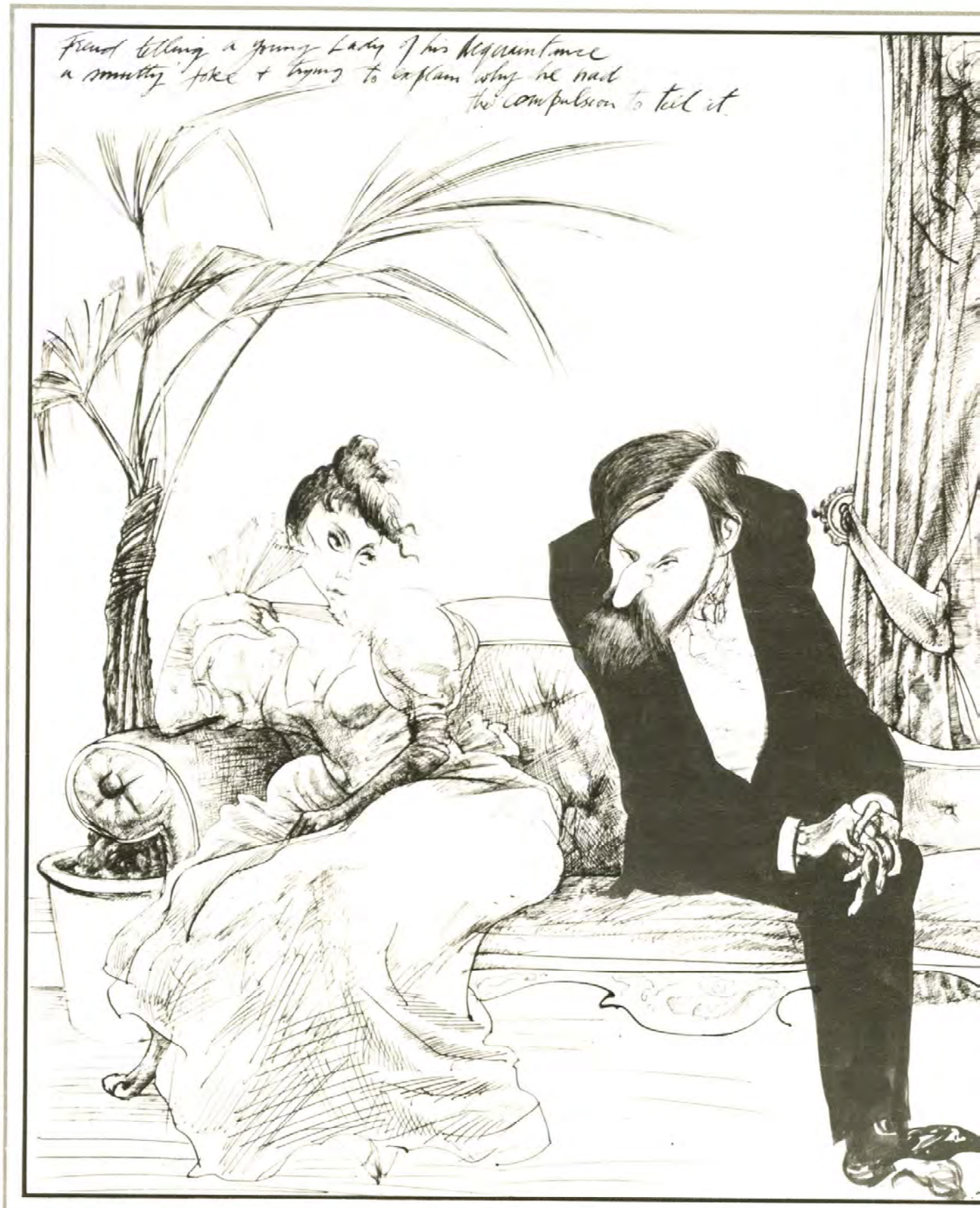
CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Did it ever occur to you I might not want to be saved?"


Freud telling a young Lady of his Acquaintance
a smutty joke & trying to explain why he had
the compulsion to tell it

Ralph Steadman illustrates Freud's analysis of jokes with maliciously witty drawings in a new book to be published this month by Paddington Press.

Sigmund FREUD

by Ralph STEADman

Contrary to popular belief, Sigmund Freud did have a sense of humor — wry, dry, and sometimes venomous — and it was never better than when he was under siege, which for the better part of his life he was. His contemporaries saw him as a humorless, frustrated tyrant, obsessed with sex. These drawings grew out of my desire to illustrate the joking methods that Freud himself discussed and analyzed. You may not learn too much about the nature of joking, but I shouldn't let that worry you. Provided that you can still enjoy a good joke when you hear one, it seems a fairly painless way to learn about one of the most magnificent thinkers this browbeaten planet has ever produced.

Fräulein Morecock, when one tells a vulgar joke, it is usually because the teller is strongly attracted to the hearer, and hopefully the hearer usually becomes aroused or even excited in return when realizing the teller's own excitement."

"Herr Freud, are you trying to seduce me?"

"Good Heavens, Fräulein Morecock! I was merely—"

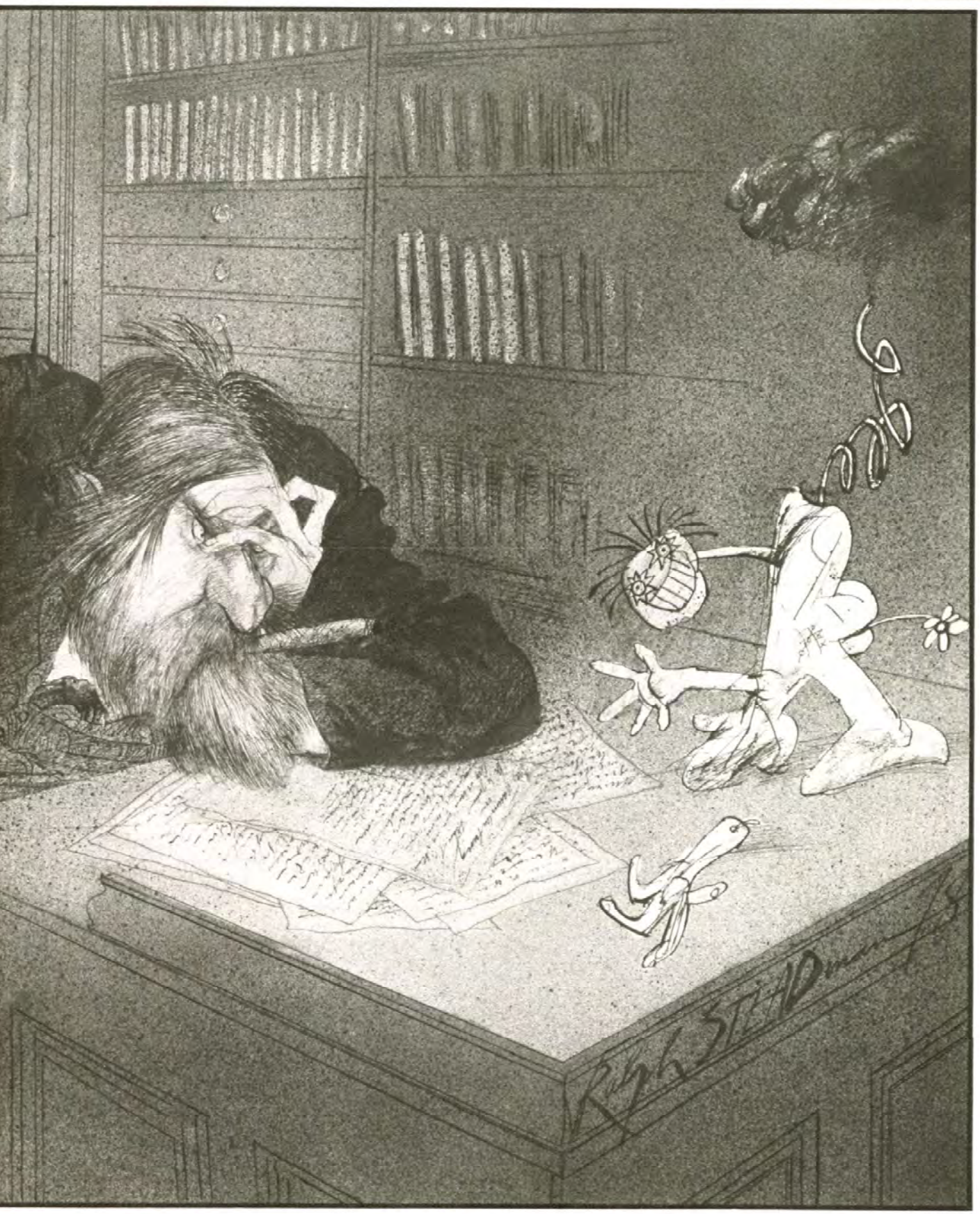
"What was the joke again?"

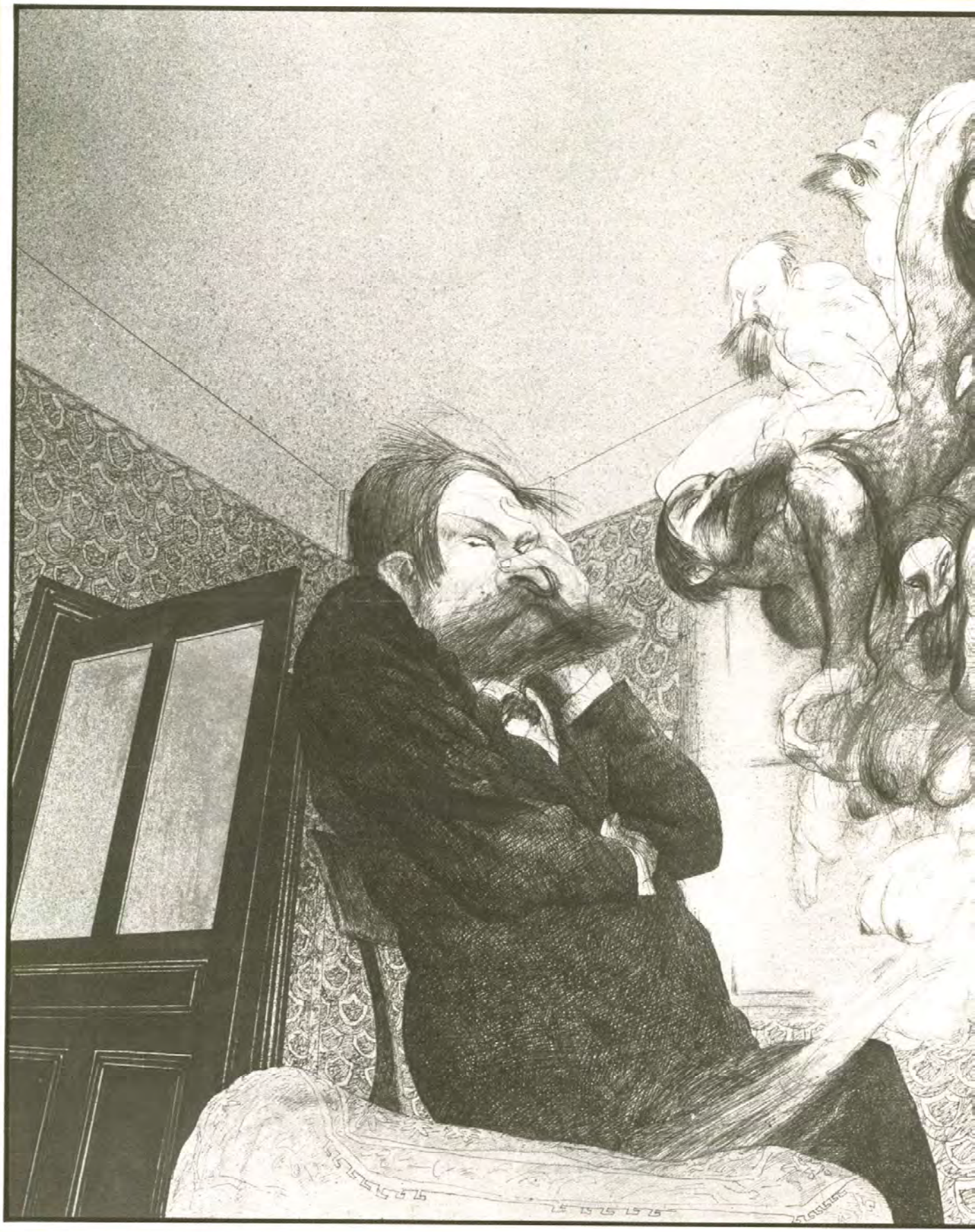
"The joke? What joke? Oh! Yes, er—a wife is like an umbrella, Fräulein Morecock. Sooner or later one takes a cab."

Freud took cocaine himself just before seeing his fiancée, Martha, for the first time in months in an effort to demonstrate to her: "Who is the stronger: a gentle little girl who doesn't eat enough or a big, wild man who has cocaine in his body?" One can only hazard a guess at what Martha would be anticipating in her mind about the man who had written so copiously and passionately during their interminable separation. Surely she could not have expected the figure who leapt out at her from behind the curtains! Freud's behavior must surely have been forged by a potent combination of the bottled-up force of unrequited love, sexual repression, and a highly exhilarating dose of cocaine.

"It remains an uncontradicted fact that if we undo the technique of a joke, it disappears."

Freud in a drunken stupor at the Café Greinsteidl (below). He wags a finger at the pianist and declares: "Young man, do you know you're driving me crazy?" To which the pianist replies: "No, but if you can hum it, I can play it."
This appears to be a perfect *double-meaning joke*, putting the word *know* to "multiple use" without violating it. But to be truthful, Freud did not drink, and he hated pianos. So, to show him lounging around drinking clubs and requesting songs is actually a *nonsense joke*.





Freud has just asked the patient on his couch if she is ever troubled by immoral thoughts. The patient replies, quite innocently, "Not at all, Professor, I rather enjoy them!" inadvertently creating a *unification joke*, "a defense going to meet the aggressor," in which she has established an unexpected unity between attack and counterattack. The phrasing of Freud's question, incidentally, suggests that he had already realized that his patients were constantly having immoral thoughts.

The "odious Professor Freud" is taking a stroll along the Kartnerstrasse with "that poor woman," his wife, Martha (below). As people veer away from him in horror, a thought crosses his mind. A muttering, a *representation-by-something-connected type of joke* that was in no way innocent: "I think I must remind them of some old friend they used to play with!" Martha admonished him for even mentioning it: "Naughty, naughty Sigmund!"

The last 16 years of Freud's life were to be his most heroic, apart perhaps from the four years he had spent in self-analysis. He was now at a crucial turning point. In 1923 he discovered that he had cancer of the jaw; he was deeply affected by the death of his youngest grandson, only four years of age. Bitterness was beginning to set in. It is not difficult to see why Freud might have thought that he ought to take Misery itself onto his couch as a suitable client for treatment.

But through it all Freud never lost his sense of humor. Heinrich Heine's remark, "One must forgive one's enemies but not before they have hanged!" was one that Freud savored till the end.

SITCOM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

and if we're not having as much fun as we should be having, something's wrong."

So they do it again and again. A couple of days go by, and Debórah Zon is still not quite working. After one particularly troublesome bit she is let go. An actress who had been located several days before—while everyone was telling Debórah that she was doing great—is rushed onto the stage on the same day as the first taping.

Beej Johnson picks up the tone of the show right away. She has the right looks, self-confidence, and a wonderful, throaty voice like a canine Marlene Dietrich. An actress like Beej Johnson makes about the same money for the pilot as Debórah did—$10,000.

But bad words have been seeping up to Room 200, where the Tandem/TAT powers that be hang out. "What's Kirchenbauer like?" a visiting network honcho asks. "He's got to carry this whole thing. He can, too, because he's a natural. Is he doing all right" The honcho clearly hears that he isn't.

"Kirchenbauer's doing just fine," the observer says. "Just fine."

"I know he's got it," the honcho says. "Bill Kirchenbauer's a star."

An emergency on the afternoon of the taping.

Charlie Hauck and Al Burton have decided that the doggies would look better with different wigs. A wigmaker in Burbank was called the night before to get the wigs out, pronto. The wigs get made on time, but the wigmaker says that there is heavy traffic between the Valley and the studio. He can't be sure he'll get there on time.

The powers that be at Tandem/TAT are not stumped even for a minute. They call the Los Angeles Police Department and request a police escort. Within a few minutes the wigs are on their way to Hollywood in a plain car, with a police escort, sirens screaming. The wigs arrive on time.

Down on the sound stage, the usual collection of tourists who have been rounded up at the Hollywood Wax Museum, on the Universal Tour, on Hollywood Boulevard, are all there, waiting for the show to begin its taping. Tandem/TAT pioneered taping in front of a live audience to get the most out of their performers—just like in a play. The live audience gives a veracity that taping before an empty house cannot hope to match, or so they say.

Down on stage seven, Charlie Hauck strolls out in front of the audience of about 300. He looks relaxed and confident, despite the close call with the wigs. Charlie is there to tell a few jokes, to tell the audience something about the show, to put them into a good mood, to warm them up. What he's doing is called a warm-up.

"Any questions about the show?" Charlie Hauck asks the audience after he has described it.

"Did you get the idea from your childhood?" asks one woman, a hugely fat creature spilling over her seat.

"No," Charlie Hauck says. "I got the idea from somebody else. I only had a dog for six weeks, and then it died."

Question from a grown man. "Will you use real dogs for close-ups?"

Charlie Hauck looks really amused. Maybe the questioner should be the warm-up man. "No," Charlie Hauck says. "We'll stick with the humans. See, the show is really about humans."

The questioner looks annoyed and cheated.

"Oh," says Charlie Hauck during a lull in the spiel. "The show will be called 'A Dog's Life.' Somebody else is using the name 'McGurk' for a detective story."

Up in Room 200, where the honchos hang out, the mood is less frivolous. At any moment, Freddie is expected. He is going to do something really rare. He is going to watch the taping himself, right on the spot. That's how much he cares about this show.

With breathtaking promptness, five minutes before the taping is to start, Freddie Silverman and his retinue appear at the door of Room 200. There is Freddie, looking plump and slightly confused in a sport coat without a tie, three perfectly neat apprentices, all slim and immaculately groomed, by his side. Freddie looks around the room for several seconds as if he had expected to hear "Hail to the Chief" and then heads for the office of Alan Horn, president of Tandem/TAT. (Norman Lear is technically retired from the creation of sitcoms.)

Alan Horn is deep within the recesses of the office, perhaps contemplating what he, as a 35-year-old multimillionaire producer who makes over $10,000 a week and who regularly goes out with movie stars, might do for an encore. From the bowels of the office, after Freddie has entered, comes a frantic cry. "Freddie wants scotch. Where's the scotch?"

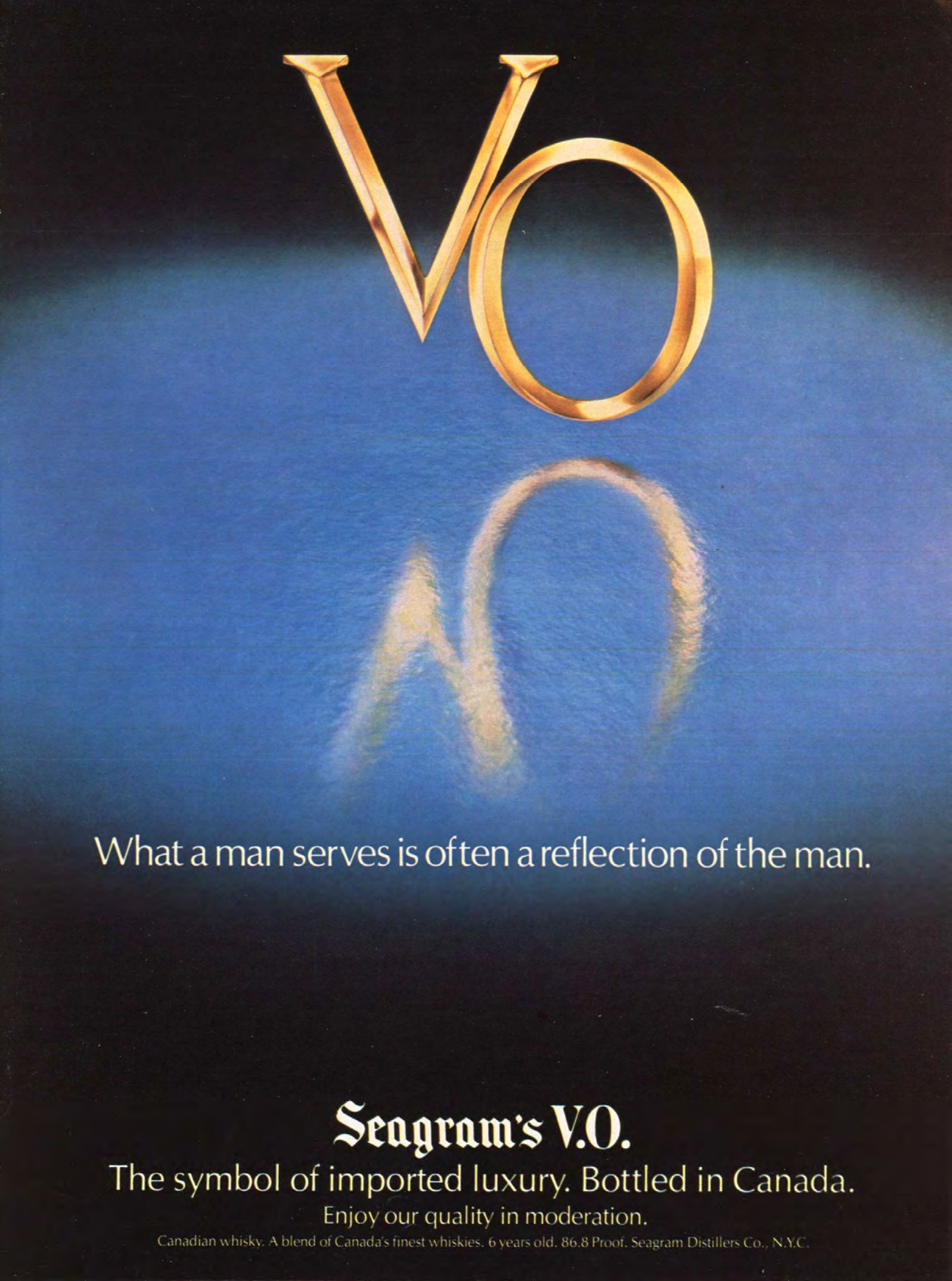
Jeannie, Horn's gorgeous brunette secretary, stalks the building in search of scotch. Crisis. There is none. She sends a messenger to a liquor store two blocks away. Will Freddie be angry at this problem?

Down on the sound stage, Charlie Hauck does not know of the real problems going on in Room 200. He finishes his warm-up, and the lights go down for Act One of "A Dog's Life."

The first thing the audience sees is Bill Kirchenbauer, dressed as a dog, and they love it. They titter and a little girl says, "Hello, doggie."

The little girl's mother hisses to her, "That's not a doggie and shut up."

"There's nothing that medical science can do about your weight problem, so I'm assigning you a license plate number."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The audience watches between titters for a few minutes. Too long. The people in the control room for stage seven look worried. Then comes a moment of salvation. When McGurk finds out that the family has a new dog, he says, "I'll sue. I'll get a lawyer. I'll get Jane Fonda." A little titter at the mention of Jane Fonda. Iris, the woman dog, says, "You can't do any of those things. You're a dog."

McGurk: "Then I'll make a mess on their Oriental rug."

Big laughs and smiles in the control room.

Another big laugh when Tucker, the new dog, appears and says, "*Qué pasa*?"

Little titters when McGurk calls Iris in a barking way, like "Irisss, Irisss."

Still, the laughs haven't exactly been pouring out like water over the Hoover Dam. While the audience waits for Act Two, the powers that be up in Room 200 watch for the door to Alan Horn's office to open so they can get a glimpse of what Freddie might be thinking.

Act Two does not save the day. There are a few more titters, one or two laughs. (Tucker tells the flirtatious young girl dog that he sees mischief in her eyes. Titters. McGurk tells Iris that when he first met her there . . . "was no-no in your voice, but yes-yes in your tail." Big laughs.)

When the show is over, there is very little cheer around Charlie Hauck and Artie Julian. They go up to their office to consult among themselves, but they do not look happy.

And in Room 200, the verdict is in from Freddie. "The way Freddie saw it," an insider said later, "the main problem was Kirchenbauer. He just had no colors in him."

So Kirchenbauer is told: You're out. Now. This minute. Kirchenbauer looks stunned but does not argue.

"The sad part is," says the Tandem/TAT honcho, "Bill had an offer to do another show, and he turned it down for this."

The next day there is a commotion at Tandem/TAT. Freddie has not killed the show after all. He wants Tandem/TAT to find a new McGurk at once and retape the show.

The search starts early in the morning, and by the next day, Tandem/TAT and Charlie Hauck are in high spirits. "You'll love this new guy," Charlie Hauck tells a friend. Even Charlie Hauck, who usually looks as if neither triumph nor tragedy could move him away from a mild amiability, is excited about the new McGurk. "He's crazy, but he's great."

Gabe Dell is the new McGurk. He is a lean, middle-aged actor who has been doing comedy since Our Gang. He recently played the devil on Tandem/TAT's short-lived "A Year at the Top." He is a funny guy, and everyone in Hollywood knows it. He is also an erratic guy, some say, and by the first full day of rehearsals, he has been let go. Charlie Hauck looks disconsolate the next day, but then he cheers up when, soon thereafter, a newer new McGurk is found.

"This guy's fabulous," says a Tandem/TAT insider. "He really looks like a dog."

An observer says that Kirchenbauer really looked like a dog.

"Kirchenbauer?" asks another observer, incredulous. "He didn't look at all like a dog. Forget him."

The new McGurk is a veteran comedian named Barney Martin. Like Kirchenbauer, actors like Gabe Dell and Barney Martin would earn about $12,500 for the pilot. Barney is a portly fellow who looks like a Jewish version of Archie Bunker, but with a real New York accent, not a stage one. And it's true. He really does look like a dog, especially an old dog, with softness and real appeal. He also gives off the right vibes. Paternal, been around, hard exterior, interior heart of gold, sort of like a dog hooker.

Costumes and makeup have been changed a little, too, so that the costumes accentuate Beej Johnson's bosom. Whiskers have been added in makeup. The show looks like a winner this time out. Some of the lines have been tightened up, and the laughs come a little closer together.

But just to make sure, the new taping is not before a live audience. They will use a laugh track and an oooh-ahh track.

It still does not work. Freddie is not impressed. The pilot will be shown once, but the network will not give an order for the series.

Now the western end of the Norman Lear Off Ramp is quiet. Charlie Hauck is gone. So is Artie Julian. Charlie Hauck had enough of Tandem/TAT, and Tandem/TAT did not plead with Charlie Hauck to stay.

"In a way," said a Tandem/TAT insider, "Charlie may be a little too classy an act for us."

Charlie Hauck has gone over to Paramount Television, only a few blocks away, down Gower Street. He is the producer and cocreator of a new class act show, "The Associates," about young lawyers at a Wall Street firm. He took Pam Csiki with him.

Al Burton, the creative vice-president at Tandem/TAT, says that he's still optimistic about "A Dog's Life." "We're gonna get that script rewritten," he says. "Get a whole new handle on it. Freddie's still very interested. Very."

Out in the wardrobe building, right across from stage one, way back in a cold room, are the dog suits, waiting for a whole new handle on the thing. And on the side of the building where the dog suits wait, there is a giant stainless-steel statue of a naked man holding a television and an atom. The legend underneath reads, "ALL HONOR TO THE MINDS THAT CREATED THE MEDIUM." ○

"Okay, men, this is where we separate the fairies from the leprechauns."

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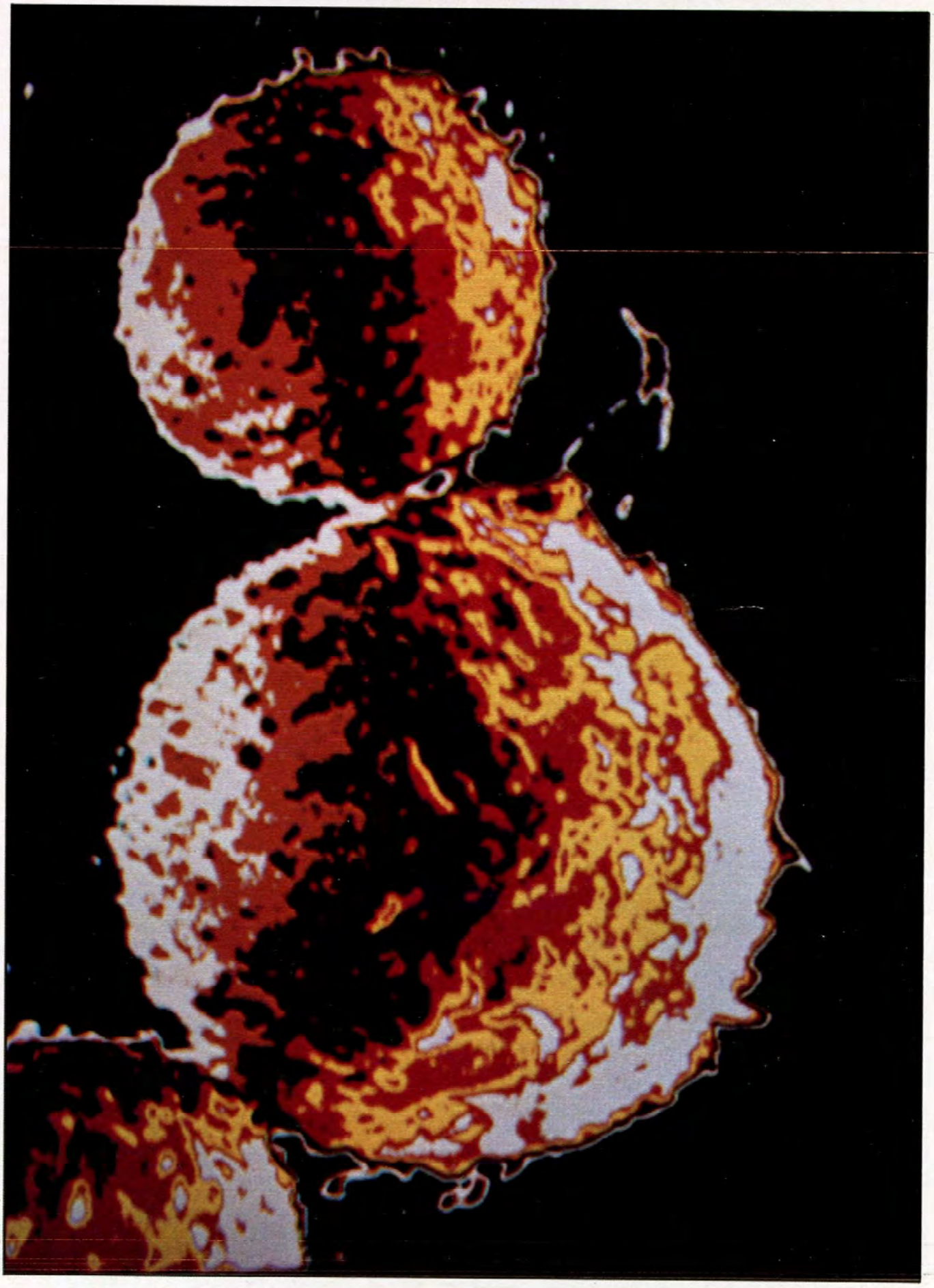

Photograph by Howard Sochourek

Poorly funded and understaffed, a few alternative clinics in North America are waging a quiet war on cancer—and the medical establishment.

ALTERNATIVE CANCER THERAPIES

BY GARY NULL WITH ANNE PITRONE

Between 1972 and 1978 the National Cancer Institute spent $5 billion on the war against cancer. This was twice as much as the total funding spent in the previous 35 years of its existence. Last year an annual campaign of the American Cancer Society raised $126 million from Americans who believe that the only way to fight cancer is with a "check-up and a check." But in spite of the millions—in dollars as well as in lives—that have been sacrificed in this war against cancer, can medicine report an overall victory that might make these losses worthwhile?

When the war on cancer was first declared by the Nixon administration in 1971, one in every six American deaths was due to the disease. By 1978, after billions had been spent on research of conventional methods of therapy, the rate was up to one in every five Americans. If the growth rate continues, current estimates are that cancer will cause one in every four deaths by 1988, one in every three by 2008, and one in two by the year 2050—a gloomy death sentence for those born today.

Nearly a century of extensive research of conventional modes of treatment, including surgery, radiation, and chemotherapy, has produced no significant difference in overall cancer survival rates since 1950. According to Dr. Robert Armstrong, chief of the National Center for Health Statistics, cancer is the only leading cause of death for which the mortality rate has steadily *increased* in the last two decades. Since cancer research during those same two decades has been the chief recipient of biomedical funding, we can only assume that organized cancer research is barking up the wrong scientific tree.

Despite the voluminous amount of research to support such nontoxic therapies as Laetrile, vitamins, enzymes, detoxification, nutrition, and vaccines, it is only recently that established medical research has begun to take a closer look. In 1975 the National Cancer Institute set up a new program to study diet, nutrition, and cancer, and the American Cancer Society has removed two promising nontoxic therapies from the "Unproven Methods of Cancer Management" listing: Coley's toxins and the Lincoln bacteriophage method.

Although unconventional forms of therapy have been practiced for many years, it has been only recently that their practitioners have been able to come out of isolation. Fear of being branded quacks because of orthodoxy's strict view toward other therapies, lack of proper funding, and, most of all, an overwhelming responsibility to their patients' rights have kept the most open-minded and objective physicians apart from the established medical community as well as from one another. Political repression from established medical journals has also kept this vital information underground and prevented some of the most important researchers from verifying their results with one another. Some practitioners of alternative therapy have undergone political harassment even to the point of losing licenses and spending time in jail.

Who are the leaders of "underground medicine"? What are their qualifications? And, most important, what is their rate of success in the control of cancer?

To answer these questions and others, we interviewed dozens of clinics, hospitals, and doctors practicing in North America today. This was the culmination of a two-year investigative effort to determine the state of the art in alternative cancer therapy. What we found was a vast system of underground medicine thriving on the research of the past few decades despite the lack of public funds. Still, our survey shows that the cost of these therapies to the patient is considerably lower than the estimated $23,000 it takes to die of cancer by conventional treatments that are already supported by public-funded research.

Many of the clinics where we interviewed are understaffed or don't have the funds to do important statistical analysis and follow-up of patients that would provide the general public, as well as the scientific community, with some idea of the results they're getting. Many are so new that the statistics have limited meaning. Records of patient response are sometimes sketchy because of the nature of the treatment, which often involves the patient's taking responsibility for a complete change of life-style as well as self-medication. Sometimes it is impossible for these clinics and doctors to get proper testing and/or cooperation with the medical community, although this has been changing dramatically as more positive research to support the alternative therapies has been discovered.

Part of the problem in analyzing statistics is that there is no single standard for measuring "positive results" in cancer. For example, when a doctor says he's getting good results, does it mean that he's getting objective (measurable) responses, such as tumor stabilization or regression? Or does he mean that he is getting subjective improvements, such as increased appetite, elimination of cachexia (wasting away), overall well-being, or elimination of pain? For some doctors "positive results" means simply that the patient dies in one month rather than in two weeks.

Regrettably, there is an element of vagueness in today's alternative-therapy network not only because of the nature of the disease (cancer is not limited to one type, organ, or system) and the nature of the treatment (which is often self-administered), but also because there is a lack of long-term statistical observation. There are few doctors that have been able to keep statistically thorough records over a five- or ten-year period. Most clinics have at least some strong subjective results to report.

(Left) A cancer cell (middle) is attacked by two white blood cells of the body's natural defense system (magnified 14,500 times).

With limited statistical evidence available on unconventional therapies, it certainly would be unwise to throw out conventional therapy altogether. Still, based on the mortality statistics of the past 20 years, the cancer patient today has little to lose by investigating alternative forms of therapy. Many times a combination of the two (both nontoxic and conventional) can bring about excellent results in fighting cancer.

Although there are hundreds of doctors now practicing unconventional medicine, many have not been mentioned in this article because they expressed fear of harassment from orthodox medical groups and even a fear of losing their licenses. Others have disqualified themselves by stating that because they had been practicing these methods for only a short time, they did not have enough statistical documentation for either subjective or objective results. Lastly, we have not reported on those clinics where consistently negative reports have been received about the conditions or fees.

It's very important that prospective patients conduct their own research when they are inquiring into any alternative form of therapy. Strict questioning about fees, the quality of the organic food, and objective results, etc., are necessary. Use of many of the treatments described is highly controversial and we do not recommend particular use of any of them. Competent medical advice must be sought by each individual before pursuing treatment. Freedom to choose any alternative form of cancer treatment can come only with education. To these ends, we present this survey so that the cancer patient, as well as the concerned medical practitioner, can become aware of current methods of therapy available in North America.

NONTOXIC THERAPIES

"Underground medicine" can be separated into two categories: those totally nontoxic therapies that are not used with conventional cancer treatments and those cancer treatment systems that employ both toxic and nontoxic modalities.

Nontoxic cancer therapy is based on diet, nutrition, detoxification, and vaccines that are designed to build up and maintain the body's own defense against disease. Although the whole body is involved in this process—the concept of holistic medicine—the major biological systems necessary for defense are the digestive and detoxifying organs, such as the liver, pancreas, stomach, and intestines, and the defense system, made up of the lymph glands and the blood. The question of what constitutes strong body defense and how this system can be stimulated and revivified to help the body regain health and protect itself against future disease has been dealt with by many scientists, clinicians, and doctors. Perhaps the most far-reaching insight into diet and nutrition has been that of Dr. Max Gerson. His work has laid important foundations for a practical nontoxic therapy with proven results. He found that his self-prescribed "migraine diet" of fresh fruits and vegetables as well as enemas to detoxify the body was able to cure such other "incurable" diseases as lupus, tuberculosis, and, in some cases, even cancer.

When Gerson came to the United States in 1946, he had refined his diet to include fresh calf's liver and other ingestibles that would improve the vigor of the detoxifying organs. The Gerson therapy forbids salt as well as all processed, canned, salted, pickled, prepared, jarred, blended, and refined foods and discourages the use of meat. During his lifetime Gerson was able to achieve a 40 percent rate of remission in his terminal patients, and many of his startling case histories are to be found in his landmark book *A Cancer Therapy—Results of Fifty Cases.*

> Current estimates are that cancer will cause one in every four deaths by 1988, one in every three by 2008, and one in two by the year 2050.

The Gerson therapy recovery rate of 40 percent in advanced systemic cancer is quite amazing when contrasted with the 7-to-8-percent recovery rate in systemic cancer that exists today with conventional therapies. It's important to keep in mind that over 90 percent of patients in alternative therapies are terminally ill with cancer and have often been left with bodies scarred and poisoned by conventional methods of surgery, radiation, and chemotherapy. What if alternative therapies like Dr. Gerson's were to receive patients earlier, when their general health is much stronger? Dr. Curtis Hesse, director of La Gloria Hospital Gerson Therapy Center, one of two clinics following the Gerson method in Mexico, informs us that he is able to achieve a 45 percent recovery rate today with "incurable" patients and an even more astonishing 80-to-90-percent recovery rate with patients who have early-to-intermediate cancer.

Although the Gerson therapy can take anywhere from three months' intensive initial period to one and one-half years, depending on the type of cancer involved, results are usually seen within the first few weeks of the diet. However, the Gerson Clinic does not accept those patients who have had chemotherapy because of the extensive damage that this particular modality of treatment causes to the liver and immune system—which can never be repaired.

The Gerson therapy is listed on the American Cancer Society's "Unproven Methods of Cancer Management." Although the National Cancer Institute has recently developed a program to study diet, nutrition, and cancer, Assistant Director Dr. Bayard Morrison said in a recent interview that they are "not exploring Dr. Gerson's therapeutic regimen."

The main problem with the Gerson treatment is that it is often too difficult for patients to follow after they leave the clinic. Since self-medication is the key to this therapy—that medication being food—the patient may often be overwhelmed by the practicalities of the diet. The added difficulty of getting unpolluted fresh calf's liver has induced many doctors to modify the therapy while including Gerson's work as a basis for nutritional guidance.

Two-time Nobel Laureate Linus Pauling also believes that diet and nutritional deficiencies may have something to do with the treatment and prevention of cancer. Pauling (who does not have a clinic) has worked closely with noted Scottish researcher and surgeon Dr. Ewan Cameron, who began studying vitamin C almost 15 years ago in hospitals in Scotland. The two scientists have published many papers together, the most recent being a landmark double article-review published simultaneously in *Cancer Research* (Volume 39) and the *Journal of the International Academy of Preventive Medicine* in March 1979.

Pauling and Cameron have shown that terminally ill patients who receive vitamin C at a dosage level of 10 grams a day and higher are able to live more than seven times as long as those terminally ill patients who have not received vitamin C. "With vitamin C," says Dr. Pauling, "we know that there are no side effects, and it is generally beneficial to the patient not only in controlling cancer but in improving his general health."

Many vitamins and minerals are prescribed in nontoxic cancer therapy. Vitamin A, a well-known defense system stimulant, is used in combination with Laetrile and certain enzymes by many clinics in North America. This tripartite combination is the basis of an immense study now being conducted by Dr. Harold Manner, professor of biology at Loyola University, whose studies with vitamin A, Laetrile, and enzymes in mice with breast cancer resulted in 90 percent tumor regression. His current study, involving over 1,000 doctors throughout the United States and Mexico, treating over 10,000 cancer patients, will be the largest clinical trial of any alternative cancer therapy ever conducted. Dr. Manner

says that by the end of 1979, he may be able to make some definite conclusions about the relative strength of vitamin A, Laetrile, and enzymes therapy.

Although the mechanisms of vitamin A and enzymes as defense system stimulants and antitumor agents are well known, the actual mechanism of Laetrile has not yet been thoroughly elucidated. Many scientists regard Laetrile as nature's own nontoxic chemotherapeutic substance and an effective pain reliever. Laetrile seems to work more effectively with other basic components of nontoxic therapy, such as diet, enzymes, and vitamins, and has even been shown by some clinicians to increase the effectiveness of smaller doses of chemotherapy and radiation.

Dr. Dean Burk, a scientist formerly of the National Cancer Institute who has conducted many different experiments on Laetrile since the late 1950s, says that there are over 5,000 pages of published material on file in the offices of the Food and Drug Administration attributing to Laetrile definite anticancer activity with very low toxicity. Although this substance is currently the subject of court battles, patients in most states are able to import Laetrile from Mexico if both the physician and patient sign an affidavit and have it approved by the FDA officials. Greg Kaye, director of the Linden, N.J., Laetrile distribution company called Cyto-Metabolics, says the whole process takes about four or five days. "After the agents at the Mexican border are satisfied, the FDA ships directly to the patient's home."

Many therapists prefer to use a combination of various treatments to give their patients every possible benefit. Dr. Ahmad Shamin, a surgeon of Laurel, Md., uses a modified Gerson diet plus high doses of enzymes and vitamins C, B-15, and emulsified A in addition to Laetrile, mineral supplements, and liver injections. Dr. Shamin recognized that surgery often increased the incidence of cancer. Now he believes in guiding his patients (most of whom are "terminal cases bloated with toxic chemicals") in nutritional therapy. Discussing his results in the 40 to 50 patients he has treated in the past few years, Dr. Shamin says, "The initial results are all positive; then it depends on the body's condition as well as the patient's perseverance. We can guide them, but it's very difficult. Often the Gerson diet is too difficult for older people; so we try to make it as practical as possible for them to get the important nutrients." As with other doctors involved in alternative therapies, his fee is low: initial consultation (about one and one-half hours including complete physical and a battery of tests) is approximately $100. After that, office visits are $15 to $20. The treatment can go anywhere from three to four months up to two years, depending on the patient's condition.

"The main problem is that people wait until it's too late, and then they want to take Laetrile and expect it to be a miracle for them," said Dr. Robert Gibson of Ponca City, Okla. Basically using Laetrile in conjunction with a salt-free, high-fiber, and high-vegetable diet very similar to Dr. Gerson's, Dr. Gibson also makes use of vitamins A, C, and E and enzymes. Formerly involved in a large general practice, Dr. Gibson has treated more than 2,000 cancer patients over the last three years, many of whom have "waited too long." "For the very ill," said Dr. Gibson, "we can relieve the pain with Laetrile and the diet and many times extend their lives beyond the expected survival; actually, the use of Laetrile is a little bit unpredictable. But if the medication does work, we've been getting very good responses with many different tumors. And with those patients that are in better shape than 'terminal' over the past three years, I'd say we've been getting about sixty-eight percent positive results." Dr. Gibson points out that this is not really an adequate statistic, since most data on recovery require a "five-year survival time."

> Cancer is the only leading cause of death for which the mortality rate has steadily increased in the last two decades.

Dr. Gibson is able to handle up to 40 patients, and for the first three weeks at his clinic (the basic initial intensive therapy) the charge is $1,069 for everything, including tests. During this period most patients experience pain relief within 7 to 11 days. After the initial stay at the clinic a three-month maintenance supply of medication costs approximately $380.

One of the larger nontoxic therapy clinics in North America is SDL (Salud Determinación para Longevidad—"Health Determination for Longevity"), the largest private hospital in Tijuana, Mexico. SDL also has a clinic 40 miles south of Tijuana for ambulatory patients. Dr. Rodriguez, a specialist in nuclear medicine, who was formerly director of nuclear medicine at the famous semitoxic Clinica Cydel in Mexico, is the medical director of the Plaza Santa Maria (the ambulatory patient clinic) and a codirector of the hospital. According to Dr. Rodriguez, Plaza Santa Maria is, for all practical descriptions, a veritable paradise.

"It's a spa-resort. An open place with cottages," says Dr. Rodriguez, whose main concern since he started the "spa" last May is completely nontoxic therapy. "It overlooks the ocean, a path to the beach, many flowers; the entire environment is one of positive restfulness. In this environment we are able to get very good results with a restricted diet of fresh *raw* fruits and vegetables and a detoxification program to enhance immunological defense, regular exercise, as well as high doses of vitamin C and Laetrile every day."

Dr. Rodriguez also gives vitamins A and E, depending on the type of cancer, as well as trace minerals and oral enzymes. Recently, he has had good results with a new substance available only in Mexico called Rodaquin, which modifies the oxidation-reduction potential in the body, much like vitamin E.

Plaza Santa Maria averages about 20 patients at a time. An average stay at either clinic is a two-or-three-week intensive program that costs about $1,550 per week. This includes room, board, all treatment, and medication. Relatives are encouraged to attend the clinic's health-and-nutrition learning program, for which the SDL clinic is well known throughout Mexico.

Although SDL is said to average 30 percent tumor regression and 70-to-90-percent overall general improvement among patients in both clinic and hospital, it is still too early to tell—SDL Hospital has been in existence a little over a year, and Plaza Santa Maria just since last May.

Chelation, where certain solutions that cleanse the arterial system are given intravenously, is another therapy often incorporated into a nutritional, holistic approach. According to its proponents, the treatment increases the blood flow, places better nutrients in the bloodstream so as to build and repair the tissues of the body that are diseased as a result of impaired circulation, and provides more oxygen to the cells.

Dr. Ray Evers uses chelation mainly for the treatment of circulatory diseases in his 60-bed clinic in Montgomery, Ala., but approximately 25 percent of his patients have cancer. In practice for 40 years, Dr. Evers first became interested in nutrition in the early 1950s, when, as a general practitioner, he began to notice the importance of trace minerals in the diet of his patients. He has treated over 6,500 patients with the Gerson nutritional therapy, vitamins, herbs, minerals, Laetrile, enzymes, and his own brand of solution for chelation work. Says Dr. Evers of his results, "If we get the patients before they've had so-called orthodox treatment —surgery, radiation, or chemotherapy— the success ratio is well above the fifty percent mark. But if they've already been through the so-called orthodox treatment, the ratio is about twenty-five-to-

forty percent success."

Dr. Evers's patients usually spend an intensive four to six weeks at his clinic and then from three months to one and one-half years on a maintenance program. Costs run about $2,100 per week at the clinic, where patients receive room, board, and all medication as well as chelation therapy if necessary.

Dr. R. Glen Green of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, has been getting similar results from using chelation therapy with the Gerson approach. For the past four years, Dr. Green has been getting a 25 percent recovery rate with patients who have practically all been diagnosed as being terminally ill. Using intravenous Laetrile and megavitamin therapy, Dr. Green's treatment requires an intensive two-to-three-week stay at a motel near his clinic. This costs approximately $2,500, including room and board. His practice is limited to about six or eight patients a day.

One of the most modern developments in nontoxic cancer therapy has been the immunological work of Dr. Virginia Livingston at the Livingston Clinic in San Diego. It is her contention that there is a specific microbe involved in cancer, a microbe in the same family as tuberculosis and leprosy, called *Progenitor cryptocides*. Dr. Livingston has shown that *Progenitor* produces a certain mammalian hormone that stimuates the rapid cell growth of the placental tissue. Dr. Livingston has found that cancer patients are lacking a certain antibody that controls the hormone produced by *cryptocides*, and, therefore, their bodies are more open to this invasive type of rapid cancerous growth.

Dr. Livingston immunizes patients against their own disease by making a vaccine from the specific microbe found in each individual. She also uses attenuated bacillus viruses to raise the general immunity level of the whole body. The therapy includes the use of megavitamins, minerals, enzymes, and antibiotics. She doesn't use Laetrile, because she does not think it is specific to the disease even though it may effectively relieve pain.

Dr. Livingston's diet, based on the Gerson theory, also strictly forbids the ingestion of chicken, which her research has shown to contain cancer-causing viruses. Most meat is also strictly forbidden, since cattle are often fed on chicken and have become diseased themselves.

At the Livingston Clinic in San Diego, patients—usually ambulatory—receive a two-week intensive initial period of care. Five doctors handle a case load of about 15 patients per day. Those wishing more specific results of Dr. Livingston's work may wish to look at 150 case histories that she will be publishing this year.

"The problem with cancer," said Dr. Livingston, "is that everybody has something to offer, but nobody has the complete picture." Many researchers have been spurred on by these words to combine the Livingston treatment with other nontoxic therapies. Dr. William Brentlinger of Midwest City, Okla., a general practitioner for 23 years, has a cancer therapy that involves diet, megavitamins, apricot pits, acid-mineral balance, chelation, and Livingston vaccines. Although he has had only 12 cancer patients in the past two or three years, he has had no failures for the past one and one-half years. (The treatment costs about $2,000 per year.)

Dr. Jack Slingluff of Canton, Ohio, uses a modified Gerson diet with Laetrile, chelation, mineral supplements, vitamins (especially vitamin C), and the Livingston vaccine. After three or four years and over 600 cancer patients, Dr. Slingluff has had "good success" with lung tumors, and 30 percent tumor stabilization with 5-to-10-percent actual tumor regression. Dr. Slingluff's results with malnutrition and the cachexia of cancer patients is almost a total success: 90 percent improve after being on his treatment. An initial six-month intensive treatment runs the patient around $3,000 plus $2,000 for medications. Maintenance for the next six months is $1,500.

> Political repression from established medical journals has deprived some of the most important researchers from verifying their results with one another.

Dr. Thomas Roberts of Leesburg, Va., also makes use of the Livingston vaccines in conjunction with a relatively strict Gerson diet, vitamins, enzymes, and other immunological agents from Germany's Nieper Clinic. Most of his patients are also terminally ill cases, and although Dr. Roberts has had some very good results with chronic degenerative diseases and hypoglycemia, he has not really seen any "spectacular regression" in any of his cancer patients. However, many are free from pain and are stabilized.

But perhaps the most detailed combination of nontoxic therapies is that of Dr. Michael Schachter of Mountainview Medical Associates in Nyack, N. Y. Also a psychiatrist, Schachter has written a book called *The Food Connection*, which details the relationship of food to psychological problems.

Dr. Schachter begins with detailed diagnostic testing that will decide which therapies from his six major programs will best benefit the patient. His nutritional program includes a strict vegetarian diet for the first two or three months, elimination of all chemicalized or processed foods (including chlorinated or fluoridated water), and whole grains. Schachter's supplement program includes hydrochloric acid tablets to increase digestive action, high doses of vitamins C and A, defatted liver, brewer's yeast, pangamic acid, some selenium and other minerals, as well as Laetrile, apricot pits, and comfrey-pepsin to break down the mucus.

Schachter's injectable program (for patients in the acute stage of disease) includes intravenous Laetrile, vitamin C, low doses of vitamin B, autogenous vaccine, crude liver and iron, and certain defense system stimulants. Schacter's detoxification program contains fresh vegetable juices and coffee enemas (similar to the Gerson therapy) as well as colonic irrigation and massage. Schachter also uses raw glandular material to stimulate the immune system. And finally he has a complete psychological program for such factors as stress reduction, relaxation techniques, biofeedback, and group therapy for cancer patients with their families. Schachter has a 30-member staff and first started treating cancer patients in 1975. Since then his cases have numbered in the hundreds. Although he could not say how many of his patients had actual tumor regression, Schachter estimated that more than 50 percent would have some benefits from his treatment, and that many cases had actually increased survival time.

Dr. Schachter says that the cost for his cancer patients is from $3,000 to $5,000 for the first six months of intensive care. Maintenance is about $3,000 to $4,000 a year, with visits to the clinic every three months for follow-up and nutritional analysis.

There are some nontoxic therapists who have not made use of diet and nutrition in their practice. Dr. Emanuel Revici—chemist, bacteriologist, pathologist, and medical doctor—has been able to show in more than 40 years of research that there is a dualistic pathology in the body: a series of opposites that are positive and negative, acid and alkaline, high-oxygen and low-oxygen consumptive, allergic and toxic. Identifying various chemical elements of disease, especially cancer, Revici has cured many conditions by chemically altering the diseased biological system with a substance that is the specific opposite of the diseased state. Which chemicals can correct specific diseased states and bring them back to normal? This question has been the subject of Dr. Revici's life work.

Originally concerned with the physiology of pain, Dr. Revici's "nontoxic chemotherapy" has achieved good results in cancer, arteriosclerosis, vertigo, hearing impairment, gallbladder infection, arthritis, hemorrhage, allergic reac-

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tions, pain, trauma, and burns. But one of his most important contributions to other cancer research has been the development of a nontoxic form of selenium, which is one of the major deficient trace elements in cancer-prone populations. Several studies show that selenium-deficient areas—such as the West Coast—are prone to certain types of cancer. Dr. Virginia Livingston is already using a yeast-based selenium, but she has expressed interest in Revici's higher dose formula that is completely nontoxic.

The 88-year-old Revici currently runs the Institute of Applied Biology in Manhattan, where he has a small office for outpatients and three floors of laboratories for research. Cost to the patient is about $15 to $25 per visit.

Dr. Stanislaw Burzynski is another researcher with an original nontoxic therapy that does not make use of diet or nutrition. This young Polish doctor, now based in Houston, Tex., uses a substance called antineoplaston. Thought to be totally separate from the immune system, antineoplastons allegedly can correct cancer cells back to normal by providing the "information" necessary to direct cancer cells back into normal cell-differentiation pathways. In the past two years, Dr. Burzynski has treated 41 patients and caused subjective improvement in 86 percent of the cases with advanced cancer and leukemia. In addition, there was complete remission in 19 percent of these cases, which included acute lymphoblastic leukemia, cancer of the bladder, and cancer of the mouth and tongue, all of which are resistant to conventional methods. Recently, Dr. Burzynski has also been getting good results with malignant brain tumors. Partial remission was obtained with colon cancer with liver metastases, metastasized bladder, lung, and breast cancer, prostate cancer, and two cases of chronic lymphocytic leukemia.

Patients usually receive the treatment for six weeks, starting with small doses of antineoplastons and working up to more effective amounts. Side effects are apparently nonexistent; yet Burzynski monitors the patient carefully, spending the first week in the hospital and then seeing the patient in his clinic for the rest of the time.

Although Burzynski charges for materials—it is still an experimental procedure not approved by the FDA—the treatment costs $4,000 a month only because the compound has not yet been synthesized and must still be isolated from huge quantities of healthy human urine. Burzynski hopes to synthesize the antineoplaston and apply for FDA investigational status by the end of 1979. Only then would his treatment be allowed testing in other clinics and in combination with other therapies.

One method that does have an investigational new drug (IND) status from the FDA is Hydrazine Sulfate, another seemingly nontoxic drug that has been proved in several studies to reduce cancer cachexia so that the patient can fight his disease in better health. It has been shown that the condition of cancer places extra demands on the body for energy; it literally feeds upon healthy tissue. Cachexia is the actual cause of death in over 50 percent of cancer patients.

Hydrazine Sulfate, a very inexpensive industrial chemical, appears to halt this energy-grabbing process entirely. Tests by Dr. Joseph Gold at the Syracuse Cancer Research Institute in Syracuse, N.Y., have shown that Hydrazine Sulfate can counter the debilitating effects of cancer without the side effects usually accompanying conventional chemotherapy. Even the terminally ill patient has been able to gain weight, increase his appetite, and enter into a somewhat relaxed state. Tests by Dr. Gold have been confirmed in a recent four-year study by Russian investigators M. L. Gershanovich and others at Leningrad's distinguished Petrov Research Institute of Oncology, involving over 225 terminally ill cancer patients who had been considered beyond help by conventional therapy. The only treatment was Hydrazine Sulfate, but the results were astonishing.

> Our survey shows that the cost of these therapies to the patient is considerably lower than the estimated $23,000 it takes to die of cancer by conventional treatments.

After four years, a total of 147 patients —65 percent of the cases—had shown a definite positive subjective improvement, including reduction of fever, normalization of lab test findings, an improvement in general status and appetite, and, most important, reduction or complete elimination of pain.

In addition, 32 percent of the patients reached a stabilized condition, that is, their cancers did not grow or progress once Hydrazine treatment had begun. Another 12 percent actually showed tumor regression as a result of the treatment. These were the patients that orthodox medicine had given up for dead.

Many doctors involved with alternative forms of therapy have begun to incorporate Hydrazine Sulfate into their treatment schedule. Information about this new drug is available to *any* doctor from Dr. Joseph Gold, the chief researcher in the United States, at the Syracuse Cancer Research Institute, Inc.

SEMITOXIC THERAPY

Combination cancer therapy many times can extend into the realm of toxicity with good results. Often low levels of chemotherapy and/or radiation have increased effectiveness and reduced side effects when combined with a nontoxic metabolic program that builds up the patient's defense system. Many alternative cancer treatment centers in North America are making use of the best of both worlds in this respect.

Clinica Cydel and the clinic of Dr. Contreras, both located in Tijuana, Mexico, have constructed their efforts around the combination of Laetrile, diet therapy, radiation, and chemotherapy.

Dr. Contreras's 58-bed hospital started out 16 years ago, with Laetrile and conventional therapy only. Since then Contreras has expanded his program to include enzymes, vitamins A and C in high doses, special diets, and detoxification programs, as well as vaccines both specific and general.

Dr. Contreras reports a 30-to-50-percent tumor regression in all cancers but has discovered that some tumors respond better to nontoxic therapy than others. Inoperable cancer of the lung, pancreas, prostate, and stomach as well as lymphoma are the types Contreras prefers to treat, mainly with nontoxic therapy. But he reports that cancer of the colon with liver metastases and cancer of the ovary respond better to more conventional methods.

The Contreras hospital is staffed with about 20 to 25 MDs and specialists, and their outpatient clinic can handle up to 150 a day. Since 1960 Dr. Contreras had worked mostly as an oncologist, and his clinic is currently used as a teaching hospital for several universities and medical schools in Mexico. The three-week intensive stay at Contreras's outpatient clinic rarely exceeds $800 (not including room and board), and the hospital costs run from about $1,500 to $1,700 for the entire period.

Clinica Cydel is another Tijuana hospital with some of the most advanced diagnostic equipment on the premises in North America. Medical director Dr. Mario Soto has also been called one of the best diagnosticians in the country. As a trained oncologist, Dr. Soto used a holistic approach, including Laetrile, vitamins C and A, and enzymes as well as some chemotherapy for especially aggressive or invasive cancers. The initial treatment at Clinica Cydel takes approximately 27 days and costs $3,107 for office calls, tests, accommodations, special diet, and treatment. This does not cover any surgical costs, however.

Clinica Cydel can accommodate approximately 23 patients, and in the past four years of its existence it has been able

CONTINUED ON PAGE 212

"Live life in the fast lane, but make love slow and easy."

DANIELLE

Racing car courtesy of Manta Automobiles; racing accessories courtesy of Simpson Safety Equipment, Torrance, Calif.

DRIVE, SHE SAID

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAN MALINOWSKI

"The first man I ever fell for," recalls delectable Danielle Ginibre, our November Pet of the Month, "was a freckle-faced, 12-year-old winner of a local soap box derby. I guess I'm just wired for speed, because I've been hooked on fast cars — and fast men — ever since!" Her present surroundings bear out her claim: the Grand Prix competition at Long Beach, California.

"I'm half French and half American," reports our strawberry-blonde adventuress. "So I make it my business to attend the Monte Carlo Grand Prix every year also," she says, grinning. "I admit it's a lot of fun, but I truly believe it's also my patriotic duty!"

In the pictures below Danielle prepares to test-drive (*before* the race, alas!) a racing car owned by racing champion Jochen Maas. She only has eyes for the action. Everyone else's seem to be on Danielle's sleek, streamlined 35-24-35-inch form.

"I guess I'm just wired for speed, because I've been hooked on fast cars–and fast men–ever since!"

"Men love to give a pretty woman pretty things, and who am I to stifle their generosity?"

"The actual races are only part of the excitement at these Grand Prix marathons," she admits. "At night there are champagne feasts, gambling, partying until dawn, and some pretty fast-gear flirting." Danielle's personal preference is that life should be "lived in the fast lane, but lovemaking should be slow and easy. Whether a man is racing down a track or making my heart race in bed, daredevils are always the very best kind!"

"Daredevils are always the very best..."

Danielle's life isn't all play and no work, though she admits she has a decided preference for the former. She does free-lance interior decorating, and she's recently taken up the camera. "It started out just as a hobby, but I'm turning into a real little *paparazza*," she volunteers. "There are some pretty unforgettable pictures in my private memory book," she adds with a slyly mysterious look.

"There are some pretty unforgettable pictures in my private memory book."

"The best thing about taking pictures is that you're allowed to become a licensed peeping Tom—and it's also a great way to meet men. I make a snap judgment with my camera, then develop the film to see if my instincts were right." They usually are—as were ours when we placed sultry Danielle in *front* of the camera. "A sexy picture," she agrees, "is worth a thousand sighs."

Danielle seems to enjoy the company of men who are "worldly, wise, and willing to have a good time, even if it means being a little bit extravagant with me. Men seem to love to give a pretty woman pretty things, and who am I to stifle their generosity? Besides, *I'm* generous too," she teases, "with hugs, kisses, you name it."

"A sexy picture is worth a thousand sighs."

Danielle considers herself a modern woman, but she says, "You'll never catch me at night in a pair of jeans. I was brought up in a house where ladies dressed for dinner, and I still do. I love to spend some time alone in the late afternoon pampering myself—primping and napping and doing yoga."

"Maybe I'm slightly narcissistic,
but I've learned that if I treat
my body like a temple, certain
discriminating men seem
to worship it. When I've sprayed
a sensuous perfume on
myself and slipped into silky,
expensive underthings,
I feel more valuable, and I think
men find me that way,
too." *We* definitely do—and with a
great good sport like Danielle,
finders is definitely keepers!

MISS DANIELLE GINIBRE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

One of the worst problems faced by Vietnam veterans is that caused by "bad paper"—the receipt of a less-than-completely-honorable discharge. Thousands of men and women leave the service each year with general discharges (GD—also called "under honorable conditions"), undesirable discharges (UD—also called "other than honorable"), or bad conduct (BCD) or dishonorable discharges (DD).

A bad-paper discharge can keep a veteran from getting a job, from using the GI Bill, from receiving free medical care. It can force him to hide a part of his life. Quite often bad-paper discharges were awarded for capricious and trivial reasons that had no connection to the individual's general character or overall service.

But the military's abuse of the discharge process is a wrong that can be righted. Today the individual veteran can do something about removing the stigma of "undesirable" from his record. Unfortunately, many Vietnam veterans have not tried to get their discharges upgraded, and others, who have been turned down by the Discharge Review Boards or experienced difficulties under the Special Discharge Review Program, have become discouraged and given up. This is understandable, because until recently the rules often worked against the individual veteran. Now, however, the rules have been changed, making it easier to get an upgrade. And contrary to rumor, the process is completely private. An upgrade does not mean you have to go back into the military, and no matter what the outcome, a general discharge cannot be downgraded.

> The rules have changed. Today it is easier for veterans with "bad paper" discharges to get them upgraded.

With certain types of cases, the fact is that *once you apply*, the result will normally be an easy change in discharge status. Examples are discharges after serving in Vietnam or other overseas service; discharges for homosexual acts, for drug use or possession, for alcohol-related problems, for "character and behavior disorders"; all types of discharges from the 1940s and 1950s; and, of course, cases in which a veteran can prove that he was treated unfairly. Upgrading of almost all types of cases is more certain today. The current upgrade rate is 50 percent.

To upgrade your discharge, you must first obtain your service records and then apply to a Discharge Review Board (DRB), consisting of five officers, or to the Board for the Correction of Military Records (BCMR), consisting of three civilians. The board looks at your records, your application form with your careful explanation about why your discharge should be upgraded, and any other supporting documents you submit. Sometimes the board considers your request only after you meet with it personally. The board usually decides your case by a majority vote and then gives you a written explanation of its decision.

Which of the two boards you choose makes a difference. The DRB is faster than the BCMR. You have a right to a personal appearance (in the region where you live) before the DRB, and almost everyone does better there in person. You do not have such a right at the BCMR, which doesn't very often allow one to appear in person, but its powers are greater. For example, only the BCMR can change a discharge to a medical discharge or change a reenlistment code (army and navy). Furthermore, the VA can't question an upgrade from the BCMR—it *can* question certain upgrades from the DRB. At any rate, you have to apply; the often repeated story that a bad discharge from United States military service will automatically be upgraded in six months is not true.

Ordinarily, if you were discharged less than 15 years ago, application is made to the DRB; if more than 15 years ago, application is made to the BCMR. If you have a BCD or DD from a general court-martial, application is made to the BCMR. But a major exception to these rules obtains this year: up to January 1, 1980, all older vets with undesirable discharges dated more than 15 years ago (who ordinarily would have to go to the slower BCMR) can go before the DRB. After January 1, the ordinary rules apply. The same deadline for another hearing at the DRB applies to anyone who "lost" at the DRB anytime before March 31, 1978.

It sounds complicated, but the process can be fairly easy if you proceed with care. If you intend to begin the process, we strongly suggest that you order from The Veterans Education Project, 1346 Connecticut Ave., NW, Rm. 610, Washington, D.C. 20036, its recently published *Self-Help Guide to Discharge Upgrading*. The cost is two dollars postpaid. The *Self-Help Guide* explains in step-by-step fashion how to request your records and fill out the various forms. It also provides the names of organizations or individuals in your area who may be able to help. Of all the discharge-upgrading information we have reviewed, the *Self-Help Guide* is clearly the best. It is straightforward, accurate, and up-to-date. Most important, it provides a means to obtain an upgrade by yourself if you can't find a trained representative to work with.

Remember, if you get your discharge upgraded to honorable or general, you will usually have full benefits. Moreover, you have ten years from the *date of the upgrading* to use your GI Bill school benefits. —*William R. Corson*

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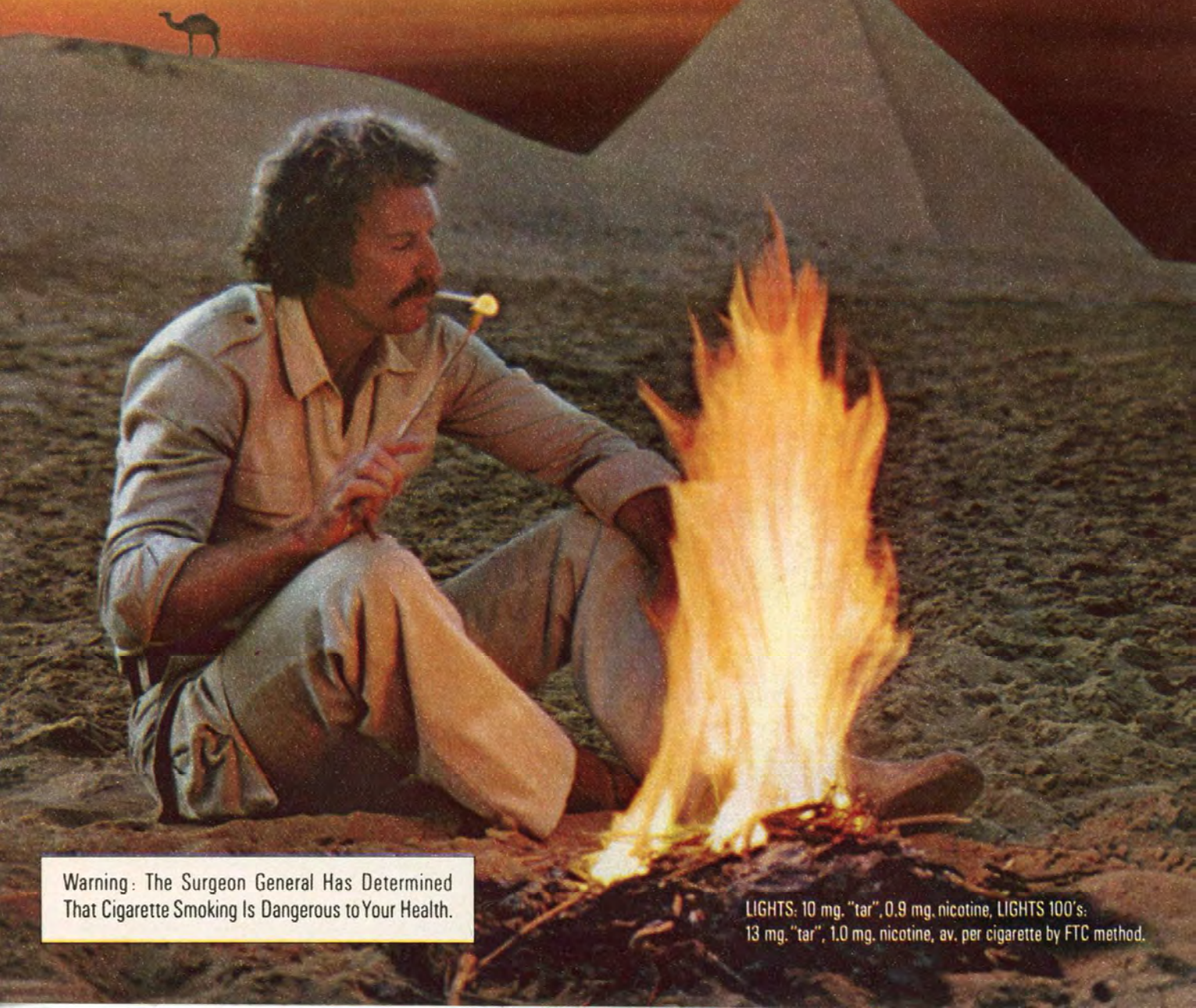

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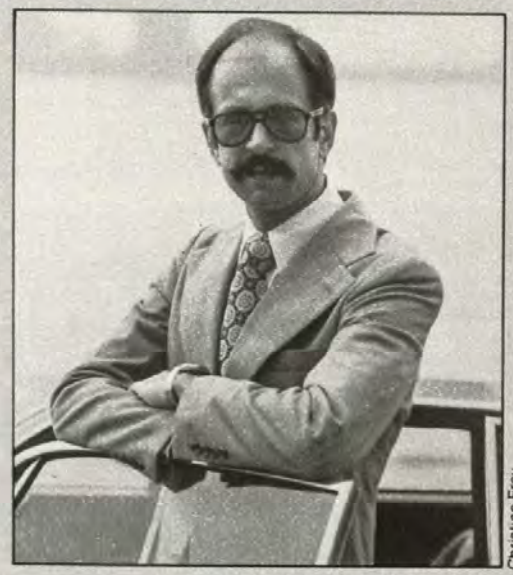


Christian Frey

BY PATRICK BEDARD

The author, a former Detroit auto engineer, is editor at large of *Car and Driver* magazine and has not been stopped for speeding in the last five years.

THE 55-MPH SPEED LIMIT IS A COLOSSAL FARCE

Nixon was right about one thing. Back in 1973, when the Arabs cut our oil off the first time, he wanted to crank the national speed limit down to 50 mph. But Sen. Mike Mansfield screwed that up. The mood of the times was: don't give The Trick anything he wants. So Mansfield compromised the measure up to 55. We're still paying for that period of obstinacy.

An emergency speed limit of 50 mph was an excellent idea; first, because it would have saved more fuel than the Mansfield compromise, and, second, because it was so ridiculously slow that the people never would have accepted it as a matter of permanent federal policy.

Actually, we mustn't lay all the blame for this wrongheaded law on Mansfield's doorstep; he sold it strictly as a temporary crutch. But our protectors in Washington typically operate on the theory that anything worth doing is worth overdoing. When Mansfield's emergency measure was due to run out, Sen. Lloyd Bentsen (Dem., Texas) and Rep. James J. Howard (Dem., New Jersey) eased an amendment through Congress that made the double nickel, as it's come to be known, permanent. So, from January 4, 1975, onward, we citizens are forever prohibited from traveling the surface of our America faster than 55 mph. Never mind that our grandfathers drove faster than that in rattletrap Fords; never mind that our interstate highways have been designed for safety and comfort at 80 mph; never mind that reducing the speed of our transportation will bring an inevitable decline in our standard of living because of a loss of productivity. Never mind any of this stuff. We're forevermore limited to 55 mph because, well, Big Brother says so.

Future generations will look at the 55-mph speed limit the same way we look upon Prohibition, a sort of Mrs. Grundy attempt at social engineering.

In the meantime, the effect of the speed limit is about the same as that of Prohibition; it's turned us into a nation of lawbreakers. Over 8 million speeding tickets were issued last year. In response, drivers will spend over $65 million this year on radar detectors to avoid police speed traps. Public-opinion polls continue to show that a majority of Americans favor the speed limit: about 59 percent, according to a recent survey by NBC News. But the logic behind these responses is pretty leaky. Most of those responding don't actually drive 55 in their own cars. They do from 60 to 65, but they say the 55-mph limit keeps them from being passed by cars doing 80; so they are in favor of it. So much for respecting the law.

But the law is supposed to respect the wants and needs of the people, too. Most Americans have good judgment. They knew Prohibition was silly; so they patronized their local bootleggers. They know the 55 is silly; so they patronize makers of radar detectors and CB radios. And they know that disregarding these laws isn't going to ruin their lives or their country, never mind what the Mrs. Grundys say.

Originally, the 55 was a patriotic gesture more than anything else, the sort of belt tightening that always feels good to Americans. The Arabs had turned the oil off; so we had to do something, anything. It was the politicians who decided we should drive slower, a form of self-denial that had some merit

"Pseudoscientific lobby groups like the National Safety Council have been telling us for so long that speed kills—and it seems so logical—that we assume it's true without ever really checking the figures."

as a fuel saver, but not much. A car traveling at 55 mph consumes from 10 to 20 percent less fuel than one going 70 mph does. That sounds like a lot, but the truth is that the majority of our driving is done in urban and surburban areas on roads that already had speed limits lower than 55 mph. So the potential saving available from the reduced limit is very small, only about 3 percent of total consumption, according to government estimates. The same estimators now tell us that because of poor compliance with the law, the actual saving is only about 1.5 percent.

I'm not going to tell you that 1.5 percent isn't worth saving, particularly when there are lines at the pumps, but it's surely not commensurate with all the fuss being made over it, particularly when exactly the same amount could be saved by eliminating all the underinflated tires on the road. And if all the tires were pumped up to 32 psi, we could save 3.2 percent, more than the feds' most optimistic hopes for the 55. That should give you some measure of the trivial foundation upon which the speed limit is based.

It also has an un-American aspect about it that I find most disturbing. We believe in equality, right? This is a one-man, one-vote kind of country and, logically, a one-man, one-gallon country as well. But the 55 ignores that. Today's Cadillacs, Mercedes-Benzes, and big Chevys will do about 17 mpg out on the highway; today's Volkswagens, Toyotas, and little Chevys will do about 40 mpg. In fact, you can run one of these small cars at 90 mph and still get better economy than with a big one at 55. That is because car design has far more to do with mileage than car speed. But by limiting every car to the same speed, we are effectively allocating more of our scarce, government-price-controlled fuel for the comfort and consumption of the fat cats. There is no incentive for them to switch to more efficient cars where the real fuel savings are to be made. On this point, the 55 is both unfair and unwise.

The reduced speed limit was originally adopted as a fuel-conservation measure, but its continuation is largely justified by the reduction in highway fatalities it supposedly provides. Here is where we encounter the biggest barrage of half-truths to come out of Washington since the Vietnam War. They center upon the number of deaths before the 55 came into effect—54,052 in 1973—and after; 45,196 in 1974; 44,525 in 1975; 45,523 in 1976; 47,876 in 1977; and 50,145 in 1978. As you can see, there was a tremendous drop just as the speed limit became law of the land—8,856 fewer lives lost, to be exact. This number came to be known as lives saved by the speed limit, and the Department of Transportation's publicity drums began beating out that message. Our nation's ace newsmen dutifully passed the numbers along, just as they did the Pentagon's body count in the early days of Vietnam. When the highway deaths began to rise in 1977 and 1978, the government said the reason was that we weren't driving 55 anymore, and the newsmen passed that along, too.

But even an amateur statistics juggler would be wary of such numbers, because they don't consider basic variations in traffic: how many people are on the road and how far they are driving. The government does isolate those variables in another statistic—"deaths per 100 million miles driven"—but newsmen would have to dig for that information; so you've probably never seen it. Superficially, the statistics also seem to support the 55, showing a drop in deaths from 4.11 in 1973 to 3.52 in 1974. But if you look closely, you see it continues to drop: to 3.35 in 1975 and 3.22 in 1976, when there was no change in speed. Standing back for a look at the big picture, you see a continuous long-term downtrend from the 18.2 level of 1925. And, most interesting of all, if you compare the reduction in deaths for the last six years, starting in 1973, with the previous six-year period, ending in 1973, you find that progress was actually faster in the period before the speed limit went into effect—a reduction of 1.06 deaths per 100 million miles driven in the earlier period compared with 0.84 in the later one. From that, a reasonable man would conclude that the speed limit has very little to do with highway deaths.

That, in effect, is what the findings of the California Highway Patrol say, too. Each year it investigates every fatal accident in the state. Typically, speeding (over any limit, not just the 55) ranks about eleventh as a cause of highway death. In 1976 90 out of 3,980 fatalities were attributed to speeding.

So why do we keep hearing that speed kills? I think it's a classic case of truth being stranger than fiction. Common sense tells us that if we run into something at 70 mph, we're a whole lot more likely to be killed than if we were doing 55. But we forget that on the Interstates, where we can reasonably go 70 mph, there are no red lights to run, no trees and parked cars to hit, and no possibility of sleep-drivers pulling out of Dairy Queens and McDonalds right in front of you. Speed doesn't kill. Running into things kills, and there is almost nothing to run into on our high-speed roads. The fatalities are happening in urban areas, miles from any 55 sign. But pseudoscientific private lobby groups like the National Safety Council have been telling us for so long that speed kills—and it seems so logical—that we assume it's true without ever really looking at the figures.

At the same time we are forgetting that the essence of good transportation is speed. It always has been. Speed was prized in horses, sought after in ships, and acclaimed in airplanes. By limiting highway travel to pre–World War II speeds, we're putting a lid on progress. Every extra hour a head of lettuce spends on the road between Salinas, Calif., and New York City costs the consumer money. Every call a salesman can no longer make because of extra time on the highway is a drop in productivity. Every additional droning minute you sit behind the wheel instead of enjoying your vacation is a reduction in quality of life. Sadly—no, make that tragically—America's transportation engineers can do nothing about these losses as long as they are shackled to the double nickel.

So, if the 55-mph speed limit has proved to be a third-rate scheme for saving fuel, which it has, and if it has essentially no effect on highway fatalities, which a careful look at the figures suggests, let's get rid of it.

And while we're cleaning house, the far-thinking duo that made the 55 a permanent affair, Senator Bentsen and Representative Howard, are both still in office. Next chance we have, let's get rid of them, too.

Rude Food

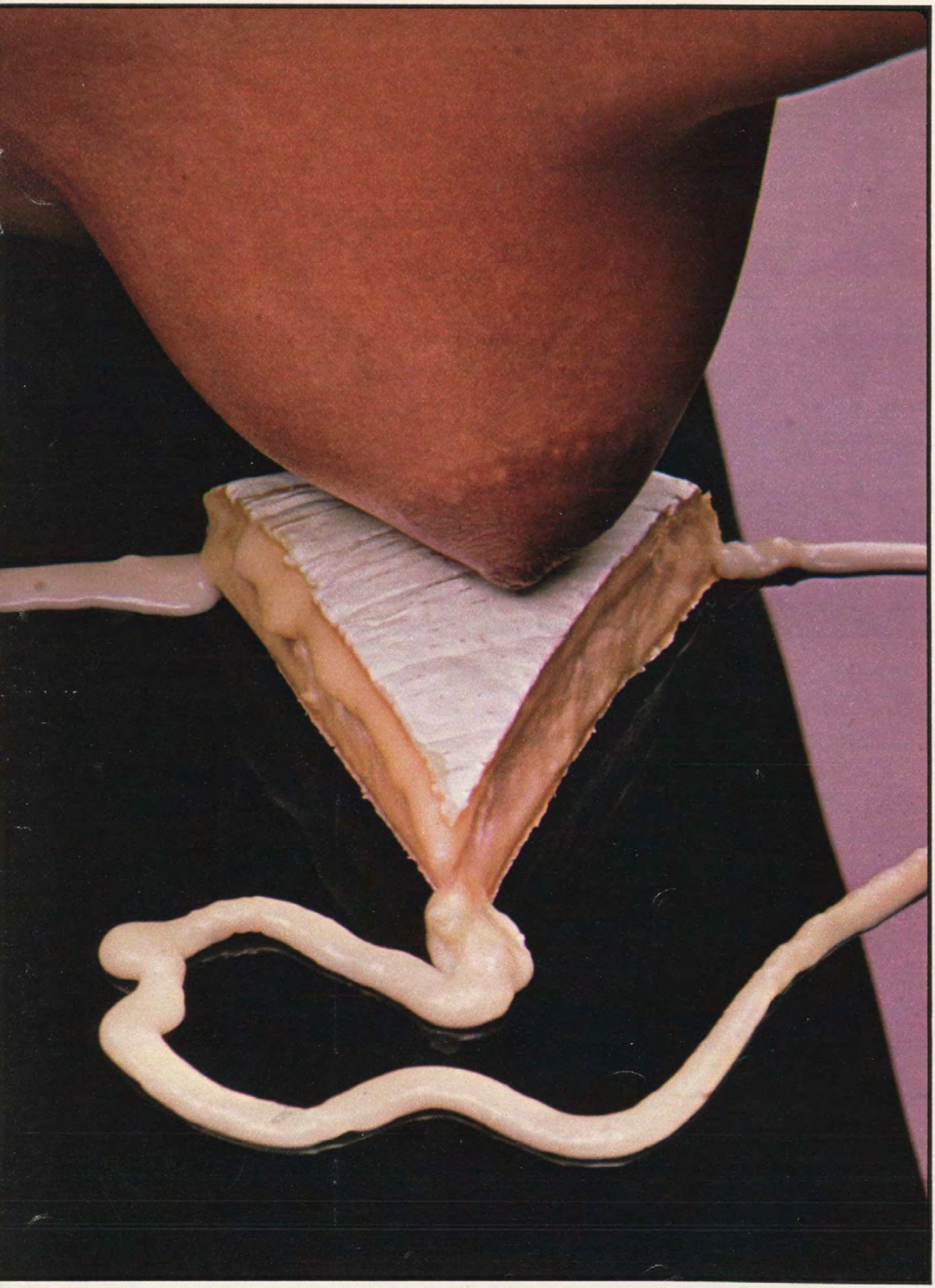
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID THORPE
TEXT BY KAY SHAW

Letterforms by Tom Carnase

It would seem, when we witness the popularity of edibles from McDonalds to Mrs. Pauls, that much of America has forgotten what Adam and Eve first discovered in the apple. Eating may be a necessity, but it has endless erotic possibilities. We therefore present, with relish, that is, the Joy of Eating. Many people think bigger equals better—not so with the artichoke (above). One that fits in the hand is perfect—any larger is too tough. Artichoke foreplay can be prolonged as much as you like; undress it leaf by leaf. The anticipation is well rewarded—the best part of the art is the heart. Simplicity itself, pasta (near right) is bound to please even the most finicky eater. Get those loose ends together and don't be tied to tomatoes alone—some butter, pepper, and Parmesan are also fine, spank you very much. When choosing your asparagus (far right), look for long, firm stalks and a plump tip. Some like it hot, some like it cold, some like to nibble gently along the length. Eat oysters (above right) in bed, because oysters grow in oyster beds and feel more at home there. True connoisseurs eat them raw. Oysters are said to be good for the libido. This hasn't been proved; so we encourage you to experiment.

Photographs from the book *Rude Food*, to be published in February 1980 by Ballantine Books, with original text by Pierre La Poste.

Brie is a matter of timing, and it can be very tricky. Too young, and it won't be fully developed; too old, and it will lose its shape. Once you've got a good piece, let it sit at room temperature and test often by pressing gently, but firmly, on the rind. If the interior barely oozes, it needs more time. If it fairly squirts under a little pressure, you've waited too long. Try again. Brie takes patience, but it will come.



Like many other things, the first time with caviar (below) is the hardest. It is an "acquired" taste. But once it is acquired, most people just can't get enough. The finest caviar is very expensive, and lesser grades are available. But why eat the rest when you could eat the best? Save your pennies till you just can't stand it anymore. Then stick out your tongue and say ah. Sole Colbert (right) proves that little things

can mean a lot. The ingredients are simple—your basic skinned sole, a few baby shrimp, some parsley, and a white, creamy sauce. But artfully arranged, this little dish is some hot number. Dig in, everybody. This heavenly concoction (below) is easier done than said. But it's simple to prepare—stick your banana between two balls of vanilla ice, whip some cream and pour it on, garnish with chocolate sprinkles, and voilà! Hot licks!

The difference between a good hot dog and a great hot dog (left) is all in the breeding, and 100 percent beef is best bred. Cook it as you like it, but be sure to warm your bun before you put in the dog. Slip on some onion rings and spread on the mustard. There's only one correct way to eat a frank—open your mouth as wide as you can and stuff it.

A group of Black Muslims declared war on whites in 1973 and turned San Francisco into a slaughterhouse for 179 days.

THE ZEBRA MURDERS

BY CLARK HOWARD

Throughout history human beings have destroyed their own kind in an incredible variety of ways, for a multitude of reasons: in the name of gods, philosophies, politics, creeds, ad infinitum. *Not the rarest of the reasons have been those of race. Hitler slew Jews because they were an "inferior race"—and Pancho Villa executed "Chinamen" in Mexico for the same reason. The Chinese in turn beheaded "foreign devils" in their own land with little or no provocation, and Idi Amin killed even more promiscuously today. The Ku Klux Klan has burned alive black men in the South for reasons of "race" and "white religion"—and the Zebra killers murdered innocent whites in San Francisco because their Black Muslim faith taught them that "blue-eyed devils" were less than human.*

Monstrous behavior has never been restricted by race or religion—and never will be. The telling of that behavior—the reconstruction of it in books, articles, and films—must never be restricted, either; not by censor, not by conscience. For only in the telling of it might understanding surface.

This article—and the book from which it is drawn—is a reconstruction as accurate as the author can make it of a series of particularly terrible crimes perpetrated on randomly selected victims in San Francisco late in 1973 and early in 1974. The terror continued for 179 days. All of the victims were white; all of their assailants were black. The events became known as the "Zebra" crimes because of the wavelength on the police radio that handled nothing but these crimes.

In order to reconstruct the story with all possible accuracy, the author has availed himself of the contents of reams of available written material and the recollections of dozens of

WILSON McLEAN

persons connected both directly and indirectly with the case. The article that follows is as close to the truth as anyone is ever likely to get. All of the characters are real people, except the person known as Van Dyke, who is a composite of several men alleged to have represented the Nation of Islam's headquarters.

The meetings were held in the loft of a San Francisco warehouse. They were conducted by a dignified black man with a Vandyke beard. He wore a business suit and spoke in a quiet, almost ministerial tone.

"The population of the white man in North America has reached one hundred and three million. The population of the black man is only seventeen million. But," he held a stiff forefinger next to one ear, "the population of the white man throughout the world is only four hundred million, while the population of the black man throughout the world has now reached four and a half *billion*."

He turned and strolled at a measured pace before one wall of the loft. Facing him, sitting on old but comfortable club chairs and sofas, was an audience of a dozen black men. Their eyes followed as he strolled.

"There are fifty-seven million square miles of land on the earth. The white man uses only six million square miles; the black man uses nearly four times that amount: twenty-three million square miles."

In two corners of the room, facing the audience, the speaker's bodyguards stood: two large, powerful black men with narrowed, darting eyes that constantly scanned the attentive faces. These men accompanied the speaker everywhere, one of them driving the Continental in which he rode, the other opening doors for him wherever he went.

"So on the earth today," the speaker continued, "there are more black men than white, and the black men occupy and use more land than the white." He stopped strolling, and his voice took on a noticeable edge. "Why then has the white man been able to set himself up as our superior? Why has he been able to control our race for four hundred years? To answer that question—" the forefinger went up again, "—we must go back in time and learn how the white man came to be."

The speaker returned to the center of the wall and faced his audience. Something seemed to be happening to his eyes; they were becoming wider and whiter.

"A thousand years ago, near the holy city of Mecca, there lived an evil black leader named Yakub. He desired to create a race of weak people that he and his ancestors could rule forever. To do this, he began to study the black race. He learned that in every black man there exist two germs: a black germ and a brown germ. He found a way to separate the brown germs from the black germs, and he put the brown germs into all the healthy, strong girls among his followers who were at least sixteen years of age. As they produced babies, he had the black ones separated and fed to wild beasts, but he had the brown ones carefully nursed and raised to adults. Then he passed a law that blacks who were alike could not marry; only those who were unlike could marry. Black had to marry brown. Dark had to marry light, and the light had to marry lighter.

"Yakub was pleased because he saw his people becoming weaker and weaker, while he and those who ruled with him remained black and strong. For six hundred years there continued this process of grafting brown from black, and lighter brown from darker brown, until finally the original black blood had thinned so much and become so weak that the germ it carried lost all its color and became white. Weak, wicked white."

From the audience came several low grunts of disapproval. The speaker nodded agreement with them.

> The dignified black man with the Vandyke beard spoke: "All Muslims will murder the white devil because he is a snake. Each Muslim is required to kill four devils."

"By the time the descendants of Yakub realized what had been done, it was too late. The grafted white devils had spread over the earth and were teaching lessons about a new, mysterious god that no one could see until after death. Soon eighty-five percent of the people on earth were being taught about this mystery god. They were being taught by ten percent who were clever and crafty and desired to lead them. Only a scant five percent of the earth's population remained righteously believing in the true god Allah."

The speaker raised his forefinger like a vengeful sword. "For four hundred years these white infidels have spread their false religion over the land like a great dirty plague, trying to put out the light of Allah. Christians and Jews alike are guilty of setting rivals to Allah. Both are black-slave-making religions, dedicated to the mental destruction of the black man. They are the enemies of Allah, and they are the sole people responsible for leading astray nine-tenths of the world's black population!"

"Evil!" one of the men in the audience said loudly.

The speaker's eyes widened even more. His voice grew raspy, hissing. "For four hundred years this grafted white devil has controlled the earth and manipulated the black man. For four hundred years he has castrated black men, raped black women, and *stomped* the heads of little black babies!"

"Devils!" said a voice in the audience. It was the same man who had spoken before. He was a thick-necked black man with a clean-shaven skull and eyes like bullet holes. The only soft feature of his entire presence was his long, almost feminine eyelashes. Under the overhead light his shiny skull glistened. Call this man Head.

"For four hundred years," the speaker now began to rant, "we, the true followers of Allah, the true Muslims of the earth, have suffered persecution at the hands of this grafted white devil who came from our very own diluted seed! We have been relegated to ghettos, deprived of a decent education, victimized in the labor market, and sent to the white man's prisons!" The forefinger whipped across the audience. "There are some in this very room who can give witness to the injustices wreaked on us in the white man's prisons!"

"Right on!" said Head. He was one who could give such witness.

"All right!" said a young, light-skinned Negro next to him. So light that his skin had faint freckles on it, he was seven years younger than Head, who was 28, and handsome in a boyish way. Unlike Head, he could *not* give witness to anything about the white man's prison, because he had never even been arrested, much less incarcerated. In the muted overhead light, with the dark contrast of Head next to him, he looked almost yellow-skinned. Call him Yellow.

"But we do not need the white man's prisons to prove to us that the white man is our enemy," the Vandyked speaker continued. "We need only to study our lessons from this." He removed a small book from his inside pocket. "*Message to the Black Man*," he said, lowering his voice to a reverent tone to read the book's title. Opening the cover, he recited a prayer on the first page. "In the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Most Merciful Saviour, to whom all praise is due for raising up among us a Divine Leader, Teacher, and Guide, the most honorable Elijah Mohammed. *As-salaam-alaikum*."

"*As-salaam-alaikum*," the audience repeated in concert. It was a traditional Muslim saying, "Peace be with you."

"Turn to the subject of Islam in this book, and you will find your answer as to who is the enemy of Allah," the speaker said. "Turn to the fourth question and the fourth answer, and you will see; you will learn. Listen! The fourth question: 'Does Allah have enemies, and who are they?' The fourth answer: 'The enemies of Allah are known at the present as the white race

CONTINUED ON PAGE 218

"He never did that *to me!"*

THROUGH A LENS SHARPLY

Somewhere out there is the camera meant for you, just something personal between you and the subject.

BY IVAN BERGER

With the wide choice of features and accessories now available, finding the right camera has never been easier. (left to right) The Polaroid SX-70 Sonar One Step ($249.95) has automatic focusing and folds down to a mere 1¾ inches. The Minolta XD5 ($421) has both auto and manual exposure control. It is shown here with a 45mm f/2 lens ($102), an Auto Winder-D ($130), and a 200X flash ($75). Accessories for the Nikon EM ($266.50) include a 50mm f/1.8 lens ($121.50), the MD-E Motor Drive ($125), and the SB-E Flash ($69). The Konica FS-1 ($555) comes with a 40mm f/1.8 lens and is shown here with the X-24 Electronic Auto Flash ($98). The Sankyo XL-620 Supertronic movie camera ($635) can be equipped with an SMU 233 Telescopic Condenser Mike ($79.95).

Photographs by Tohru Nakamura

There is no perfect camera. Not for you, not for me, and not for anyone who has the quirks that make photographs human. There may be a hundred cameras that are right for you. The trick is to recognize one when you see it.

Searching for the right camera is not unlike searching for the right woman—with the advantage that, if you find the perfect camera on someone else's arm, you can always get another one exactly like it. For with the right camera, photography becomes a more sensuous, more inspirational experience—just like sex with the right woman.

So first, analyze yourself: what kind of photographer are you? What kind of photographer do you want to become? Active? Contemplative? Arrogant? Shy? Is photography your private art or just a way to preserve pleasant memories?

Your photographic personality should guide your choice of camera; the camera you choose will, in turn, affect your photographic style. Compare the two extremes: the view camera and the subminiature.

The view camera is the oldest type in existence—just a bellows on a rail, with a lens and shutter at one end and a photographer under a black cloth at the other. Because of its large film size, no other camera offers so much detail and tonal quality. Since both the front and back of the camera can be tilted away from their normal positions, the view camera can even eliminate perspective distortions. Yet no other camera forces you to work as carefully and contemplatively as the view camera. The camera must rest on a tripod, and there are many adjustments to be made. The expense in time and film makes this a camera for the photographer who's willing to take just five or six shots a day—but to make all of those shots count.

At the other extreme is the subminiature, a camera that you can carry around in your pocket. The forerunner of all subminiatures is the Minox. One of the smallest cameras around, the Minox is only 0.6 inches high, 1.1 inches wide, and 4.25 inches long—just about the size of eight king-size cigarettes. But it's crammed with useful features: a fast lens that focuses down to eight-inch close-ups, a shutter that can stop fast action at up to 1/2000 of a second, manual or electric-eye control, and even built-in filters. Its

lens is sharp enough to microfilm documents, which is one reason why the Minox is popularly thought of as the prototypical "spy camera."

But you don't have to be a spy to enjoy the tiny LX Mini camera. It's ideal for the shy photographer, who doesn't want a large camera hanging about his neck, betraying his intentions. It's also ideal for the casual but serious photographer who hates to miss a photographic opportunity.

Some photographers, however, feel that the Minox is too small, too limited in what it can do, or too difficult to find film for. Fortunately, there are larger subminiatures, which use the more readily available 110-size film. Just about every maker of 110-size cameras offers a model with a telephoto capability. Minolta makes a single-lens reflex with a zoom lens. Pentax has a single-lens reflex with three interchangeable lenses—wide-angle, normal, and telephoto. Canon makes a nontelephoto subminiature that prints the date on the film. All of these subminiatures produce good-quality prints (unless you print larger than 8 by 10) and slides, which can be projected in a Kodak Pocket Carousel or similar projector.

If, however, like most potential camera buyers, you're looking for something that combines image quality with mobility, you'll want to look at reflex and optical-finder cameras. Both classes of cameras are available in the popular 35mm and the larger 120 sizes.

THE SINGLE-LENS REFLEX

Your choice of camera type depends on your photographic style. With a single-lens reflex, you see exactly what the lens sees, because you focus through the lens itself. Between shots, a mirror flips down behind the lens to bounce the image up to a groundglass atop the camera. When you shoot, it flips back up again, to let the light pass through the camera to the film. This gives the single-lens reflex (or SLR, for short) tremendous versatility. Its focusing screen lets you judge what's in and out of focus anywhere in the picture. Mount a wide-angle or a telephoto lens or fiddle with a zoom lens, and you will see each change in coverage and perspective exactly as the film will "see" it when you click the shutter. Move in for a close-up, and you will be able to frame and focus as accurately as you do on distant objects.

Within this category, there's a tremendous choice of models. Every major company makes at least one SLR. Most make several, varying in size, weight, and features. At first glance most SLRs look alike—the 35mm ones, at any rate—but you'll find that there is a vast array of designs and features for the customer to choose from.

Take exposure, for example. Until recently, most SLRs had manually controlled shutter speeds and f-stops, with a meter in the finder to help you with the proper settings. The Ricoh KR-5 is an example of that type. But automatic exposure control is becoming more and more popular. The Canon F-1, for instance, is a manually controlled camera with automatic exposure available as an accessory. Auto-exposure is standard on the Olympus OM-10 (with an accessory to add manual-control capability). Pentax's ME has only auto-exposure. If you prefer cameras with both auto and manual control, check out the Konica FS-1 and the Minolta XD-5. Base your decision on how much you value the convenience and security of automation against the creative possibilities of manual control.

Even within these categories—manual or automatic—you're offered enough choice of features to be sure that you end up with a camera that works for you. You can get cameras that set the f-stop when you set the shutter speed (handy in action photography), cameras that set the shut-

ter when you set the f-stop (an important feature if you plan on using a wide range of lenses and optical accessories), or even cameras—such as the Minolta XD-5—that do both.

Take, as another variable, the question of size and weight: the Pentax ME is the smallest 35mm SLR; the Porsche-designed Contax RTS is larger and heavier. Some photographers find the ME too small for their hands; others feel the Contax is unwieldy. There are many models in between these two extremes. On the other hand, the Canon F-1 is even heavier than the Contax, but it also incorporates an interchangeable finder system, which lets you see the image from above as well as behind and from several inches away. Keep in mind that *you* are going to be carrying, lifting, and shooting the camera you choose, and look for a model that feels comfortable in your hands.

When purchasing an SLR, you should also consider the accessories. Most new models have matching flash units that automatically set the camera to the correct flash speed, set their own exposure, and light up an LED in the finder when they're primed for the next shot. Both the Konica FS-1 and the Minolta XD-5 have these features, as does the Nikon EM, which also lets you know when you've set the camera improperly for flash use. If flash photography is important to you, you might prefer the Olympus OM-10, whose flash reads the light actually coming through the lens and automatically adjusts for close-up accessories, filters, and the f-stop the lens is set to. The OM-10 also blinks a finder light after each flash shot to confirm that it was correctly exposed.

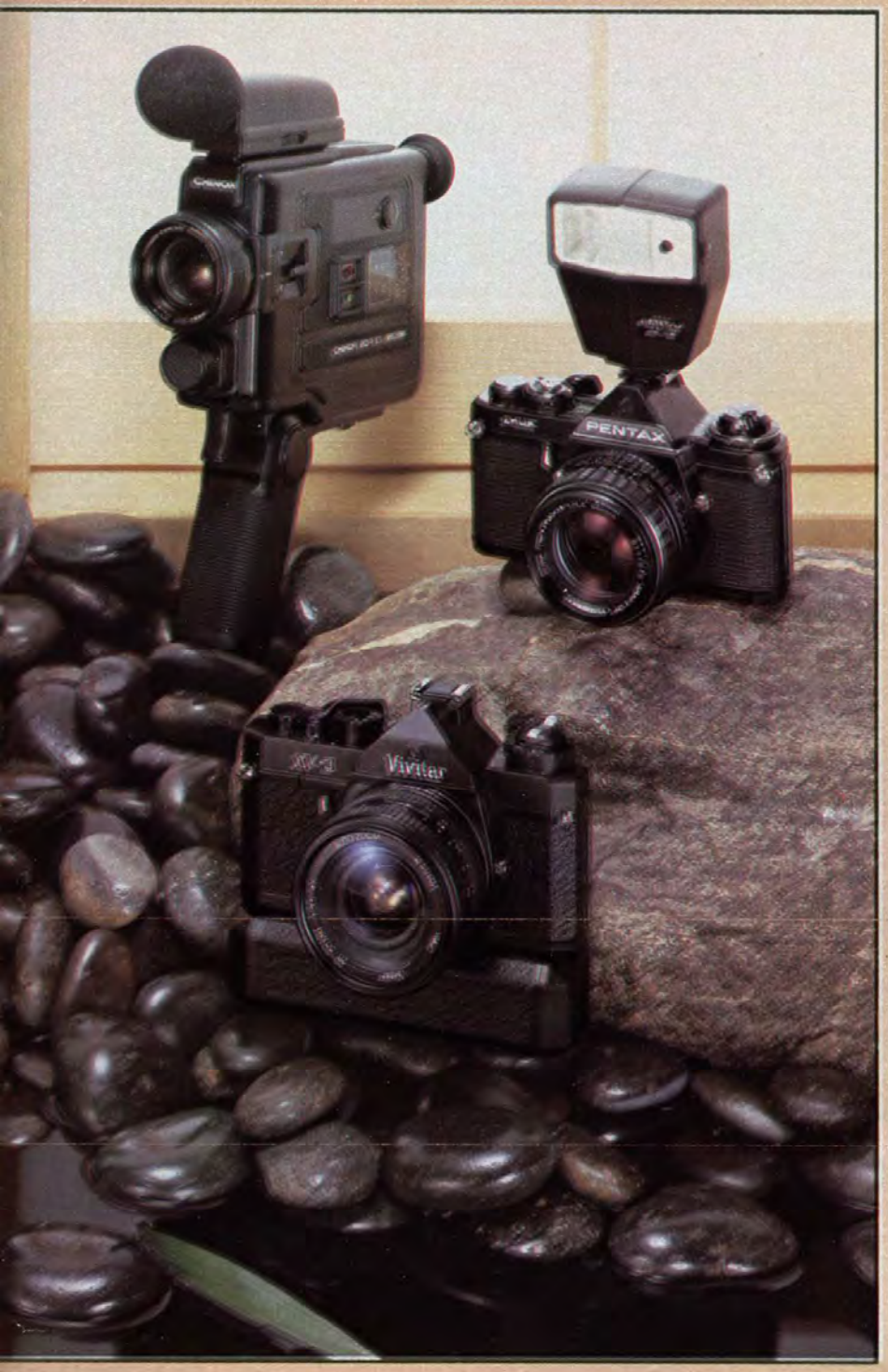
Minolta's XD-5, Pentax's ME, and Vivitar's XV-3 let you speed up your shooting with optional auto-winders, which advance the film and click the shutter as fast as you can push the button. The Nikon EF has a faster motor drive, which fires single shots or machine-gun bursts. The Canon F-1, the Contax RTS, and the Olympus OM-10 all have both motor drive and auto-winder options. Konica's FS-1 has an auto-winder built in, a less expensive solution—as long as you're equipping only one camera body with a winder.

(clockwise, from upper right) The Chinon 20 PXL Direct Sound super 8 movie camera ($340) has a 2:1 power zoom as a standard feature. The Pentax ME ($375.83), the smallest 35mm single-lens reflex available, gives you the convenience and security of automatic exposure. It is shown here with its 50mm auto zoom lens ($216.17) and the AF-16 Flash ($43.90). The Vivitar XV-3 ($279.95) can be equipped with an Auto Winder XV-3 ($139.95) to enable you to shoot two frames per second. The 28:50mm auto zoom lens f/3.5–4.5 ($220) gives you one-touch focus and zoom control. The Canon F1 ($654) has an interchangeable finder system and is shown here with its 50mm f/1.8 lens ($131) and its Power Winder F ($300). The Olympus OM-10 ($266) has many accessories, including a 50mm f/1.8 lens ($93), a Winder 1 ($158), and a T20 Flash ($85). The YashicaMat-124G ($240) has built-in exposure meter and f/2.8 lens. (suggested retail prices)

LENSES

Lens availability will have some bearing on your choice, too. Many manufacturers have one or more lenses with unique capabilities. Canon, for instance, has a 35mm f/2.8 lens that both tilts and shifts to give a 35mm camera some of a view camera's perspective control. Nikon has its 28mm PC, a lens that only shifts, but that covers a wider angle, for easier handling of such problem subjects as tall buildings. Minolta has its 24mm VFC—the first lens whose plane of focus can be curved at will to match the shape of the subject plane it's focused on.

Some very good lenses will fit almost any 35mm SLR. Made by accessory lens



specialists, they're sold in a variety of camera mounts; some even have interchangeable mounts, in case you own incompatible cameras or plan to switch camera systems soon. Consider zoom lenses, for example. If you do a lot of wide-angle photography, Sigma's 21-35mm zoom will be a godsend. If you prefer a telephoto, Tamron's 70-135 lens covers an exceptionally wide range of focal lengths. In the middle range (where, after all, most pictures are shot), you can find such useful items as Osawa's 28-80mm zoom, a wide-angle-to-moderate tele-lens; or Soligor's 37-105, a moderate-wide-to-tele model. In longer telephotos, Vivitar's 600mm and 800mm Solid CAT models are uniquely compact.

LARGER REFLEXES—AND NONREFLEX 35'S

For slides, you can't beat 35mm: the processing labs, most slide projectors, the entire slide system, are set up with 35mm in mind. But if you want to make high-quality oversized prints, a bigger film size makes a difference. For the amateur, that bigger film size means, of course, the 120 roll film.

The classic 120 format is the 6-by-6, or 2¼ square, and the classic camera is the twin-lens reflex. The TLR is a tall, square box. The bottom half contains the film, a lens, and the shutter. The upper half has a similar lens, a mirror to aim the image upward, and a focusing screen on the top surface of the camera. Though you can use the camera at eye level, it's basically designed to be viewed from above.

The TLR has limitations: you can't have interchangeable lenses unless you're willing to change two lenses at once, and the viewing lens's higher vantage point may fool you into cutting off the tops of close-up subjects. But with those limitations come some worthwhile virtues. The TLR's finder doesn't black out at the moment of exposure, because its mirror doesn't have to flip up out of the way to let the light reach the film. That simpler mechanism also means that the TLR is far quieter, more reliable, and a good deal cheaper than the SLR. It's perfect for wedding and child photography. Today's most popular TLR is probably the YashicaMat-124G, with built-in exposure meter, f/2.8 lens, and the ability to take either standard 120 or double-length 220 rolls.

There are also 35mm cameras with optical finders like windows that look straight through the body of the camera. Such cameras are more compact, quieter, and less expensive than reflexes. But they're also less versatile. With the exception of the Leica, no current nonreflex 35mm camera has interchangeable lenses. And while the Leica is compact and ultraquiet, it's hardly inexpensive.

But the demand for the expensive Leicas continues—which demonstrates the virtues not only of the Leica but of the less expensive rangefinder and viewfinder cameras. One of those virtues is rangefinder focusing, which is fast, precise, and easy to use, especially in dim light or with wide-angle lenses. Rangefinders use triangulation to measure the distance between camera and subject. You see two images in the finder, the second image being cast by a mirror inside the camera. As the lens is focused in and out, the mirror pivots, so that when you're focused on your subject the two viewfinder images will superimpose exactly.

Not all nonreflex cameras have rangefinder focusing. The less expensive models often have only "scale" focusing—you estimate the distance, then set the lens's focusing scale. While rangefinder focusing is more precise, these cameras use short focal-length lenses, whose great depth of field makes focusing less critical. The Rollei 35LED is such a scale-focusing camera.

The latest innovation is fully automatic

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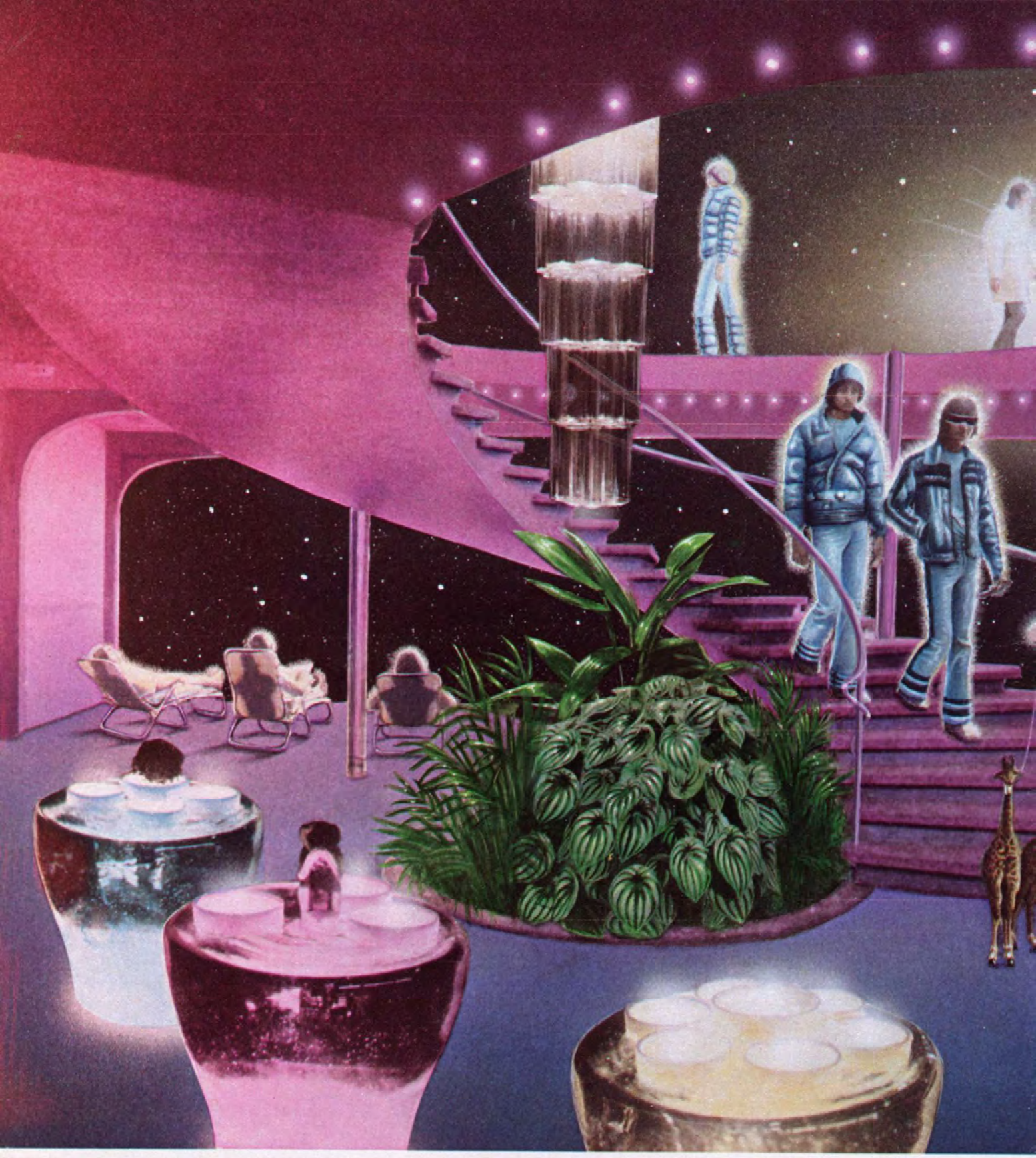


Cadet Pirx watches the commander of the *Titan Aresterra* take incredible chances to save the crew of a burning spaceship from certain death.

THE ALBATROSS

FICTION BY STANISLAW LEM

Illustration by D. Kuhn

It was a six-course meal—not counting the trimmings. Wine carts rolled noiselessly up and down the glass aisles. Spotlights illuminated the tables from above: lemon yellow for the turtle soup, bluish white for the fish dish, the roast chicken entrée being bathed in a coral pink, tinged with a warm, silky gray. Fortunately, there was no dimming of the lights with the espresso—because Pirx's mood was somber enough as it was. The dinner had sapped all his energy. He swore that from now on he'd stick to the snack bar on the lower deck. Too swanky in here for his taste, too much time spent worrying about his elbows. And all the fancy getups!

A sunken dining room, with the floor half a flight below level and a circular landing: an enormous, creamish gold plate, arrayed with the world's most sumptuous appetizers. The rustling of stiff, semitransparent gowns at his back. A gay and festive crowd. Live dance music . . . and live waiters, each decked out like a philharmonic conductor. "The *Transgalactic* offers you nonautomated service, cordial and intimate surroundings, genuinely human hospitality, and a completely live crew, each a master of his trade . . ."

Over coffee and a cigarette, Pirx tried to find a corner, some quiet place of refuge, to rest his eyes. A woman seated at a nearby table caught his fancy. Her neckline was shaded by a flat but rough stone. Not chrysoprase or chalcedony—most likely a souvenir from Mars. Must have cost a fortune, he thought, even though it looked like little more than a chunk of asphalt. Women shouldn't have so much money.

He wasn't overwhelmed. And he wasn't appalled—just observant. Gradually, he felt an urge to stretch his limbs. A stroll on the promenade deck, maybe?

He got up from the table, made a slight bow, and left the dining room. As he passed between some reflecting polygonal columns, he caught a glimpse of himself: a button was showing beneath the knot in his tie. Honestly, nobody wore these kinds of neckties anymore! In the corridor he paused to straighten his collar, stepped into the elevator, and zoomed up to the prom deck. The elevator door slid open without a sound. A sigh of relief: not a living soul in sight. One-third of the vaulted ceiling, its glassed roof arching over several rows of deck chairs, resembled a gigantic eye fixed on the stars. The chairs were stacked with blankets but were otherwise quite empty. Only one chair was occupied, at the very back—by an elderly eccentric, bundled to the neck, whose habit it was to dine an hour after everyone else, alone, in an empty dining room, veiling his face with a napkin if anyone so much as glanced in his direction.

Pirx settled himself in one of the chairs. Intermittently, the deck was fanned by an undulating breeze that seemed to have its origin in the darkest recesses of space but was, in fact, pumped out by the ship's invisible air-conditioning outlets. The engineers on the *Transgalactic* staff knew their stuff, all right. The deck chair was comfortable, more comfortable even than a pilot's electronically designed contour couch. Pirx felt a slight chill, remembered the blankets, and bundled himself up as if making himself snug in a comforter.

Someone was coming. By way of the stairs—not the elevator. His dining-room neighbor. He tried to guess her age—in vain. She had on another dress, and he wondered whether it was the same woman. She stretched herself out, three chairs away from him, and opened a book. The artificial breeze ruffled the pages. Pirx looked straight ahead. The Southern Cross was palpably visible, as was the tail end of the Little Dipper, truncated by the window frame: a luminous speck against a black backdrop. A seven-day flight cruise. Hm. A lot could happen in a week's time. He stirred deliberately, causing the thickish, neatly folded document in his inner pocket to crinkle softly. A surge of contentment: waiting for him on the other end was a second navigator's berth. He knew his itinerary—the plane ride from North Land to Eurasia, then on to India. In his voucher were enough tickets to make a book, each blank a different color and in duplicate, stubs, coupons, gold trim—indeed, everything that belonged to the *Transgalactic*'s package deal fairly oozed with gold and silver. The woman sitting three chairs away from him was good-looking. The same, all right. Should he strike up a conversation? Introduce himself, at least? What a drag having such a short name—a name that was almost over before it began. And then, "Pirx" often sounded like something else; talking on the telephone was the worst. Come on, say something. Fine, but what?

He felt enervated again. From Mars the cruise had looked altogether different. Luckily for him, the shipowners on Earth were footing the bill—less out of generosity than for purely business reasons. He had logged nearly 3 billion kilometers, but this was his first trip on anything like a Titan. And what a far cry from a freighter!

> Against the star-studded background of space was the Albatross—an incandescent sliver, its stern a glowing coal, not unlike the lit end of a cigarette.

A rest mass of 180,000 tons; four main thrust reactors; a cruising speed of 65 kilometers per second; living accommodations for 1,200 passengers, with a choice of singles, doubles, or suites, all with private bath; guaranteed stable gravitation except during takeoff and landing; maximum safety conditions; all the modern conveniences; a 40-man crew, plus a staff of 260. Ceramite, steel, gold, palladium, chrome, nickel, iridium, plastic, Carrara marble, oak, mahogany, silver, crystal. Two swimming pools. Four movie theaters. Eighteen direct hookups with Earth—for the passengers alone! A concert hall. Six main decks, four promenade decks, automatic elevators, onboard booking on any ship in the fleet—a year in advance. Bars. Casinos. A department store. An artisan's row—a true facsimile of an old-fashioned city lane, complete with wine cellars, gas lanterns, a moon, and a back-alley wall traversed by genuine back-alley cats. A greenhouse. And God knows what else. It would have taken a good month to make the grand tour, and then only one way!

The woman was still reading. Why do women have to dye their hair like that? That color was enough to turn anyone's . . . But on her it worked, somehow. Now, if he just had a cigarette in his hand, he thought, the right words would pop into his mouth automatically. He reached into his pocket.

The moment he whipped out the cigarette case—a present from Boman, which he kept out of friendship, never having owned one before in his life—it felt a little heavier than usual. Just a shade. But heavier it was. Was the ship accelerating, or what?

He strained his ears. Sure enough, the engines were pulling at greater thrust. An ordinary passenger might not have noticed; a series of four-ply insulating bulkheads separated the Titan's engine room from the ship's living quarters.

Singling out a pale star in one corner of the window frame, Pirx kept a watchful eye on it. If they're accelerating, he thought, the star will stay put. But if it so much as jiggles . . .

It jiggled, drifting slowly, but ever so slowly, to one side.

It's turning along its longitudinal axis, he reckoned.

The Titan was flying through a "cosmic tunnel," unobstructed by any dust or meteorites—nothing but empty space. The pilot of the Titan, whose job it was to make sure the giant ship had clear passage, flew on ahead at a distance of 1,900 kilometers. The reason? For safety's sake—even though, under the terms of an agreement negotiated by the United Astronavigation Association, the Transgalactic Line was granted undisputed right-of-way along its segment of the parabola. And ever since unmanned space probes were used to patrol thousands of transuranic sectors, making it possible for meteorite warnings to be issued by as much as six hours in advance, the threat of any external hazards had been all but eliminated. The Belt—those billion or so meteorites orbiting between Earth and Mars—was kept under special surveillance, whereas the remnants of any vehicles were bound to pass beyond the ecliptic plane. The progress achieved in this area, even since the time Pirx had begun flying patrol, was staggering.

With no obstacles to avoid, the Titan had no reason to alter course. But veering off course it was—Pirx no longer had to verify it by the stars; he could feel it in his bones. So confident was he that he could easily have plotted the ship's trajectory, knowing as he did its velocity, mass, and the rate of stellar displacement.

There were no public announcements. Why all the secrecy? A layman when it came to the customs observed aboard luxury liners, he had enough savvy about engine rooms and cockpits to know there were only two courses of action: in event of an emergency a ship could either maintain its previous velocity . . . or cut its engines. But the Titan was doing neither . . .

The whole maneuver lasted a total of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170

"He's racking his brain again."

CAMERAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 149

focusing. You won't find too many autofocus cameras yet—the technology is very new—but 35mm models like the Konica C34AF and Yashica Autofocus have already appeared on the market.

All these viewfinder cameras have additional features that make some photographers prefer them to reflex models. The optical viewfinder shows you life in much the way you see it normally, except for a superimposed frame that lets you know how much of the world out there the lens will cover. The reflex, on the other hand, shows life as the film will see it, with some areas sharp and others out of focus. This makes the reflex finder's view more informative (but, in the eyes of many photographers, less natural, or simply less comfortable). Still another benefit is their smaller size. Their short lenses make optical-finder 35s fairly compact, and many models fold down even smaller. The Rollei 35 LED has a lens that retracts into its body when you're not shooting. There's only one *reflex* that folds, and it's not a 35mm: the Polaroid SX-70 folds from about 5¼ inches in height to a mere 1¾ inches. Unlike the other cameras we've seen, the Polaroid produces instant prints—no extra trips to the store for processing—but no slides. The same is true of Kodak's instant cameras.

MOVIE CAMERAS

When it comes to movie cameras, however, the reflex reigns supreme. That's because moviemakers find the zoom lens an invaluable tool for making their films more interesting, and only the reflex can follow the infinite variations in a zoom's field of view without additional complexity and expense. With few exceptions, most home movie cameras have reflex finders, zoom lenses, and auto-exposure controls.

So if you're into movies, you have a lot of decisions to make. For beyond the basic format, the variations in features and facilities are as numerous as crickets on a summer evening.

Should you go sound or silent? Sound adds another dimension of realism, another way to convey information in your films. It also gives you one more thing to worry about. You always have the option of shooting silent film in a sound camera, but if sound movies don't interest you, you'll find silent-only cameras cheaper and smaller. If you have a videotape system, you can even show your home movies on television. Fotomat, Sony, and other companies offer services that transfer movies onto videotape. For that application, sound would seem more sensible.

Sound or silent, today's home movie cameras offer a range of professional effects and facilities that a Hollywood cameraman would have to rely on expensive lab work for. Even an ultracompact model like Chinon's Pocket-8 has such features as manual override for the automatic exposure control and push-button slow motion.

The more expensive cameras, like the Bauer C107XL, bristle with extra features: a 6.8× zoom range, close focusing right down to the surface of the lens itself, and dim-light capability. The Bauer also lets you fade in or out of scenes—even cross-fade from one into another. You can do animation, shooting a frame at a time; shoot slow-motion or fast-motion; and even speed up slow actions like the opening of a flower, using an "intervalometer" that clicks off as little as one frame per second.

Versatile as it is, the C107XL by no means exhausts the list of camera features you can get. Today's sound cameras have all the features of their silent brethren, and then some. Yashica's Sound 50XL Macro, for instance, has a unique right- or left-hand grip, as well as a footage counter that shows elapsed and remaining film time and checks how long a shot will last. Chinon's 60AFXL sound camera has automatic focusing plus a scene timer that indicates when a shot has lasted for eight seconds (which is usually long enough—the best films are edited from many short shots) and an indicator that reminds you to check your focus when you use a telephoto lens.

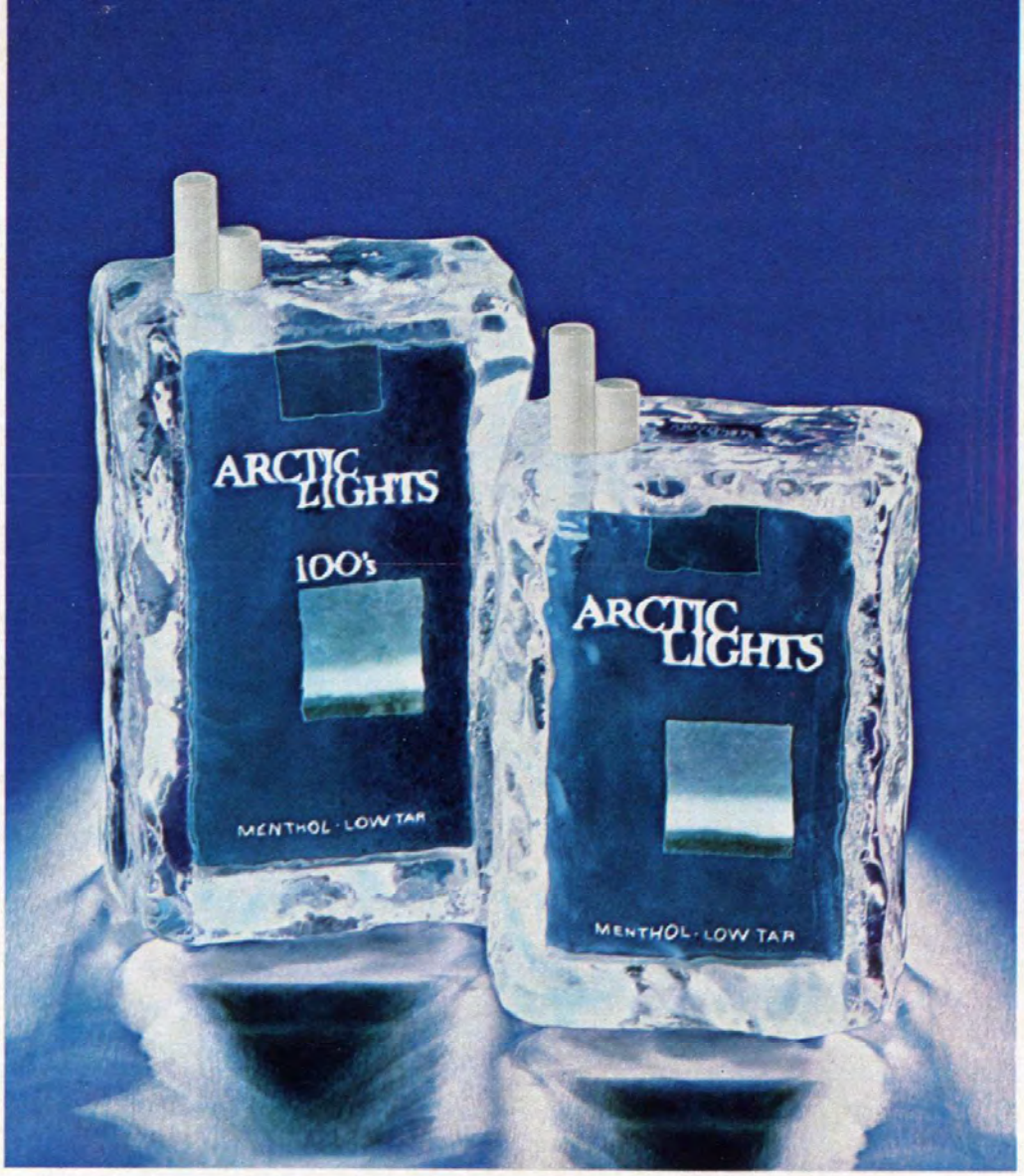
Sankyo's XL-620 is among the most compact sound cameras and has all sorts of special features built in. It, too, has fading and cross-fading provisions and an intervalometer. For animation, you can set it to shoot one frame or four frames. A self-timer gives you ten seconds to get into the picture, then shoots for five or ten seconds and shuts off.

Bauer's S715XL has a few features not found on its silent model. Its 15× zoom lens goes from 6 to 90 mm—making it one of the very few movie cameras whose "wide-angle" setting approaches what would be considered wide in still photography. It also has a built-in shoulder pod to help you hold the camera steady.

These lists of features are only guides to help you in narrowing down your search for the *kind* of camera for you. Finding the *model* demands personal involvement, because the right camera for you is the one that feels right to you. Once you've decided what you need in a camera, pick up and play with every model in your price range. Hold it, focus it (especially in dimly lit corners of the store), sight through it, and click off a few dummy shots. The camera that seems to amplify rather than obstruct your vision, that snuggles into your hands like a warm puppy, is the one to get. In the long run, no exotic feature that you will seldom use will compensate for an awkward feeling that overcomes you every time you pick your camera up.

Again, it's like the search for the perfect woman: you'll have to make some compromises, but a comfortable, productive partnership is the goal.

"Microbiology, Aisle 4, Section B."



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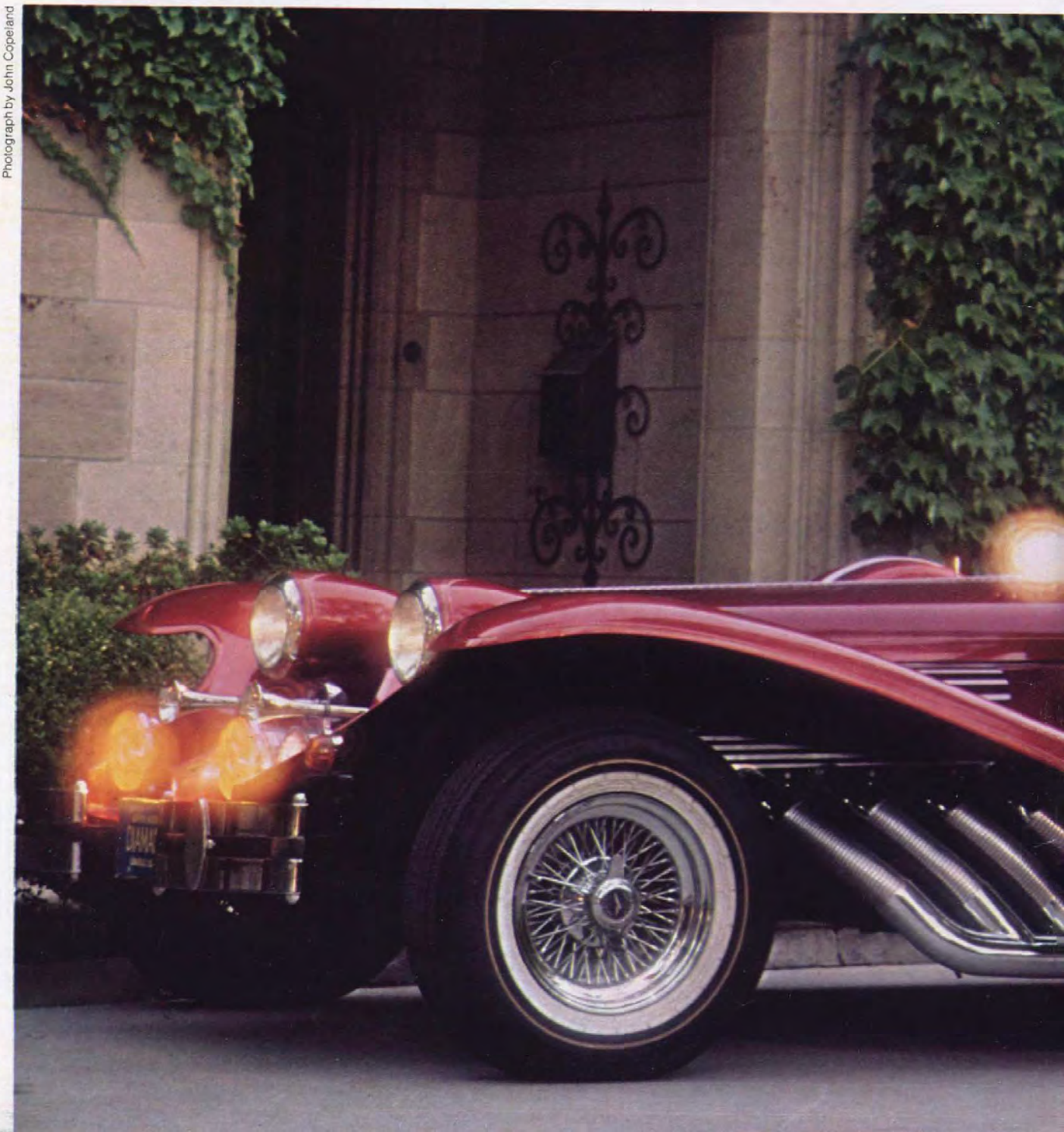
Cheryl's stunning Pet of the Year portraits were photographed by Editor/Publisher Bob Guccione, pictured here. She is shown below with her grand prize, the $75,000 Diamante from Mathews Motor Coach Corporation, Camarillo, California; her golden frost-dyed Norwegian fox coat from Flemington Furs, New Jersey; her outfit by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael; and pearls from the Cultured Pearl Association. Her other gifts are displayed on page 214.

Photograph by John Copeland



PET OF THE YEAR

$150,000 BONANZA IN CASH AND GIFTS

"Being named Pet of the Year is absolutely the most flattering tribute ever paid me!" beamed Cheryl Rixon when she heard the news. "For a girl from Down Under, everything's coming up roses!" From the time Cheryl first appeared in these pages (December 1977), our enchanting Australian import was being Americanized as gleefully as our readers were being Cheryl-ized. It's easy to see why, considering her terrifically turned 37-23-35-inch form and impish, flaxen-haired sexiness, bolstered by the energy of a small dynamo and the intoxicating good spirits of champagne.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

"My body developed very early," admits Cheryl; so, apparently, did her mind. At the ripe, young age of 16, she displayed a talent for resourceful Yankee know-how: "I called up a famous Australian magazine," she recalls, " and told them that I was a modeling agency and I had a hot new model they should use. I didn't tell them I was an agent for *myself*," she says, grinning, "but I got my first job that way, and I've been working ever since!" By the time Cheryl left Australia in 1976, she had already starred in a week-night television series, hosted her own talk show, and been the choreographer and lead dancer in a well-known dance troupe. "It was a little scary coming to a strange land," she admits, "but all my life I've felt like a pioneer. I've never listened to clichés or observed the usual conventions; I try to be my own best example. That's why I admire Bob Guccione so much," she adds. "He *sets* trends instead of following them."

"Being named Pet of the Year is . . . the most flattering tribute ever paid me! . . . For a girl from Down Under, everything's coming up roses!"

"I've never listened to clichés or observed the usual conventions: I try to be my own best example."

"I think *Penthouse* has been a wonderfully liberating influence on this culture. It's come a long way in the past three years." So has Cheryl: in addition to being signed by the William Morris Talent Agency (the first Pet with that distinction), Cheryl has appeared in *Racquet* and *The Eyes of Laura Mars;* she has the starring role in *Swapmeet,* a Steve Krantz film to be released this November; she will grace the Dino De Laurentiis/Penthouse Production of *Flash Gordon,* a $30 million space epic to be released in late 1980; and hopes to win a role in *City of Women,* an upcoming Fellini film that will star Marcello Mastroianni.

Cheryl has recently filmed an Australian television special on her life in New York, and she's also involved in launching a singing career and in producing a rock variety television series. But for the coming year, she emphasizes, "my commitment is to *Penthouse*." Despite her many professional triumphs, though, Cheryl has her priorities in order. "Without a strong, totally devoted relationship to give me strength," she admits, "I wouldn't accomplish anything. I need the constant affection and attention of love," she says. "It's the fuel I run on." If so, Cheryl doesn't have a single worry, despite the energy crisis. A lady who wins hearts so easily will always be an inexhaustible natural resource.

"Without a strong relationship to give me strength, I wouldn't accomplish anything. I need the constant affection and attention of love."

ALBATROSS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152

four seconds. That meant a 45-degree turn. Hmm.

The stars once again assumed a stationary position. They were back on a straight course; yet the cigarette case in Pirx's hand kept getting heavier. Steering a straight course and gaining speed at the same time . . . That cinched it. For a moment he sat perfectly still, then rose to his feet, now feeling the effects of the increased gravitation. The gray-eyed beauty was watching his every move.

"Is something wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing to worry about, ma'am."

"Something feels different. Do you notice it, too?"

"It's nothing. Just a little increase in velocity." Now was his chance to strike up a casual conversation. He gave her the once-over, no longer disturbed by the color of her hair. A real doll.

He shuffled off, leisurely at first, but with each step gradually quickening his pace. She must take me for a mental case, he thought. Colorful wall paintings ran the length of the deck. He passed through a door marked OFF LIMITS and headed down a long, deserted corridor, flooded with a bright electric glare. A row of numbered doors. He kept going, relying more on his sense of hearing. Some stairs brought him out on a landing, face-to-face with a metal door.

STELLAR PERSONNEL ONLY read the sign.

No doorknob—by special key only. Which key he lacked. He rubbed his nose in a moment of concentration.

Tap . . . tap . . . tatatap . . . tap . . . tap . . .

He waited. The door opened slightly, and a surly, ruddy-complexioned face showed in the crack.

"What can I do for you?"

"I'm from Patrol."

The door opened wide enough to admit him, and he entered what looked like an auxiliary control room: double row of steering controls, video screens lining the opposite wall, facing which were several vacant chairs. A small, squat-looking unit was monitoring the pulsating dials. Standing on a narrow side table by the wall were some half-empty cups and saucers. The air was redolent of freshly brewed coffee and of something that smelled vaguely like heated plastic laced with a whiff of ozone. Another door stood slightly ajar, emitting the purring drone of a transformer.

"An SOS?" he inquired of the man who had let him in. Stocky, with a slight swelling on one side of his face: a toothache kind of swelling; headset band creasing the hair; gray, partially unbuttoned *Transgalactic* uniform emblazoned with lightning insignia. Shirttail hanging out.

"Yes." A moment's hesitation. "From Patrol, you say?"

"From the Base. Just back from a two-year tour on the *Transuran*. I'm a navigator. Pirx is the name."

A handshake.

"Mindell's mine. Nucleonics."

Without exchanging another word, the two moved into the adjoining room. It was the communications room. Very big. Ten or more people were huddled around the main transmitter. Two radiotelegraph operators, each equipped with earphones, wrote continuously against a background of clicking instruments, electrical humming, and an incessant, below-decks whine. Swarms of control lights on every wall: the place looked like the inside of a trunk exchange. The two radiomen were almost prostrate over their desks, both in shirt-sleeves, both with drenched faces—one pale, the other older and more average-looking, with a head scar plainly visible in the place where the headset band made a parting in his hair. Two men were seated a little distance away, one of whom Pirx recognized as the commander.

The *Transgalactic* offers you nonautomated service, cordial and intimate surroundings, genuinely human hospitality, and a completely live crew, each a master of his trade. . . .

They were already mildly acquainted. The commander of the Titan was a short, grizzly-haired man with a small poker face. He sat with one leg crossed over the other, seemingly distracted by one of his shoe tips.

Pirx treaded softly up to the radiomen, craned his whole body, and began reading over the shoulder of the man with the head scar.

". . . six-eighteen-point-three proceeding at full thrust time of arrival eight-oh-twelve. Out."

The radioman slid a blank over with his left hand and kept on writing.

"Luna Control to Albatross-four Aresluna. Check on-board contamination stop answer in Morse stop too far out of range for radio stop how many hours can you maintain emergency thrust stop estimated drift oh-six-point-twenty-one stop. Over."

"Dasher-two Aresterra to Luna Control. Am proceeding at full thrust destination Albatross sector sixty-four have overheated reactor but going ahead anyway stop am now six milliparsecs away from designated point of SOS. Out."

The second operator, the more pallid-looking of the two, let out a muffled groan. Immediately, everyone leaned over his shoulder. Mindell, the man who had met Pirx at the door, relayed the recorded messages back to the commander while the operator went on transcribing.

"Albatross-four to all ships. Am lying in orbit, drift ellipsis T-three-forty-one sector sixty-five stop breach in hull widening stop leakage in stern bulkheads stop emergency thrust at three g stop reactor going out of control stop multiple damages to main bulkhead stop third-degree on-board contamination and rising in response to emergency thrust stop will attempt to seal leaks am transferring crew to bow. Out."

While writing, the operator's hands trembled. One of the crew grabbed him by his shirt collar, yanked him to his feet, and rushed him out the door. A short while later he came back—alone—and took the other man's place.

"He has a brother aboard the Albatross," he said by way of explanation, addressing no one in particular.

Pirx peered over the older man's shoulder.

"Luna Control to Albatross-four Aresluna. The following ships have been dispatched stop Dasher from sector sixty-four Titan from sector sixty-seven Ballistic-eight from sector forty-four Sprite-seven-oh-two from sector ninety-four stop seal breach in bulkhead stop wear pressure suits behind air locks stop report present course stop."

"The Albatross!" exclaimed the young operator's replacement, and everyone craned to read the message:

"Albatross-four to all ships. Uncontrolled drifting stop leakage in hull stop losing atmosphere stop crew in pressure suits stop engine room flooded with coolant screens punctured temperature sixty-three degrees in control room stop initial breach in control room sealed stop coolant boiling stop main transmitter flooded stop switching over to radio we'll be waiting for you fellas. Out."

Practically everyone was smoking, the smoke curling upward in blue ribbons before being sucked out through the vents. Pirx was just rummaging through his pockets, likewise feeling the urge to light up, when someone—he couldn't tell whom—stuck an open pack into his hand. He lit up.

"Mr. Mindell," said the commander, biting his lip. "Full thrust!"

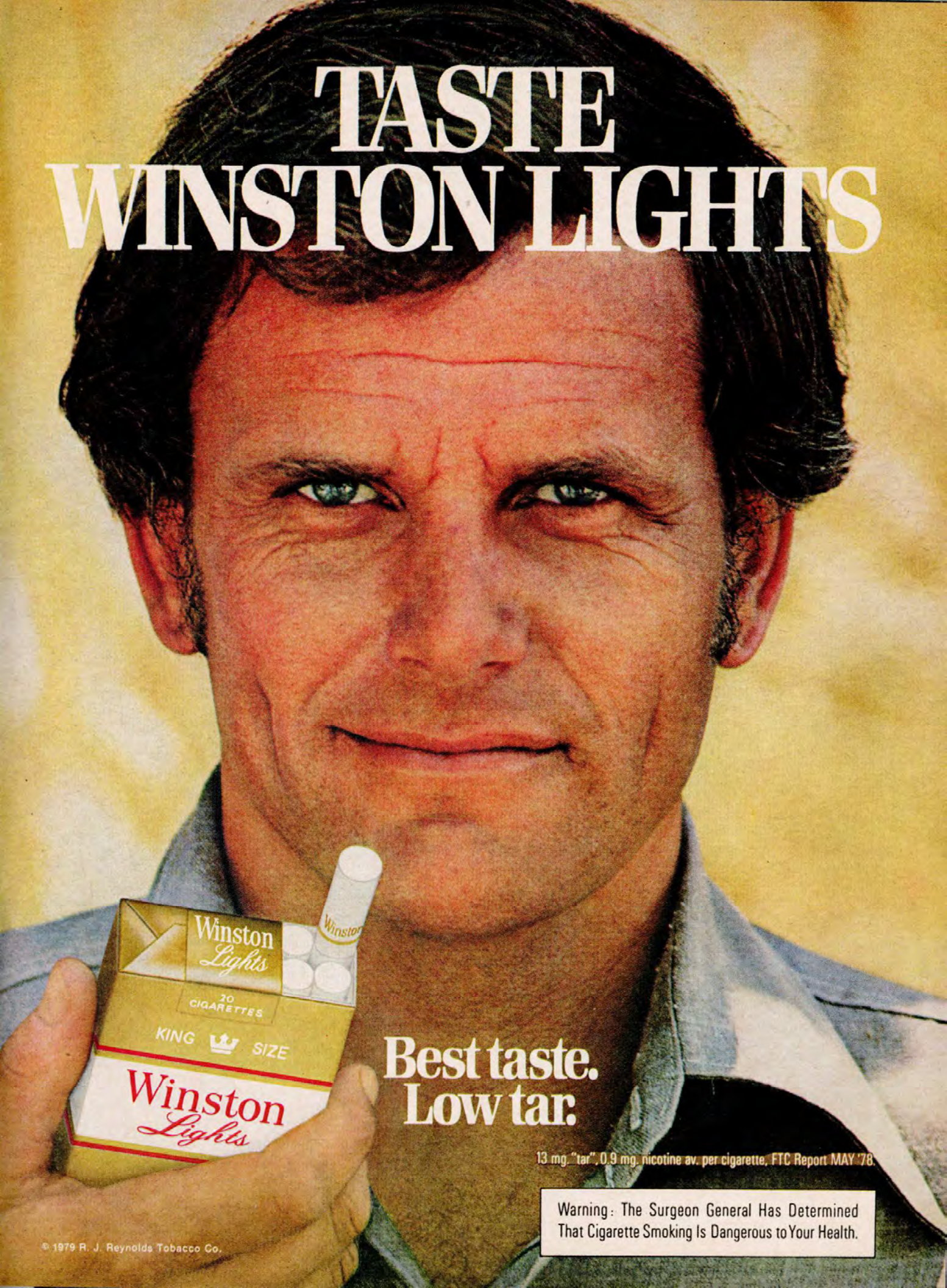
Mindell registered some momentary astonishment but said nothing.

"Sound the alert?" asked the man seated next to the commander.

"This one's mine. Here—"

At that, he swung the mike around on its swivel arm and began speaking:

"Titan Aresterra to Albatross-four. We're proceeding at full thrust. Presently crossing over into your sector. Arrival time one hour. Advise escaping through emergency hatch. We'll be alongside you in one hour. Hang in there. Out."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He pushed the mike away and stood up. Mindell was giving orders into the intercom on the other side of the room.

"Okay, gang—full thrust in five minutes."

"Aye-aye," came the reply on the other end of the line.

The commander stepped out for a moment, his voice trailing in from the other room.

"Attention all passengers! Attention all passengers! I have an important announcement. Four minutes from now there will be a significant increase in the ship's velocity. We've received a distress call and are responding with all due—"

Someone shut the door. Mindell gave Pirx a friendly nudge on the arm.

"Better brace yourself. We'll be pushing two g or better."

Pirx nodded. By his standards two g was a breeze, but now was not the time to flaunt his physical endurance. Dutifully, therefore, he gripped the armrest of the chair occupied by the older of the two radiomen.

"Albatross-four to Titan. Won't last another hour on board stop emergency hatch jammed by exploding bulkheads stop temperature eighty-one degrees in control room stop steaming up fast stop will try to escape by cutting through nose shield. Out."

Mindell tore the slip of paper out of the operator's hand and raced out of the room. As he was opening the door, the deck shook slightly and there was an immediate increase in everyone's bodily weight.

The commander labored into the room, each step costing him obvious physical exertion, and plopped down into a chair. Someone handed him a mike on a cable. In his other hand was the last crumpled radiogram received from the Albatross. The skipper spread it out before him and studied it for a good long while.

"Titan Aresterra to Albatross-four," he said at last. "We'll be there in fifty minutes. Approaching on course eighty-four-point-fifteen stop eight-one-point-two stop abandon ship. Abandon ship. We'll find you. Hang in there. Out."

The man sitting in for the younger operator, his tunic now unbuttoned, suddenly sprang to his feet and shot an urgent glance at the commander, who came over on the double. The operator yanked off his earphones, handed them to the skipper, who slipped them on over his head and listened while the other man adjusted the crackling loudspeaker. A split second later, everyone froze.

In that room were veterans of many years' flight experience, but what they heard now was unprecedented. A voice—barely audible, accompanied by a protracted roar, as if trapped behind a wall of flame—was shouting:

"Albatross . . . every man . . . coolant in cockpit . . . temperature unbearable . . . crew standing by to the end . . . so long . . . all lines . . . out . . ."

The voice faded, being gradually overwhelmed by the roar in the background.

Then—only loudspeaker static. It took no small effort to keep on one's feet—yet all remained standing, hunched over and braced against the metal bulkheads.

"Ballistic-eight to Luna Control," a voice suddenly piped up, loud and clear. "Am proceeding to Albatross-four. Request clear passage through sector sixty-seven. Proceeding at full thrust—will be impossible to carry out any passing maneuvers. Over."

There was a pause lasting several seconds.

"Luna Control to all ships in sectors sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight, forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight, ninety-six. All sectors closed. All ships not proceeding at full thrust for Albatross-four are to stop immediately, place reactors on idling, and switch on navigation lights. Attention, Dasher! Attention, Titan Aresterra! Attention, Ballistic-eight! Attention, Sprite-seven-oh-two! I'm giving you a clear field to Albatross-four. All traffic within radius vector of SOS has been halted. Commence braking one milliparsec in advance of SOS point. Extinguish braking rockets once you have Albatross on video—crew may have abandoned ship. Good luck. Out."

This was his first trip on anything like a Titan. Living accommodations for 1,200 passengers. Guaranteed stable gravitation. Bars. Casinos. And God knows what else!

Dasher was the first to respond—in Morse. Pirx listened closely to the bleeping signals.

"Dasher Aresterra to all rescue ships. Have entered Albatross's sector. Will be joining her in eighteen minutes stop reactor overheated cooling system damaged stop will need medical assistance following rescue operation stop am commencing braking maneuver at full thrust. Out."

"The guy's nuts," someone muttered, prompting those standing—until now so stock-still they looked more like statues—to search out the culprit with their eyes. An angry murmur passed through the men, then quickly subsided.

"Dasher will be there first," said Mindell, casting a side glance at the commander, "and forty minutes from now she'll be radioing for help herself—"

He broke off as a voice filtered through the loudspeaker static.

"Dasher Aresterra to all those answering Albatross's distress call. I have her on the monitor. She's drifting on a course approximating ellipsis T-three-forty-eight, and her tail is cherry red. No trace of any signal lights. SOS ship does not respond. Am shutting down to commence rescue operations. Out."

Buzzers sounded next door. Mindell and another crew member stepped out of the room. Pirx's muscles were cable-tense. Gawd, how he'd like to have been out there! A moment later Mindell came back.

"What's all the ruckus?" inquired the commander.

"The passengers would like to know when they can resume dancing." Mindell's reply went unnoticed by Pirx, whose eyes remained riveted to the loudspeaker.

"It won't be long now," answered the skipper, calmly and without inflection. "Switch on the monitor; we're coming within range. In a couple of minutes we should have a sighting. Mr. Mindell, better sound the alert again—we're about to brake down to overdrive."

"Aye-aye, sir," Mindell replied, and he left the room.

A voice came over the loudspeaker.

"Luna Control to Titan Aresterra, Sprite-seven-oh-two! Attention! Attention! Attention! Ballistic-eight reports sighting a flash with a luminosity of minus four in the center of sector sixty-five. No response from Dasher or Albatross. Possibility of a reactor explosion aboard Albatross. For reasons of passenger safety, Titan Aresterra is instructed to stop and report immediately. Ballistic-eight and Sprite-seven-oh-two are to proceed at their own discretion. I repeat: Titan Aresterra is instructed . . ."

All eyes were on the commander.

"Mr. Mindell, can we stop within a milliparsec?"

"No, sir. We're coming in on video. I'd need at least six g's."

"If we changed course?"

"Even then we'd get only three g's," Mindell said.

"Well, that settles it."

The commander got up and strode over to the microphone.

"Titan Aresterra to Luna Control. Impossible to stop at present velocity. Am altering course with a roll maneuver at half-thrust. Abandoning sector sixty-five for sector sixty-six, on a course of two-oh-two. Clearance requested. Over."

"Stand by for confirmation," he said, turning and addressing the man who had been seated next to him earlier. Mindell barked into the intercom, buzzers sounded, lights flickered on the wall panels, and the room seemed to grow darker—a case of "dimout," caused by a draining of blood from the eyes. Pirx planted his feet squarely on the floor. They were braking and turning at the same time. There were mild vibrations, the long,

shrill whine of laboring engines

"Sit down all of you!" the commander suddenly yelled "I don't need any heroes around here!"

Everyone sat—or rather flopped—down on the floor, which was padded with a thick layer of foam rubber

"All hell's gonna break loose down below," muttered a man sprawled at Pirx's elbow. The commander overheard him

"The insurance company will pay for it," he said from his chair. The g-force was now three or better; Pirx could barely touch his face with his hand By now all the passengers would be safe and sound in their cabins, he thought—but egads, what must it be like in the galleys and dining rooms! A whole shipload of broken china! And he could just see the greenhouse—what was left of it, that is!

"Ballistic-eight to all ships. I have the Albatross within scanner range Hull completely clouded over, all except for stern which is cherry-red. Am completing braking maneuver and sending out a search team to look for survivors. No response from Dasher. Out."

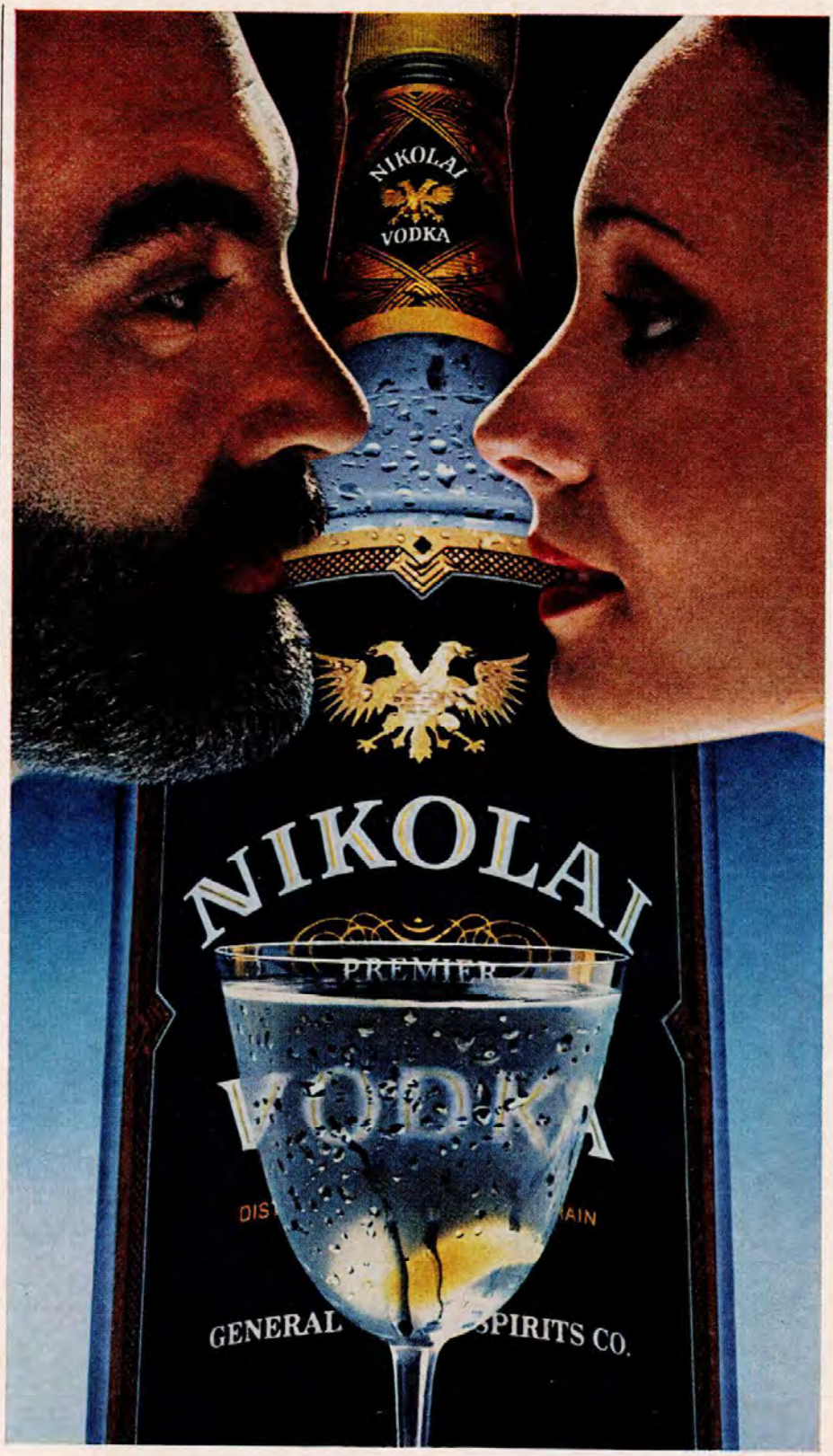
The acceleration gradually lessened. Someone poked his head in through the door, permission was given to stand, and there was a quiet stampede to the door. Pirx was the last to enter the main control room. As in some movie theater for giants, the entire forward wall was taken up by a huge convex screen, measuring eight meters wide and sixteen meters tall All lights were off in the control room. Against the black, star-studded background of space, in the left quadrant, lying somewhat below the Titan's main axis, was the Albatross—a smoldering, incandescent sliver, its stern a glowing, fiery red coal, not unlike the lit end of a cigarette. And this speck, this minute streak, formed the nucleus of a slightly flattened, diaphanous bubble, bristling with myriads of prickly, barblike extensions—a cloud blister gradually dissolving into starlight. Suddenly, there was a slight surge in the direction of the screen. Down at the very bottom, in the lower-right-hand corner, a luminous dot had begun to pulsate. The Dasher!

"Uncontrollable chain reaction aboard the Albatross stop have casualties stop severe burns stop request doctors stop transmitter damaged by explosion stop reactor leaking stop preparing to jettison reactor if unable to control leakage stop"—Pirx deciphered from the steadily blinking light.

The hull of the Albatross was no longer to be seen—only a blistery, yellowish, amber-colored clump suspended among the stars. The farther it drifted into the lower-left-hand corner, the more the Titan towered over it as it steered a new course out of the disaster-ridden sector.

The door to the radio room was ajar, allowing a shaft of light to penetrate the darkness within—along with the sound of a radio transmission.

"Ballistic-eight to Luna Control. Am



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parked in the central region of sector sixty-five. Dasher located milliparsec below me. Reports casualties and reactor leakage. Signals that she's preparing to jettison reactor. Am answering her call for medical assistance. Search mission hampered by contamination caused by radioactive cloud with a surface temperature in excess of twelve hundred. Titan Aresterra in range, passing over me at full thrust and heading for sector sixty-six. Am waiting for arrival of Sprite-seven-oh-two to launch joint rescue operation. Out."

"To your stations, men!" someone boomed just as the lights at the back of the control room flickered on. There was a sudden flurry of activity, a scattering in several directions at once; Mindell stood by the control desk, giving orders; a number of buzzers went off at the same time ... Before long the only ones left in the room were the commander, Mindell, and Pirx—and the young radiotelegraph operator, who stood alone in the corner, opposite the screen, and watched as the bubble gradually swelled and faded into the background.

"Oh, I didn't recognize you," said the commander, his hand extended in a handshake, as if just noticing Pirx for the first time. "Any word from the Sprite?" he inquired over Pirx's shoulder of someone standing in the doorway.

"Yes, sir. She's backing up."

"Good."

They lingered for a while longer, their eyes resting on the screen. The last trace of polluted cloud had evaporated, the screen once again filling with a raw and starry blackness.

"What do you think? Any survivors?" asked Pirx, assuming for some reason that the commander was more in the know than he was. A commander, after all, was supposed to know everything.

"Their deadlights must have jammed," the skipper replied. He was at least a head shorter than Pirx, with hair the color of lead. Pirx couldn't remember whether it had always been that gray.

"Mindell!" the commander called out, catching sight of his engineer passing by. "Lift the passenger alert, will you? They can go back to their dancing now." Addressing the silent Pirx, he said, "Ever aboard the Albatross?"

"No."

"A western company. Twenty-three thousand tons." He was interrupted.

The radio operator handed him a message. Pirx could make out only the beginning: "Ballistic to ..."

He stepped back out of the way. When he saw that he was still blocking traffic, he retreated into the corner and stood against the wall. Presently, Mindell came barging in.

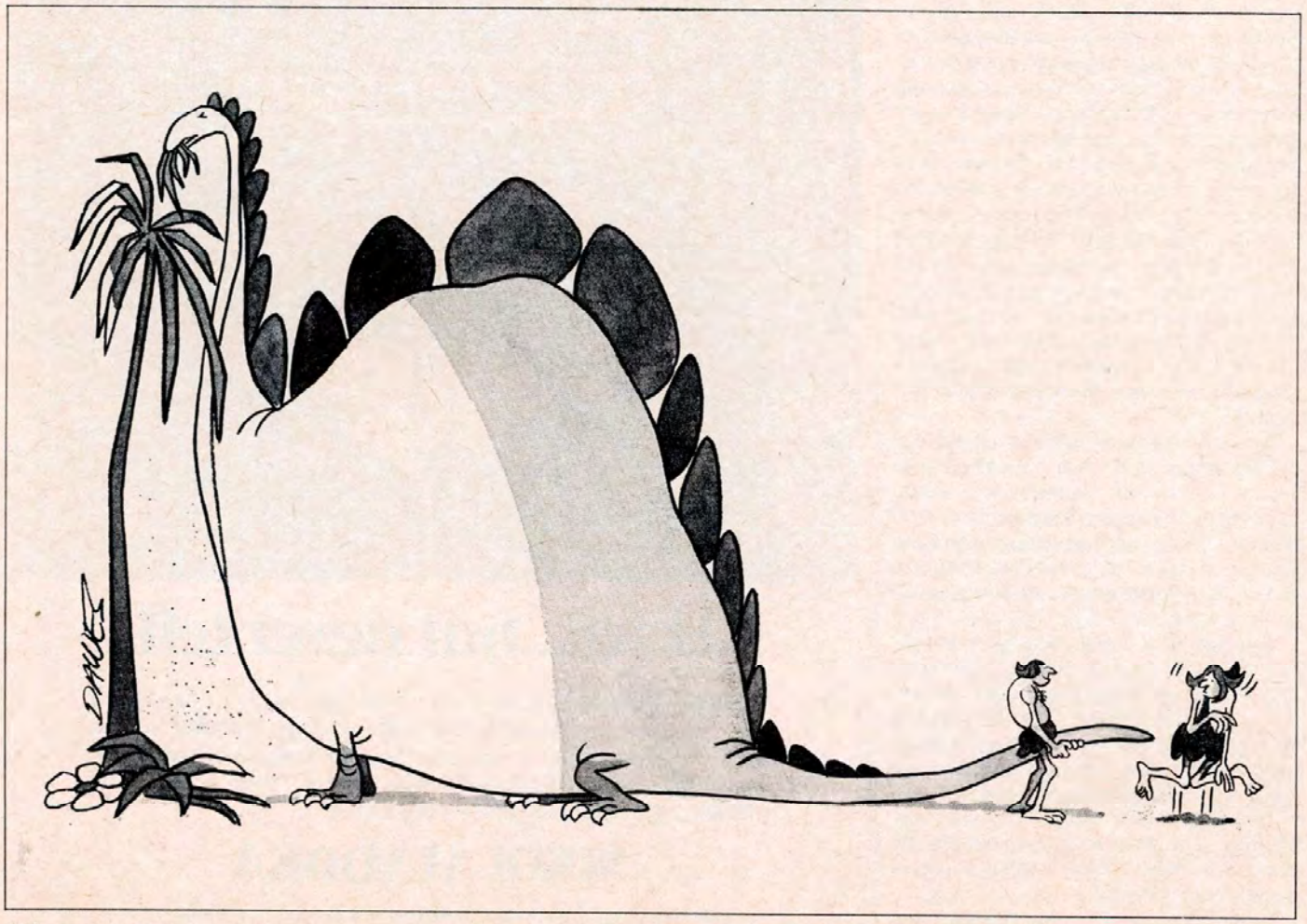
"Any news of the Dasher?" asked Pirx. Mindell was mopping his brow with a handkerchief, this man whom Pirx was beginning to feel he had known for years.

"A close shave," said Mindell, trying to catch his breath. "Got hit by the blast, sprang a leak in the cooling system—that sonofabitch is always the first to blow. First- and second-degree burns. The medics are already there."

"Commander! Luna Control!" Someone called out from the door leading to the radio room, taking the commander away. Pirx stood facing Mindell, who pocketed his handkerchief and instinctively touched his swollen cheek.

Pirx could have gone on grilling him, but thinking better of it, gave him only a slight nod and ducked into the radio room. The loudspeaker was deluged with inquiries about the Albatross and the Dasher—from ships scattered in five different sectors. Finally, Luna Control had to silence everyone so it could go about unscrambling the snarl that had sprung up around sector 65 as a result of the recent ban on traffic.

The Titan's commander could be seen sitting and writing at his desk. Suddenly, the telegraph operator took off his earphones and shoved them to one side, as if they were no longer needed—at least that was how Pirx interpreted his gesture. He was on the verge of asking about the crew of the Albatross, whether anyone had managed to escape, when the operator, sensing that someone was standing behind him, raised his head and looked him straight in the eye. Without saying another word, Pirx took his leave, through the door marked STELLAR PERSONNEL ONLY.



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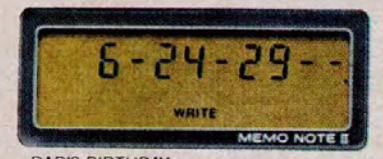


DAD'S BIRTHDAY

ANN'S ADDRESS

BANK BALANCE

BROKER'S PHONE NUMBER

SCHEDULE REMINDER

AT WHAT PLACE

IMPORTANT APPOINTMENTS

DAY, DATE AND TIME

DAY, DATE AND TIME IN PARIS

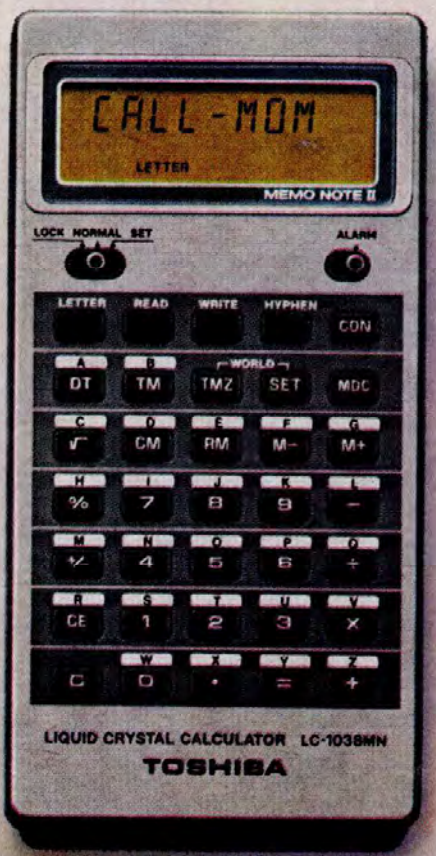
DAY, DATE AND TIME IN L.A.

DAY, DATE AND TIME IN TOKYO

TRAVEL EXPENSES

ALARM

MEDICATION REMINDER



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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

EDWARD KUZNETSOV

> Under Stalin the government would start keeping records on you for one chance remark. From then on, you had only two possibilities: to supply information about your friends or follow the path of opposition to the end.

High New York City police officials knew only that something big was about to happen. At the United Nations Plaza Hotel the staff wondered whether all the security and secrecy meant that Yassir Arafat would soon be their guest—or Idi Amin, or the shah. As the Ilyushin airliner touched down at Kennedy, a motorcade of seven bulletproof limousines rolled toward it through a light fog. FBI agents escorted two men to its forward ramp: Valdik Enger and Rudolf Chernayev, KGB officers who had been sentenced to 50 years in prison in October 1978 for trying to buy antisubmarine warfare secrets from a U.S. Navy officer posing as a traitor.

Meanwhile, U.S. National Security Council officials entered the rear door of the aircraft to greet five passengers. Earlier that day these five men had been prisoners—five of thousands of dissidents incarcerated for political crimes in Soviet concentration camps. They were being exchanged for the two spies under terms negotiated in total secrecy and at the highest levels of both governments. After being awakened by their guards and handed ill-fitting Polish suits, they were rushed to Sheremetyevo Airport in Moscow and put aboard Aeroflot flight 315 without being told where they were going or why. Now they were escorted to the waiting cars, and to freedom:

- Edward Kuznetsov, 40, leader of plot to take a Soviet airliner, sentence of death by firing squad commuted to 15 years "with special regime"—the harshest form of imprisonment in camp system. Served total of 16 years in the camps, longest of any of the released men, whom he calls "prisoners of ideas." Born of Jewish father and Gentile mother, decided to identify as a Jew and attempt to emigrate to Israel during first seven-year term for "anti-Soviet activities." In 1973 his book *Prison Diaries* smuggled out of camp sheet by sheet, published in Paris to great critical acclaim, translated into eight languages (U.S.: Stein & Day). Two other prominent dissidents accused of spiriting book to West sentenced to camp terms.
- Valentyn Moroz, 43, symbol of Ukrainian resistance to Soviet domination, imprisoned four years, jailed again ten years ago when search of his apartment produced "anti-Soviet" writings. Threatened with permanent psychiatric confinement, but after protests abroad adjudged sane and sent to labor camp.
- Georgi Vins, 50, leader of Baptists who broke away from state-tolerated denominational council over issue of submission to authority of Soviet government, which prohibits religious instruction of children. Father died in labor camp, mother and son also imprisoned for Christian activities. Served three years, then rearrested for "infringing on the rights of citizens under the guise of performing religious ceremonies."
- Mark Dymshitz, 52, former Soviet air force officer who was not permitted to become a civilian pilot because he is a Jew. Was to have been pilot in 1970 attempt by 16 Jewish and non-Jewish dissidents to commandeer empty Russian airliner in Leningrad and fly it to Sweden. Condemned to death, but after protests abroad sentence commuted to 15 years in prison camp "with strict regime."
- Alexander Ginzburg, 42, author of writings critical of Soviet regime, monitored Soviet compliance with Helsinki accord on human rights. Served two terms in camps, sentenced to third in 1978: eight years for using a fund set up by Alexander Solzhenitsyn to help dissidents. When asked ethnic background at trial, replied, "Prisoner."

The unprecedented exchange of Soviet citizens for Soviet citizens was, according to Kuznetsov, the result of the Kremlin's desire to obtain reduced tariffs on Russian exports to the U.S. and to ease ratification of SALT II. The trade was front-page news in the West. One hundred thousand New Yorkers marching in support of the right of Jews to leave Russia rallied across the street from the dissidents' hotel and welcomed them. No report of the exchange appeared in the Russian media. Millions of men and women remain behind Russian barbed wire as you read this, imprisoned for crimes such as "malicious hooliganism," "deliberate fabrication," and "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda."

To interview Edward Kuznetsov, *Penthouse* sent Craig S. Karpel to Tel Aviv. Karpel reports:

"On the morning of his tenth day of freedom, Edward Kuznetsov was sitting in a corner of the living room, editing a Russian typescript of his writings, oblivious of my presence and that of the constant flow of visitors being fielded by his wife. Having spent 16 years of his life in crowded cells, he had learned to create a zone of privacy around himself in the modest four-and-a-half-room apartment his wife had been living in during his imprisonment. He was wearing a pair of painfully new blue jeans and a digital watch, which had been invented during his prison term. His hair, which had been shaved by his jailers, was just beginning to grow in. I was surprised to see that the muscular forearms and hands of a man whom I knew to be a sensitive writer were crudely tattooed. I learned that the more rebellious Soviet prisoners engrave their protests against the Soviet system in their flesh with ball-point ink. Such tattoos are considered an attack on the administra-

Photograph by Brian F. Alpert/Keystone Press

tion of the prison system that is established in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and are therefore punishable under Article 77-1 of the Russian criminal code by 'confinement for a period of 8 to 15 years or by death.'

"Kuznetsov showed me that the typescript he was working on had been transcribed from photostatic blowups of manuscripts he had smuggled out of the camp using a method he had devised. He showed me the originals. He had written them on the paper side of foil inserts from cigarette boxes in a hand so microscopic that 3,000 words fit on a single 6⅝-by-3¾-inch sheet.

"During the interview we broke for half an hour while Kuznetsov and his wife, Sylva, whose two brothers were also imprisoned for their participation in the airplane plot, went into the next room to receive a hypnotic treatment from their doctor, trying to cleanse their minds of the effects of the bad dream from which they had just awakened. But then Kuznetsov returned, the tape began to roll, and we were back in the midst of his nightmare."

Penthouse: Now that you've had your first taste of it in nine years—what is freedom?

Kuznetsov: Freedom is the consciousness that you have human rights, that you are protected from abuse and violence. In the Soviet regime you have no rights. You stand entirely powerless against an all-powerful state.

Penthouse: When did you first become aware of yourself as a dissident?

Kuznetsov: I got the first push to think differently when I was 12 years old. I happened to say something critical about the regime to a classmate and fell under a pencil.

Penthouse: Fell under a pencil?

Kuznetsov: They began to keep a record of me. Under Stalin you could fall under a pencil because of one chance remark. From then on, you had only two possibilities: to prove your loyalty by supplying information about your friends, or to follow the path of opposition to the end and to answer knocks with knocks.

Penthouse: How did you first come into conflict with the authorities?

Kuznetsov: In 1956, when I was 17, Russia brutally put down the uprising in Hungary. I began incautiously to express my opinion of the regime to my classmates. They reported everything I said to the school administration. My sins were gathered drop by drop. I was called to the principal's office. Two men in civilian clothes were sitting there. They asked me who had suggested these evil thoughts to me. Had I picked them up at home? At school? They told me that the Soviet Union is surrounded by enemies. They shouted that they would destroy the enemies of the Soviet Union. If I did not stop the expression of such news, they screamed, I would rot in prison. They were KGB. As we say it in the Soviet Union, "Kagebay."

Penthouse: Did they take any action against you?

Kuznetsov: They waited until I enrolled in the university. Then they played some tricks and called me up to join the army. I had two jobs—as a wrestling instructor and as a postman. I was called to the office of the First Division—the espionage department—and told to hand over to them in secret all letters coming to soldiers from the western Ukraine and the Baltic states, the newly conquered areas of the Soviet Union. I refused to agree to give them the letters. I declared that it was contrary to law for me to do so. So they transferred me to a remote area.

Penthouse: Were you put in a punitive unit as a consequence of this?

Kuznetsov: It was for sons of parents who were in conflict with the regime. We dug ditches and paved roads and hauled coal. I continued cautiously to express my views to them, sometimes even to my commanders. After a year and a half, I was discharged as "a dangerous element" and went back to the Government University of Moscow in order to study philosophy.

Penthouse: How were you able to get into the university with your record of anti-regime statements?

Kuznetsov: I had some friends occupying high positions who got me a membership card in Komsomol, the Communist youth movement, and forged school and army records. Anticommunist views are common among certain circles of the young generation. They are always eager to hit the regime, to steal something, to circumvent the law.

Penthouse: Did you continue to use caution in speaking to your friends?

Kuznetsov: No, now it was different. I became connected with people who shared the same views. We had compared the theory of Marxism-Leninism with its realization in practical life and found little resemblance. We published unauthorized books that later came to be called *samizdat*. We looked for new adepts. It was a movement.

Penthouse: What did the KGB think about all this?

Kuznetsov: I was constantly watched, called in for interrogations, detained over and over again. The persecution became an inseparable part of my life—typical for everybody who is not okay with the regime.

One of the forms of our activity was the organization of poetry readings in Mayakovsky Square. There was a special circle of people who listened to the reading of poetry there on Saturdays and Sundays. An undercover group was formed by the security organs to harass us. It was called the Special Unit for Fighting the Anti-Soviet Movement and was stationed at Mayakovsky Square. We would infiltrate the square and read a few poems, and then the Special Unit would catch us and drag us away. Officially, they were not connected with the state security organs. They were "an expression of the people's rage." On the fifth of October 1961, the KGB came to my apartment at five in the morning and put me into the prison of Lubyanka. I was not released until 1968.

Penthouse: You were put in prison for seven years for reading poetry on a street corner?

Kuznetsov: I was charged with active, subversive anti-Soviet activities, publishing anti-Soviet magazines, and calumny on Sino-Soviet relations. They claimed I had said that relations between Russia and China were hostile and that thereby I tried to undermine the cause of Sino-Soviet friendship.

Penthouse: Were you brought before a judge after your arrest?

Kuznetsov: No. I was interrogated for four months, and then I was tried.

Penthouse: Were you permitted to communicate with the outside?

Kuznetsov: No. I had no radio, no newspaper. It was a very strong isolation. No one could visit me.

Penthouse: Not even your lawyer?

Kuznetsov: The lawyer is appointed by the authorities. I met him for the first time three days before the trial. He was very frightened. He had the feeling that we were constantly watched and overheard.

Penthouse: Was he sympathetic?

Kuznetsov: He was irrelevant. Everybody knows that the defense has no influence on the sentence, which has been determined in advance by the authorities.

Penthouse: No influence on the sentence? What about influence on the verdict?

Kuznetsov: A Russian proverb says, "The court's business isn't to judge—it's to pass the sentence." And therefore they cut your hair immediately when you enter, so that you are ready to become a prisoner.

Penthouse: What was the trial like?

Kuznetsov: There was one judge, two people's assessors, and the government procurator. It was absolutely closed to the public. I was tried along with Vladimir Osipov. He is still a prisoner. He has eight more years to serve. He was a democrat. Now he's a monarchist.

Penthouse: At least they succeeded in getting him to change his views.

Kuznetsov: Indeed.

Penthouse: What was your defense?

Kuznetsov: I insisted that I had not intended to undermine the regime, that I had just been expressing my views.

Penthouse: Was the judge impartial?

Kuznetsov: He impartially shouted at us and called us enemies of the people. He refused to call the defense witnesses. Soviet judicial practice does not know a single case in which the defendant was found innocent.

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Penthouse: Where were you sent to serve your sentence?
Kuznetsov: To a "corrective labor institution" in Mordovia, in the central Volga district, 500 kilometers from Moscow, between the countries of the Tatars and the Bashkirs. There were then in Mordovia six camps, containing about 12,000 government prisoners.
Penthouse: Political prisoners?
Kuznetsov: Government prisoners. It is a broader concept—military prisoners, spies, members of national liberation movements, those sentenced for agitation and propaganda, those who tried to leave the country, and those who escaped but then returned from abroad.
Penthouse: So there were no bank robbers or murderers.
Kuznetsov: There were some prisoners who had joined the liberation movement in camps for ordinary criminals. If they were caught distributing leaflets, for instance, they were transferred to camps of government prisoners and seven to ten years were added to their terms.
Penthouse: What was the range of sentences in the Mordovia camps?
Kuznetsov: The minimum sentence was three years. Only two or three people had such a term. During my first term the average was 15 years, but when I left the camp the average term was 24 years. Some people got 35 years. The longest term was 40 years. A man was released after such a term in 1975, in his seventy-seventh year. Another one died. The third was mad. He had declared that he was an archangel, and he got 40 years for being an archangel.
Penthouse: What were your living quarters like?
Kuznetsov: We slept in wooden barracks, 70 in each room. Each of us had a wooden bunk, stacked one above the other, and a small night table. Two square meters per person, about three feet by six feet altogether. The mattresses were filled with straw, sometimes with cotton. There was one thin military blanket, one sheet of linen, and a pillowcase.
Penthouse: What about clothing?
Kuznetsov: One wore a jacket and pants of thin cotton. Linen strips to wrap your feet in. Once a year a pair of rude shoes. Once a week they washed our clothes and allowed us a bath. Once in three months we handed over our clothes, and the lice were killed. The underclothes were changed twice a year. There were no special sleeping clothes. What you wore during the day, you slept in at night.
Penthouse: What was your daily routine like?
Kuznetsov: At six o'clock they shout, "Get up!" You have ten minutes to wash. Breakfast is at seven.
Penthouse: What were the sanitary facilities like?
Kuznetsov: They were outside, in the open. There was an iron washstand and an open latrine, with about 30 seats in a row.
Penthouse: Hot water?
Kuznetsov: Once a week, when we went to the bath.
Penthouse: How did you shave?
Kuznetsov: Recently, they permitted us to use electric razors. In those days we used to go to the camp barber on the bath day. He shaved our heads, our armpits, and our pubic areas with a special machine.
Penthouse: Were there vermin?
Kuznetsov: Plenty of rats, mice, cockroaches.
Penthouse: Rats?
Kuznetsov: The rats are centered around the lavatories. They are big enough to attack a man sitting on the toilet.
Penthouse: Do the authorities attempt to control them?
Kuznetsov: It is impossible. There are too many.
Penthouse: What did breakfast consist of?
Kuznetsov: Oats—they boil it—and some synthetic fat, five grams for each.

> The last word the local camp commander said to me was "Keep quiet as much as possible and remember that the enemies of the Soviet Union sometimes die in the West."

Penthouse: Was there enough?
Kuznetsov: There were various periods—sometimes there was a lot of porridge; sometimes there was a shortage. But the prisoners were disgusted by it, even when undernourished. It was stinking. There were excrements of mice in it.
Penthouse: What happens after breakfast?
Kuznetsov: They lead you to work in a column. All movement about the camp is in a column. A single prisoner may not walk about the camp.
Penthouse: How are the guards armed?
Kuznetsov: They don't carry arms, because they fear that the arms may be taken away from them. They have handcuffs and straitjackets. There are armed soldiers in towers. If there is a disturbance, they are instructed to open fire without a warning.
Penthouse: What kind of work did you do?
Kuznetsov: We polished glass for candelabras.
Penthouse: That's not the kind of work one associates with Russian political prisoners. One would think they'd have you doing something more utilitarian.
Kuznetsov: In Russia, with the hands of the prisoners, buildings were built, canals between seas were dug. But they had us making consumer products for comfortable Bolshevik homes. Our workshop was a commercial enterprise. It was a branch of a factory in a town called Saransk. They sent the raw glass to us, and it was sent back as polished ornaments. Other workshops made television cabinets, radio cases, and tables for radio sets.
Penthouse: So it was simply slave labor.
Kuznetsov: Yes.
Penthouse: What were the working conditions like?
Kuznetsov: There were no safety arrangements. There were many accidents—fingers cut off and so on. For seven years we tried to fight for ventilation, because the glass dust is very bad for lungs, but all our efforts remained without results.
Penthouse: Who supervised the work?
Kuznetsov: Officially, the wardens are supposed to be present among the prisoners, but they try to avoid it as far as possible. They rely on a network of cooperators among the prisoners, who denounce their fellows. They pay them with tea.
Penthouse: What do you call the cooperators?
Kuznetsov: *Stukach* is the most common nickname. *Stukach* means "knocker": he knocks quietly on the superior's door to denounce his fellow.
Penthouse: What did you do about knockers?
Kuznetsov: In the twenties, thirties, forties, fifties, and partly in the sixties, every prisoner against whom there could be raised a well-founded denunciation was immediately killed by his comrades. Now it is much more complicated. In 1962 a law was passed according to which, if one threatens—just threatens—a cooperator, one may be shot. According to Article 77-3 of this law, attempts on the life, health, or safety of a cooperator with the administration are legally on the same level as attempts upon the life of members of the administration.
Penthouse: Did you ever become involved in violence against a knocker?
Kuznetsov: Not once—many times. We were in a state of permanent war with these people.
Penthouse: Can you give an example?
Kuznetsov: You mean a characteristic case? In 1967 a man was brought into our cell who we suspected was a cooperator. In that cell all were decent fellows, who often talked about things going on among the members of administration. So I laid a trap for him. I proposed that we agree among ourselves to draw up a fictitious declaration that in the next week we would go on a hunger strike. We did not hand over the declaration to anybody. After a week we did not proclaim the hunger strike; yet all the guards and members of the administration came running to meet the hunger strike. So it was confirmed that he was a knocker. A typical camp drama followed: I charge him with cooperation

with administration; he requires proofs. The rule is that if I charge him and cannot present proofs, I am guilty in the opinion of other prisoners. If I can prove the charge, I am free to deal with him as I like. I proved the charge, and I asked him to leave the cell. He refused. We waited until the door was opened for the daily walk, and I caught him by his collar and punched him out into the corridor.

Penthouse: You pushed him out of the cell?

Kuznetsov: In such cases you push the knocker out, and all of us stand at the door and shout a declaration that we cannot live with this man and that if they do not take him away, we will kill him. This usually begins a squabble with the wardens. But they understand that he cannot remain in the cell. There were many killings in prisons on this background. They take him away.

Penthouse: How does one kill a knocker?

Kuznetsov: By pushing a pencil into his eye.

Penthouse: Did this ever happen in your barracks?

Kuznetsov: Of course. Very often. Not only with a pencil but with any possible tool—with a spoon or with a wash basin, for instance. But with a pencil was the most common.

Penthouse: Did you ever kill a knocker?

Kuznetsov: I would never do such a thing. I didn't have to. I am quite good at boxing and karate and was able to take care of them.

Penthouse: Were you punished for pushing the knocker into the corridor in the incident you described?

Kuznetsov: I got 15 days of isolation. I was punished several times for applying physical violence to denouncers. Out of seven years of the first term, I was in the open camp only two years. The remaining time I spent in isolation and solitary confinement.

Penthouse: How many times were you punished?

Kuznetsov: It cannot be counted, there were so many cases. Three times I was in solitary confinement for longer terms, up to six months.

Penthouse: What was isolation like?

Kuznetsov: In the camp a prisoner's monthly food costs 15 rubles; in an isolator, 9 rubles. In the isolator the plank bed is locked up for the day; so one is all the day on his feet in a cell one meter by two meters—three feet by six feet. No mattress, no blanket. The electric light burns 24 hours a day, because the windows are covered with locked shutters and there is no sunlight.

Penthouse: Are there any toilet facilities?

Kuznetsov: Only the *parasha*. The word *parasha* is derived from *parshiviy*, "scabby, mangy, lousy": "a lousy bucket." The prisoner takes the vessel out to empty it once in 24 hours, at the time when he is allowed to go out for his daily walk—followed by a warden every step of the way, lest one hide a piece of bread.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 196

A Candle Can Tell You a Lot About Great Wine. Or Great Whisky.

You can prove Old Forester has a unique taste without even putting it to your lips. The same way experts prove it with wine, by color.

For example, when held to a candle, a Burgundy should glow a deep purple. A Bordeaux, brick red.

Two different colors, two different tastes.

When held to a candle, a great whisky should be rich, burnished gold. The color of Old Forester.

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What's more, Old Forester gets this color and taste solely from the unique way it's matured in our charred oak barrels.

It's made naturally, like Great Wine.

But there's another way to test Old Forester's superiority that's even more conclusive.

Taste it.

The Great Whisky Made Like Great Wine.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky. 86 or 100 Proof. Brown-Forman Distillers Corp. Louisville, Ky. ©1977.

OVERTURE FOR OVERCOATS

Coats of many colors and styles, of
fur and cloth, will keep
you smart and warm through the dreaded
winter days to come.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER STRONGWATER/FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

Despite rumors to the contrary, overcoats are alive and warming fashion-conscious men this winter. Overcoats are no longer bulky necessities but cozy and stylish accessories guaranteed to warm more than the cockles of the fashionable man. This year's most popular overcoats combine classic styling with the latest in colors and fabrics to create outerwear that will please both the traditionalist and the young sophisticate.

(left) An all-wool bouclé, double-breasted overcoat ($330) by Bill Kaiserman Designs. Wool sweater by Giovanelli; pleated wool pants (about $135) by De Noyer, Inc.; cotton shirt by Gordon of New Orleans; wool tie at George G. Graham Galleries. The wool-and-alpaca double-breasted topcoat (about $310) is by Christian Dior and tailored by Hart, Schaffner and Marx. Cotton-and-wool tie ($15) by York Mills for George Graham; wool pants (about $135) by De Noyer, Inc.; shoes at Carina Nucci, N.Y. Ladies' shoes at Charles Jourdan, N.Y.

(above) The clay-dyed mink coat (U.S.A.) with khaki-dyed fox collar (Norway) and nutria lining (coat, $8,000) is by Edward Gorey for Ben Kahn Furs. The gray-wool pleated pants are by Adolfo Sport. The black-dyed sheared-mink coat (U.S.A.) with natural-sable collar (Russia) (coat, $12,000) is by Edward Gorey for Ben Kahn Furs. The wool-challis scarf ($28.50) is by R. G. Snow for George Graham.

Ladies' hair styled by Heidi Thompson.

For those who dwell in the northernmost climes, furs for men offer a practical solution to the problem of how to keep warm while looking hot. The furs for 1979 are no longer just for the trendy; the man who shops with an eye for economy will discover that a fur coat will keep him twice as warm for twice as long as one made of cloth would. Moreover, you don't need an economist to tell you that a good fur coat is the best way to deal with the energy crisis singlehandedly.

NOTE: All furs shown here are ranch raised, which means that they are bred and raised in the same manner as cattle, sheep, and other animals are for food and leather. None of the furs shown are from wild animals caught in traps.

(left) The herringbone-stripe wool overcoat with natural-beaver collar ($525) is by Bill Blass for Malcolm Kenneth. Wool tie (about $30) by De Noyer, Inc. All men's leather gloves by Elmer Little & Co.
(above) The natural-mink (U.S.A.) coat ($10,000) is by Egon Von Furstenberg for Men (for Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue). The white-silk scarf ($45) is at George Graham; the gray-wool zip-up sweater vest is by YSL Men's Clothing. The natural silver-fox (U.S.A) fur coat ($15,000) is by Bill Liakos for Brothers II. The gray-wool pleated pants (about $135) are by De Noyer, Inc.; the white crepe silk scarf ($60) is at George Graham. Ladies' ten-foot-fling natural silver fox ($1,600) is by Tony Chase for Jaded Virgin, Inc.

For information on where to find merchandise featured here, see page 198.

Feel the taste of "Menthol Mist."™
KOOL
Milds
MENTHOL MISTED-LOWER IN TAR
100's
MENTHOL MISTED-LOWER IN TAR
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KOOL MILDS
Now you don't have to settle for too much 'tar' or too little taste. Because choice tobaccos "misted" with mellow menthol creates an easy taste that's mild, but not too light.
KOOL MILDS
Mild, but not too light.
Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; 100's, 12 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Now available in 100's

It was a cross between Harrisburg and Plato's Retreat. The problem mushroomed to the point where evacuation was impossible; you couldn't get out through the mobs swarming in.

THREE-WAY ISLAND

HUMOR BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

It was 5:49 P.M., September 12, 1979, when a cleansing tank at the United Chemicals plant exploded, contaminating the 12,000 inhabitants of nearby Rundy, Long Island, N. Y., with a ten-syllable chemical compound the world now knows as *Fly*—as in "Spanish fly." A bad batch of swine-growth hormone, produced by United, had accidentally catalyzed into a gas that invigorated *human* sex hormones. It was the most potent aphrodisiac in the annals of the Id. The result is history.

I'm Walt Proke, editor of the *Rundy Advertiser* and the only living journalist whose version of the event hasn't been published. I wouldn't add to this blizzard of print, but I was *there*. I want to set the record straight, tell the *whole* story, and—yes—defend Rundy. Or, as we were called, Randy.

The Fly Effect was simple: it made you horny enough to ball a suggestion box; people homely as missing links suddenly resembled Cheryl Tiegs or Bob Redford. "Think of it as a blend of Ripple and mescaline," said one tactless, but accurate, DEA official who now sells shoes in Iowa.

Maybe we *should* have paid more heed when, after a drain valve blew on October 10, dozens of Rundians needed first aid for everything from crabs to claw marks—but we just thought it was the

warm nights. And five days later, when a "minor" feedwater leak produced a rash of aberrant behavior for two miles downriver and a fish-population boom. But how worried could you *get* about pig hormones?

Plus United covered up like CREEP. When you mix a batch of experimental chemicals, and in a week plant productivity is down from 96 percent to "whenever we can get their attention," and workers are showing up with crates of Vaseline to put in free overtime—well, the handwriting is on the bedroom wall.

We only got suspicious a day or so before the "Big Bang," when you didn't dare wink at persons of the other sex and took your chances with those of the same. The Planned Parenthood Center's entire stock was used up in 48 hours—by its *staff*. And this was just from residual contamination—factory vents, work clothes, etc.

Unfortunately, the closest building to the plant was Rundy P.S. #3, with 950 students aged 6–14. We should've gotten wise when "Doctor" replaced kickball as the favorite recess game, and grades 6–8 barricaded themselves in the gym and demanded six hours a day of sex education.

Martin Mull's joke that we'd hired Roman Polanski as the principal was in poor taste, and I won't even repeat Rickles's cheap "spare the rod" crack. Why didn't we "punish" them—hell, we were paralyzed with envy. And by then we were all semiaffected.

Especially United's night techs, who failed to see the pressure buildup in the tank, being strenuously preoccupied by the one in their crotches. When it blew, the company told them to strip down and take showers—*cold* ones. They got as far as disrobing, after which most showers that occurred were *golden* in nature. Many barely noticed the Big Bang. Said head engineer Ray Davis, "Explosion, hell; I thought it was just *me*!"

There was only enough breeze to carry the Fly over Rundy and hang it there. That was plenty. United stonewalled, dismissed it as an "event." I'll say. It was the biggest event in sexual hysteria since the clap hit Europe.

The FDA didn't declare a "site emergency" until the next dawn broke over some 2,400 naked citizens, draped around town in vigorously obscene clusters. "It's worse than we thought," said one official. "[illegible]s better than we dreamed," said those F[illegible]idians still able to talk.

Normal ac[illegible]ity halted. When the Feds demanded to know why United hadn't *planned* for such a contingency, Chairman E. L. Hoxley said, "How—mix the stuff with saltpeter?" Asked why he didn't call in the authorities, he snapped, "*Which* authorities? Who's in *charge* of orgies?"

So they called in everybody: the FDA, EPA, DEA, National Guard, Civil Defense, Kinsey Institute, Masters and Johnson, the National VD Control Center, and Red Cross—which for once didn't hand out blankets. Every vice squad within 1,500 miles volunteered to help.

They stopped sending in troubleshooters when the troubleshooters stopped coming back out.

The first 50 techs who entered the plant in protective suits stopped sending radio reports after six hours, unless you count low moans, shrill cries, and heavy breathing. As a precaution, they'd sent in males only; this just produced a lot of new subscribers to *Gay Life*. A White House aide arrived to "take charge"; he left the next day with a double hernia and friction burns.

Monitoring teams in sealed, Fly-proof vans did little better—the sight of some 5,000 people in ecstatic rut overcame several crews, which are now listed in *Guinness* under "Van-packing for Immoral Purposes." There was no defense against what they called "emotional

contagion"—meaning that anyone thrust into a mob of crazed, uninhibited satyrs will soon be moved to join in. As Nora Ephron wrote, "When in Sodom, commit sodomy."

That night the Feds sent in "Herman," the robot who'd taken samples at Three Mile Island. The last remote picture Herman sent before his condenser blew showed him stripping off his chest panel and trying to interface a Coke machine. Fly was not exactly Kool-Aid. You can see why even civil servants were affected.

That's when they put a four-hour limit on inspectors' forays into the Hot Zone, after which you weren't part of the solution but of the problem. As for the loudspeaker trucks urging us to "Stay indoors, don't jam phone lines, don't panic!"—this was like telling a glacier not to hurry. Travel and phone calls were the last thing on our minds. You can guess what the first thing was.

We weren't "calm," just preoccupied; we mostly stayed indoors because our beds were there. Anyone who tried to reason with those Rundians clogging the streets, lawns, benches, roofs, trees, and statues was fair game for gangbanging, often to the victim's pronounced glee. The army escorted a Masters and Johnson team in to give us physical exams, but the *worst* thing you can try to give 12,000 sex fiends is pelvics and rectals. (Some of the medics are still in therapy.)

The authorities got worried when the Kinsey crew asked for volunteers to test an antidote, and we all locked our doors and hid; and when they warned us that "unrestrained excess" could be fatal, we replied, "Nobody lives forever." If you have to go, our way sure beat old age.

It was a common government problem—how to protect people who don't *want* protecting. For most of us, if this was a calamity, then ejaculation was leukemia.

Take Emily Heath, 43, who'd never come within spitting distance of an orgasm till Billy Ruft, one of her piano students, was inspired by Fly to give her an enema as a stimulant. Now Emily grins constantly and teaches flute, and her water bills are up 70 percent. Or Tod Dempsy, who hadn't had a hard-on since the Bicentennial and now must wear canvas shorts at parties. You can understand why shots were fired when the navy chopper flew over, spraying Thorazine. As Mayor Ives said: "One man's poison is another man's meat."

Ralph Nader left in a huff when we laughed off his speech about "long-term effects" with cries of "The longer, the better!" (Frankly, I think he was sore because he was evidently the only soul immune to Fly. I'd be huffy, too.) They spiked our water supply with Seconal, but who had time to drink water?

"It's no longer a little thing," said one expert. How true—there wasn't a male in town whose thing was still little, nor a female unhappy about it.

The word got out when *we* did. No harm done—Fly wore off after 36 hours away from it—but several Rundians left town "in hot pursuit" before we were quarantined. Fly made you go looking for tail; how far was up to you. Miles Fisher drove all the way to Marin County in a raincoat and flashed at women shoppers, crying, "Y'want it all *now*?" And Lee Brock got as far as Duluth before running out of gas, pulling into a Texaco station, and making it twice with a pump nozzle. The judge just laughed and let him go when he sobbed, "But it said *Ethyl*."

Actually, the quarantine wasn't to keep us in but to keep America out. Look—we were stolid, conservative folk, with no more fantasies than a hoe, and we were in rabid heat! Imagine the possibilities for the rest of society, which needs an aphrodisiac like a duck needs a shoehorn, and which decided that Fly was no disaster, but a godsend. We were saved from engulfment by horny humanity only, thanks to the army.

Like *Newsweek* said: "Anger and fear spread across the land—anger at having missed out and fear that Fly might not strike again." We Want Fly rallies broke

out in every city big enough to have massage parlors; Joan Baez led 125,000 people in a "Fly-In" in Washington.

It gave "panic" a whole new dimension: maddened hordes of desperate, heedless people stampeding blindly *toward* the disaster. If Rundy *was* the "pervert's mecca"—then don't blame us. We didn't come 2,500 miles just to get a dose! If anybody was sick, it was the 11 million or so upstanding citizens who left their homes, families, and jobs to lay siege to Rundy. We were innocent bystanders, though it's hard to call our activities *innocent*, let alone *bystanding*. "Byhumping," maybe.

Gas stations for 200 miles were getting three dollars a gallon, and traffic on the incoming highways made Woodstock look like a pool party. We generated more charter flights than Iran's fall. The airport was closed, which didn't stop private planes from trying to land in any open space larger than an ironing board. Greyhound shut down operations after the first six bus hijackings.

The fiercest battles weren't troops versus town crashers, but Feds versus Feds over who had "jurisdiction." A good bureaucrat can turn a sudden crisis into two new departments and a 30 percent budget increase. Rundy was the Sutter's Mill of political opportunity, and everyone wanted his piece of the turf.

HEW said it was a health matter; Interior called it environmental; the FDA labeled it a drug problem; the FBI invoked national security; the CIA hinted at sabotage; Defense wanted it classified as a new weapon; and the IRS didn't care who handled it as long as they got theirs. Only the Postal Service was unmoved—no mail got through. But the carriers tried heroically.

An armada of politicians arrived to "study the situation firsthand"—though the hand was hardly the organ on their minds—until the first group of 13 congressmen was photographed in all that shaving cream with the Campfire Girls. When Senator Moynihan took an inspection tour and had to be shot with a tranquilizer dart to get him to leave, the smart pols made a run for it.

Ted Kennedy rapped Carter on television for unpreparedness, asked half the Cabinet to resign, and flew to Peking for two weeks. Jerry Brown said it validated his philosophy, but wouldn't come unless he could bring Linda. And Chevy Chase joked that they'd let Ford in only if he chewed gum constantly. Garry Wills's line was the best: "10,000 sex-crazed voters! Where's JFK when we need him?"

Carter trod carefully. After Harvard gave Cy Vance that *Earl Butz Tact Award* for his "just lie back and enjoy it" gaffe, Jimmy appointed him ambassador to Uganda, sent Ham Jordan and Jody Powell on a fact-finding tour of India, and placed Billy under house arrest. But when the media ridiculed his proposed blue-ribbon commission as more "blue-balls" or "blue-nose" and Dave Broder wrote, "It should be headed by Warren Beatty," Jimmy rashly came to Rundy as if it were Harrisburg and he was an expert. "On latent lust no doubt," sniped Bill Safire.

His error was to tour Rundy in that rubber suit—which just excited a large body of townfolk, who had it off him in ten minutes. Those Secret Service men who weren't helpless were helping. You know the outcome. But don't condemn him—if Susan Ford could marry *her* S.S. man, why not Jimmy? And hell, Rosalynn got the farm.

After the resignation, President Mondale set up that 12-man task force of federal judges over age 80; when nine of them had coronaries, he went on intravenous Valium just to be safe. (We were furious when he vetoed Jane Fonda's inspection tour, since by then there was nobody we'd rather have been inspected *by*, except perhaps the Hemingway sisters.)

The *real* disaster was Mondale's "crisis think tank"—25 savants from M.I.T., Brookings, the Mayo Clinic, etc. They couldn't agree on whether to destroy the remaining Fly, spray it over Russia, or take it home. The tapes of the meetings were political nitro, particularly *this* snatch of dialogue—no pun intended—from the last session:

M.I.T.: "The question is, can we neutralize it?"

Cal: "Ha! The question is, can we *get* some of it?"

Yale: "No shit. Whatever they're doing, it's better than sitting around jerking off, like we are."

M.I.T.: "You knew what this job involved when you took it, Sam, ha ha ha."

N.Y.U.: "Sam's right—if you can't lick 'em, join 'em."

Cal: "Christ, on *this* stuff we can lick 'em *and* join 'em, simultaneously."

A Cal Tech biologist later said, "We weren't prepared for the situation." But they were sure prepared when caught scaling the chain link fence that night.

By now we were a national joke. Paul Krassner called the name *United* Chemicals a "truth-in-advertising milestone"; and E. L. Hoxley cut his wrists after John Belushi parodied his press conference on "Saturday Night Live." But the real blade-twisters were the press. The *New York Post* headline was typical: DIS-ASS-TER! So were *Newsweek*'s A FLASH IN THE PANTS, *Time*'s UP-AND-COMING RUNDY, *People*'s MEANWHILE BACK AT THE RAUNCH, and *National Review*'s DE-FLOWERIDATION?

I used to ignore claims that television news coverage incited people to extreme behavior; but there's no *way* the Chamber of Commerce would have formed that daisy-chain around the War Memorial, chanting "The whole world is peeking!" if Roone Arledge hadn't set up two videotape units. Still, we needed about as much "encouraging" as a junkie, and we did rent a wall-size television screen to watch ourselves later on "Wide World of Sports"—which broke new ground in instant replays.

Also, where the in-town time limit for officials was four hours, for journalists it was just two. The sight of a reporter in heat isn't pretty, believe me. "Children in the evacuation center obliviously played ring-around-the-rosy on the floor," *Time* reported, unaware that their field team was luridly doing the same on the Rundy High auditorium stage. And God knows *how* Hunter Thompson got through the police lines, or where he got that ambulance, or what was in all those suppositories; but I wish him a good life in Brazil.

Even Cronkite condemned "so-called professionals who blur the vital line between investigative reporting and aggravated assault." I don't know if he meant the five paternity suits filed against the "60 Minutes" film unit or was just vexed that CBS wouldn't let him near Rundy for fear of his heart. It was like Watergate—everybody looking for a Deep Throat.

It's now being widely branded a *media event*. But Tom Wolfe, Liz Smith, Mike Royko, George Will, Pete Axthelm, Howard Cosell, Phil Donohue, Pete Hamill, and Tom Snyder all hotly deny this, and they were here for weeks, so should know. Then again, Home Box Office did charter a 727 to LaGuardia, and *New West* did try to tunnel under the electrified fence, and *Rolling Stone* did send 145 staffers and a tank car of nitrous oxide.

In all fairness, though, how *do* you cover a cross between Harrisburg and Plato's Retreat—with the AP or the Mitchell Brothers? Even the press got edgy when Tom Brokaw disappeared in mid-tour. Fred Silverman sagely locked Jessica Savitch in NBC's New York studios, and I understand that Barbara Walters resigned briefly when ABC held her in L.A. Jimmy Breslin, after three one-hour tours, couldn't write English for weeks.

The result: *we* took tons of flak! Screw the *New York Times*—an "affront to human decency" lies in the eye of the beholder! We weren't saints, but we deserved better than David Brinkley's

"Three-Way Island" gags, etc. If our behavior was so sordid and perverse, then why, in 14 days of total license, was there not one case of brutality, forcible assault, child molestation, or even a clear-cut rape?

(Despite NOW's "chauvinist plot" charge, if you go by the rule that a "victim" must *complain*, we were more like a Sandstone for Presbyterians, with "rapists" equally divided by sex. The girls' DeMolay went around in a *pack* and put several boys in traction from religious zeal. Even *Ms.* allowed that we "achieved a level of sexual equality which makes the ERA read like the Lord's Prayer.")

Then there were the "farming community" slurs. I admit we weren't overly picky when the urge hit us around livestock. And the Kiwanians' panty raid on Roy Plank's hen house, chanting, "If an egg can get out, we can get in!" didn't help; or Reverend Dwyer's defending himself on that sheep controversy by saying, "If God didn't want them used that way, He wouldn't have built them waist-high." But we weren't in *control*, and resent low blows like Carson calling our City Hall "Animal House," etc.

This is what sent religious leaders nationwide into moral frenzies of righteous denunciation. But most kept their distance—until Billy Graham showed up. In my opinion, he really *did* intend to pray for our "relief from temptation" and simply had no idea what he was dealing with. Either way, I think deportation was an extreme reaction. Actually, it was the five nuns who held *him* down, not vice versa. In any case, once the films hit television, we were neck-high in holy men, many of whom had to be physically restrained from purifying us by the laying on of hands. Love thy neighbor, indeed.

The media had cleverly shortened "particles per million" of airborne Fly to "milli*reams*"—a twist on millirems. And the news leaked that the level just outside town was up to 120 millireams—roughly equal to five dry martinis—and rising toward Rundy's own 400 mark, more like a quart of tequila, a shot glass of cocaine, and a tank of amyl nitrite.

This raised the specter of what was called the "Club Med Syndrome"—a spread of Fly to major cities. The Feds admitted that if it got into the water, it could turn Long Island Sound into Satan's hot tub. Overnight, you could walk across the Sound on dinghies, rafts, houseboats, you name it. There hadn't been so many baptisms since Galilee.

Then they found a "bubble" of Fly in a pressure tank, which a Big Bang II could drape over New England. Evacuation was impossible; you couldn't get out through the mobs swarming *in*. "We must prevent a full-blown catastrophe," punned the government. "Mind your own business," snarled the legions that filled a 20-mile radius. Warnings that another explosion might blow Fly to Manhattan or Boston horrified city fathers but had the citizens gurgling with hope. Experts said the result would not be a meltdown, but a sort of *get*down—sexual anarchy. The main reaction was that United rose $26.70 on the Dow Jones.

You can't blame Revlon for offering $9 million for the rights to something that creates stop-and-go traffic from Hartford to Moline. Avon later came around, trying to hire us to do television commercials for a new cologne, SuperFly, wherein we'd get sprayed with it and tear off our clothes, yelling, "It reminds me of *home*." Chanel was offering $25 an ounce just for our *blood*; they planned to mix it with toilet water and call it HotBlood. I thought it was a catchy idea, and we could have used the dough for medical and repair bills, but the FTC shit fishhooks and vowed to drive any cosmetic firm exploiting our situation into the fertilizer business.

Alas, on September 29, two weeks after it catalyzed to life, Fly suddenly went inert of its own accord. Like all sexual fantasies, it finally lost its kick. Just as well—most of us were malnourished, hallucinating, or near heatstroke. But within 36 hours it was largely over, leaving us with some unique and powerful memories, injuries—and enlightenments.

> Before the catastrophe our town was as obstinately moral as the New Testament—station wagon country, lawn mower land. We thought "S&M" sold frozen corn.

To wit: Rundy was as obstinately moral as the New Testament—station wagon country, lawn mower land. We thought "S&M" sold frozen corn. But when the chips were down, so were our pants, for two reasons: (1) arguments against total sexual abandon are like those against heroin use—utterly irrelevant to anyone engaged in it; and (2) "morality" is just a euphemism for public opinion, and most of our noses are kept clean by *social pressure*, not ethics. But how can your behavior be out of line—let alone obscene—when *everybody*'s doing it? For 14 days our public opinion was *"More!"* and our idea of "social pressure" involved full penetration.

In short: give us a break! If it could overwhelm us, it could overwhelm Justice Burger, the Pope, Anita Bryant . . . *you*! Even United's PR man admitted that it could have hit anyone, anywhere, the same way—which got him a boxcar of mail from governors, mayors, councilmen, and other civic pillars nationwide, inviting United to build in their area. Look at the effect on people who never got *near* Rundy: dozens of Legalize Fly movements with millions of members and slogans like "It Can Happen *Here* . . . With Luck!" Oh, I doubt that the Bearded Clam Alliance's campaign to establish Fly factories countrywide will get anywhere, but nothing ventured . . .

Experts predicted that Fly's traumatic aftereffects—disorientation, postorgasm ennui, social stigma—would make Rundy a ghost town. Sure, and the Mets would win the pennant. Look at the record:

Contaminated-waste disposal was no problem after all—so many locales volunteered burial sites that we *auctioned* it off. (It figured that California would be high bidder, which the press rightly called "coals to Newhustle.") And United swore the plant was clean when they sold it for conversion into a hotel, but don't waste your time telling that to the sexual pilgrims who fill the Rundy Hilton's 1,200 rooms at $250 a night.

Our waiting list for conventions includes almost everybody from the AMA to the JayCees and actually grows faster than we can even build motels. And although any contamination of the local dairies is long dissipated, people keep coming from around the globe in order to buy milk at $15 a quart. A drove of sexual-rejuvenation clinics is now making ransoms running Fly-Bath spas on the Long Island Sound.

It hasn't all been rosy, of course. Physical-rehabilitation therapists are still here, getting rich off us. And Fly proved that one can, indeed, fuck oneself to death, no matter how hard United contests the lawsuits. They may have a valid case that Al Heff was on borrowed time anyway, wearing a Timex pacemaker. (I know that when Timex learned Al had a coronary while getting head, they killed the motto "Takes a Licking and Keeps on Ticking.") But with Sam Frye, who burst an artery during climax, or Sue Wayne, who died of oral asphyxiation, or Doc Shibe, who broke his neck, there's no doubt about culpability. And their defense based on "dying happy" won't cut it.

Anyway, it's past. Instead of genital burns, slipped discs, and heat prostration, we're back to such tame concerns as mortgages, gas lines, the orthodontist, and smog. We're told this is an improvement—by persons who didn't go through it.

So: plague or blessing? To tell the truth, we Rundians like, trust, and understand each other a hell of a lot more now that we all know who, and what, we're really dealing with. To paraphrase Dylan: When you've gone naked, you've got nothing to hide.

If that's a "tragedy," it should happen to you.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU A GAMBLER?

WHAT HAVE YOU REALLY GOT TO LOSE?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-five questions to tell if you rely on pluck or luck

PSYCHOGRAPH

Some men climb mountains because they're there; other guys are afraid to get out of bed in the morning. Some spend their lives taking on ever more extravagant challenges while others plod along on the treadmill, wondering whose ass they're going to have to kiss today.

It all has to do with risk. The prospect of taking a chance, of making an important decision, excites some men and scares the shit out of others. Both types may view life as a tightrope without a net, but the former group relishes its balancing act while the latter feels nothing but dread.

We all have different risk-taking styles. We may take chances in one part of our lives but will be conservative in another area. A deep-sea diver, one of the world's riskiest professions, may, when he gets into his car to drive home, poke along like a little old lady. On the other hand, a *grand prix* race driver may get seasick when he steps into a bathtub. Different people also take different types of risks. One man may take only calculated risks over which he feels he has some control; another may plunge into chancy situations where the outcome is unpredictable but the payoff (or loss) is enormous; and a third may go through life avoiding risks whenever possible, seeking instead a predictable, secure day-to-day existence.

This quiz is set up to give you an idea of how radical a risk taker you are. Is it the excitement of the unknown or the comfort of security that makes you happy? Do you take a moderate, rational middle road when you're faced with a risky situation?

If you answer the questions honestly, you may arrive at some insights that could come in handy when you're faced with crucial decisions: should I quit this job? Should I marry that woman? Should I move to this city? Should I take this quiz?

1. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "Ideally, I would like my job to be something so uniquely suited to my talents that no one else could do it as well"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

2. Would you say you're stubborn?
   (a) yes, very much so
   (b) no more than most people
   (c) no, I'll usually give in when somebody wants something

3. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "We have too much big government these days. There's too much coddling of people who don't deserve it"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

4. Should people be promoted primarily on the basis of (a) seniority or (b) ability?

5. If you were going to bed with a woman for purely recreational sex, would you refrain from climbing into the sack until you were sure that at least one of you had taken contraceptive precautions?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

6. If you were to lose your job today, do you think it would be (a) very difficult, (b) quite difficult, (c) moderately difficult, (d) not difficult at all to find another one?

7. If you're driving a car and a traffic light turns yellow as you're approaching an intersection, are you more likely to
   (a) slam on your brakes so you'll stop before the light turns red
   (b) speed up and run the light just as it changes to red

8. Which of the following statements comes closest to your attitude?
   (a) I follow my hunches most of the time
   (b) I'll act on a hunch only when I feel my background, knowledge, and expertise form a firm base for my intuition; I won't follow a hunch in areas I know nothing about
   (c) hunches are bullshit; it's stupid to act on impulse like that

9. Which of these statements best describes your serious, long-term relationships with women?
   (a) any serious relationship that I have with a woman usually runs on a fairly even but an emotional keel
   (b) no matter how serious I am about a woman, our relationship is filled with fights, reconciliations, and separations
   (c) I shy away from serious relationships with women. The commitment causes more trouble than it's worth

10. If you could choose any job, would you prefer to work
    (a) in a civil-service, government position
    (b) for a large corporation
    (c) for a small company
    (d) for yourself

11. If the pay was equal, would you choose
    (a) a relatively dull job with an organization that provided good benefits (vacation, pension, medical plans, etc.)
    (b) an interesting and exciting job in an organization that provided poor benefits

12. When you want something from another person, are you more likely to phrase your desire
    (a) as a wish or an indirect statement ("I wish you'd give me a call," "It would be nice if I got more money for this job")
    (b) as a direct question or straightforward statement ("Will you give me a call?" "I should get more money for this job. How about a raise?")

13. Would you say your decisions are usually right?
    (a) yes
    (b) most of the time but not always
    (c) sometimes
    (d) just about never

14. If you were in college and were forced to choose between majoring in liberal arts or in science, which would you select?
    (a) liberal arts
    (b) science

15. Would you say the job you do is crucial to the organization you work for?
    (a) yes, very much so
    (b) they could get along without me, but they wouldn't find it all that easy to replace me
    (c) I'm sure they could get along without me
    (d) no, not at all

16. Looking at yourself as a player in the great game of life, would you classify yourself more as
    (a) a winner
    (b) a loser

17. Do you have trouble resisting a dare?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

18. Do you think solutions to most problems can be found by studying similar situations in the past?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

19. Do you worry about what other people think of you?
    (a) yes, very much
    (b) quite a bit
    (c) not much
    (d) not at all

20. When you're a pedestrian in a busy city, do you usually
    (a) jaywalk and cross against the traffic lights
    (b) cross at crosswalks when the traffic light says it's okay

21. Would you rather have
    (a) a job where you're the final authority on your work
    (b) a job where there's a supervisor who will check your work and catch any mistakes

22. Would you rather work for a boss
    (a) who gave you general instructions about what he wanted and then left you alone to work out the best approach
    (b) who gave you highly detailed, step-by-step instructions so that all you would have to do is follow them

23. Would you say you're at least a moderately religious person?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

24. In our private lives, in school and at work, we have to deal with all types of situations. Which of the following most appeals to you?
    (a) situations where I can be sure that my abilities will enable me to perform well
    (b) situations where I feel as if my abilities are pushed to their limits
    (c) situations where I have relatively little chance of success but if I do pull it off, it will give me large monetary rewards or boost my standing in the eyes of other people

25. Are you more likely to (a) agree or (b) disagree with this statement: "Rules should be followed, even if their purpose isn't clear"?

SCORING

Each possible answer on this psychograph has been assigned a point value as follows:

1. (a) 4, (b) 1
2. (a) 5, (b) 3, (c) 1
3. (a) 4, (b) 1
4. (a) 1, (b) 5
5. (a) 1, (b) 4
6. (a) 1, (b) 2, (c) 4, (d) 5
7. (a) 1, (b) 5
8. (a) 5, (b) 3, (c) 1
9. (a) 2, (b) 5, (c) 1
10. (a) 1, (b) 2, (c) 3, (d) 5
11. (a) 1, (b) 4
12. (a) 1, (b) 5
13. (a) 4, (b) 3, (c) 2, (d) 1
14. (a) 4, (b) 2
15. (a) 4, (b) 3, (c) 2, (d) 1
16. (a) 5, (b) 1
17. (a) 5, (b) 2
18. (a) 1, (b) 4
19. (a) 1, (b) 2, (c) 4, (d) 5
20. (a) 4, (b) 1
21. (a) 4, (b) 1
22. (a) 4, (b) 1
23. (a) 2, (b) 3
24. (a) 1, (b) 3, (c) 5
25. (a) 1, (b) 5

To calculate your score, add up the points of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 112; the lowest is 25.

If you scored 91–112 points:

You are a risk junkie. Without the continual stimulation of chance taking, you'd find life boring. You approach risky situations with an enthusiastic ferocity that would make the Charge of the Light Brigade look like a Sunday outing. Men with this characteristic tend to be the great successes or the abject failures of our society. You are likely to be highly extroverted, with a consuming interest in new things, new people, new places. You are hypnotized by the big payoff; yet in reality the payoff isn't so important to you as the thrill of the challenge. It's men like you who can break the bank at Monte Carlo one day and end up having to hock their jockey shorts the next. Taking a risk, not winning, is the important thing.

At work you probably feel that you are highly valuable to your organization, but fellow workers may view you as expendable. You may be an innovator, but unless you have a constant flow of creative ideas to back you up, you may be seen as just a loudmouth. Your compulsive risk taking may be a way of hiding the fact that you feel anxious and insecure. We could advise you to watch out, but you probably wouldn't heed our caution; so the best we can do is wish you good luck.

69–90 points:

Men in this category take risks, but they are calculated ones. You view life as a poker game (over which one has some control) rather than as a round of Russian roulette. Men in this category—especially those who scored between 69 and 80 points—tend to have a high need for achievement. They are likely to be successful, respected men: corporate executives, statesmen, university administrators. Men in this group invariably seek moderate risks and choose tasks of moderate difficulty. They want life to be hard enough that conquering it gives a strong sense of satisfaction to them, but they do not want it to be so difficult that it continually defeats them.

47–68 points:

You're not the most daring man in the world, but you're likely to be the backbone of most organizations and businesses. Men like you tend to function effectively as planners, organizers, expediters, and teachers. You enjoy working with ideas (either your own or others'), but you are reluctant to go out on a limb and push for creative change. You can usually be depended upon to carry out any tasks you take on. If you scored in the upper half of this category, you are likely to have a relatively high need for achievement. In that case you probably share many characteristics with those men described in the category above and will probably be successful in whatever you choose to do.

25–46 points:

You probably haven't climbed Mount Everest lately. To an outsider your cautious approach to life may look like unrelieved boredom. Yet your conscientious avoidance of risks may make you one of the most contented guys around. You're not looking to conquer the world; you just want a sane, orderly life free of pressure. Men like you often find their greatest satisfactions outside work. They put in their eight hours and then leave the job and its troubles behind to go off fishing. It can be a secure, rewarding way to live.

On the other hand, if you are afraid of taking *any* risks in life, it may be making you miserable. Men at the bottom of this category often exhibit the same sense of insecurity and inadequacy as do men at the top of the risk-taking scale. You cover this up by running from any situation in which you may have to prove yourself, while the guy at the other end of the scale grabs at every risk that comes his way in the hope that it will make him feel like a big man. If you want to become more comfortable in the face of risky situations, you might join up with an organization whose purposes interest you. The reason is simple: people in groups take more risks than people acting alone. (Psychologists call this "the risky shift phenomenon." In any group the highest risk takers are also the most intransigent. They carry along the more malleable, less risk-prone members. If you join a group that shares your interests (hiking, sports, etc.), you'll probably end up doing things you wouldn't on your own. It may build your confidence, and that's what you need. O

The tests appearing in the August 1979 Psychogram were based on developments by John Ray, currently a lecturer in sociology in New South Wales, which were also published in *Human Relations*, Volume 29, No. 4, 1976. Ray has led in devising scales that take into account the divergence between attitudes and behavior.

"You know what's comforting about retirement?
Knowing there are 328 spots in the world where a man can seek political asylum."

How to select a sound system for your car, boat or plane. Audiovox candidly reveals what you should look for, listen to and beware of.

By Robert Harris, Technical Director

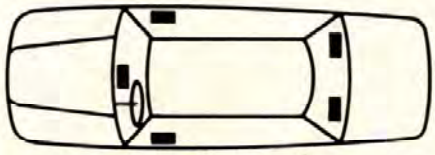
You are confronted by everything from $50 AM radios to $1,000 high fidelity systems. Where should you shop? How much do you really need to spend? Read on as Audiovox throws some light on the subject.

Audiovox aims to provide American motorists with a level of sound reproduction previously attained only in the home - through a range of more than 139 systems and components.

Where to buy.

Manufacturers with a limited range of products need to sell *all* of their products to *all* types of stores.

Audiovox, on the other hand, markets 3 totally *different* product groups. The regular group – providing superior sound reproduction at a reasonable price and available through conventional retailers, chain stores, and catalogs; the S.P.S. (Special Performance Series) featuring original equipment styling and features – available only from new car dealers; and the Hi-Comp group – a complete line of "state of the art" components, available through car stereo specialists.



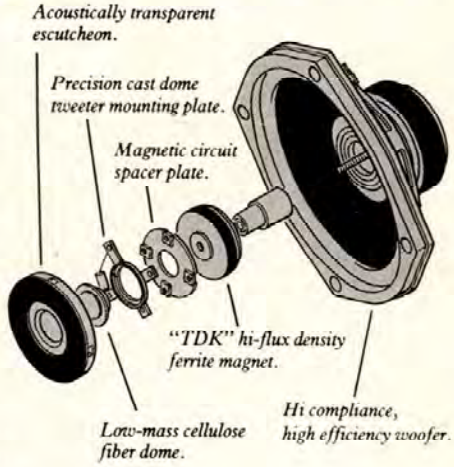
How much good sound should cost these days.

You can pick up a basic AM radio for about $50. The average cassette or cartridge player with built-in AM/FM radio and two good speakers will cost about $150. And if you want to shoot the works, Audiovox builds an electronically-tuned receiver/cassette player with auto-reverse, the HC65 speaker system, a 60-watts-per-channel amplifier, plus Dolby®, CrO_2 switch, parametric equalizer, etc. for around $950. (Installation charges excluded.)

Speakers – Facts you should know.

As with home hi-fi, speakers are the most important component of a mobile sound system.

The key issue is *compatibility*. With power out-puts of 60 watts per channel and up, an inappropriate set of speakers will blow out. If you play your Audiovox receiver/amplifier through power-matched Audiovox speakers, the performance of the system will be optimized to the fullest.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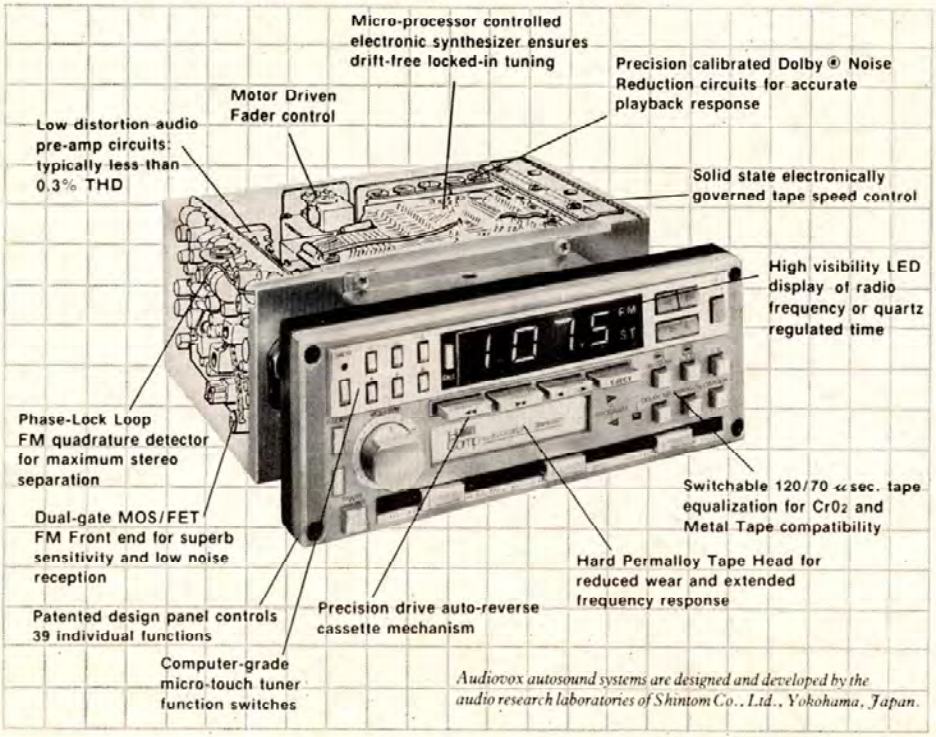
The Audio Dome™ 6" x 9" speaker system.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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 181

Penthouse: How long could they put you in isolation?

Kuznetsov: In the isolator, 15 days, though there is still another punishment—solitary confinement, which can be up to a year. But it is easier. In solitary confinement the prisoner gets bedding and a daily walk of 30 minutes in a special yard, all alone.

Penthouse: Neither sounds pleasant.

Kuznetsov: One may be left alone only when in isolation. Many people are so depressed by the overcrowded cell that they act against the regulations in order to get into isolation.

Penthouse: Back to the daily routine. You spend the morning polishing chandeliers for party officials. Do you break for lunch?

Kuznetsov: Yes. This meal consisted of cabbage soup—rotten and frozen cabbage boiled in water—and usually also porridge for the second dish. We got 20 grams of sugar a day, 20 grams of meat—that's about three-quarters of an ounce of each—and 45 grams of fish, less than two ounces. The only thing that kept us going was bread—600 grams a day, about a pound. If you worked well, they would give you an additional 100 grams. When the bread happened to be good, we did not go hungry, but in most cases it was as sticky as clay or putty. In '76 we stuck the bread on the walls and shouted, "Give us bread!" They put us into isolators for it.

Penthouse: Until what time did you work?

Kuznetsov: About five o'clock. Then they led us into the living zone, back to our cages. After supper they'd force us to attend political lessons. Every day one hour.

Penthouse: Political lessons?

Kuznetsov: The camp is divided into units of 60 to 80 prisoners. Each unit has a commander—a guard officer who gives political-education lectures.

Penthouse: If he gives a one-hour lesson at each evening, what does he do the rest of the day?

Kuznetsov: Nothing. The job of a unit commander is a sinecure. They get much money and have little to do. A reward for past service.

Penthouse: What does he tell you?

Kuznetsov: Usually, he just reads newspapers aloud.

Penthouse: You mean, each day he finds some particularly educational story——

Kuznetsov: No, no, he may read whatever he likes. For instance: the recent decision of the Party Congress on raising the level of agriculture. It's just a show.

Penthouse: He doesn't try to turn you into good Soviet citizens?

Kuznetsov: No, he makes no effort. Formally, they require you to ask questions, but the commander does not like it very much, because he also wants to get done with the whole thing as soon as possible.

Penthouse: What happened after the lessons?

Kuznetsov: From seven till lights-out is your private time, when you can write a letter, arrange your clothes, read a book. We are forbidden to receive books or magazines from abroad, even books published in the socialist countries like Poland. We may order only Soviet books, from a special system with a very bad selection. The book post never sends fiction or artistic books. They send us political books, scientific publications, and the like, and that is all. Because art, you see, is individualism. All the evils begin with art.

Penthouse: How did you pay for books?

Kuznetsov: We were paid for our work about 50 rubles a month. A ruble is worth approximately one half-dollar, but it will buy more. Out of this we must pay for the wages of the guards, meals, heat, electricity, clothing, and laundry. On the average, after all the deductions, there remain for the prisoner eight to twelve rubles a month. Out of this he may spend four rubles a month on extra food, soap, toothpaste, tobacco, writing materials, and books.

Penthouse: And after lights-out?

Kuznetsov: It was very difficult to fall asleep. The barracks were overcrowded. There were many people, all the working

clothes, the shoes, the foot wrappings. The air is heavy. There are people ridden by nightmares and the ravings of the insane.

Penthouse: Did you ever try to escape?

Kuznetsov: In 1963 I was invited to participate in a group escape. It happened to be that the man who organized the escape did not arouse my confidence. At that time, he had already been imprisoned for 15 years. He had behind him several attempts of escape. In those years it was a little easier. After the war there was general disorder, and it was easier to get lost. Later it was much more difficult.

He enlisted for the attempt younger, inexperienced prisoners. A large group ran away. They dispersed, and the squad followed them. The leader, in the meantime, hid and waited until he could get away. He just wanted to find a way out for himself. There was a terrible frost, 40 degrees below. It was madness. I refused to join, and I was right, for all of them were soon caught. All of them got an additional term of three years. One of them was released after ten years of imprisonment and lives now in America.

There was only one initially successful attempt, in '66. Two Ukrainians escaped. They were at liberty for three months, and then they were caught. One of them got an extra term of three years. The other was shot. He had already tried to escape five or six times, and they got fed up with it. So they dug up from his file an old case from the forties, a fictitious case, and they tried him and shot him. His name was Oleynik.

No, I came to the conclusion that it was better for me to stay and to serve my term to the end rather than to hide in various places at a high risk of being caught and shot. Generally speaking, it is impossible to escape from a Soviet camp.

Penthouse: Your first sentence was seven years. Did you serve the entire sentence?

Kuznetsov: From bell to bell.

Penthouse: What happened after your release?

Kuznetsov: If a man has not been broken during his term, there begins for him a difficult period of life, not less difficult than in the camp. They did not allow me to live in Moscow, where my old mother was settled. They imposed on me the so-called administrative supervision. I had to work in a small town called Strunino, about 100 kilometers from Moscow, and from 9:00 P.M. until 6:00 A.M. I was not allowed to leave my home.

Penthouse: Why Strunino?

Kuznetsov: Because it was the nearest place to Moscow where I was allowed to settle.

Penthouse: What sort of living accommodations did you have there?

Kuznetsov: I rented a place in a peasant's cottage. There was one room and a kitchen. There live all the generations: the grandfather, the grandmother, the young couple, the children—they multiply and die there, all in one room. I lived in the same room, in a corner.

Penthouse: How did they feel about living in the same room with an enemy of the state?

Kuznetsov: They were poor and needed the 15 rubles a month that I paid them. I got along very well with them. When the KGB enlisted one of their sons to spy on me, I reenlisted him for myself.

Penthouse: Did the KGB pay him to spy on you?

Kuznetsov: They very seldom pay nowadays. People cooperate for a one-time gift, for various privileges, for a better arrangement at work, for acceptance at an institute of higher studies. He and his friends got drunk, stole a car, and ran over a man. He was going to be tried, but the KGB saved him—on the condition that he work for them.

Penthouse: How did you find him out?

Kuznetsov: As soon as I settled at the cottage, I immediately figured out whom the KGB might enlist and I became his friend.

Penthouse: What was he supposed to do for them?

Kuznetsov: They wanted to know who came to me and where I went. They wanted him to steal photographs of my friends and to get a sample of writing off

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

PENTHOUSE Fashion Finder

For "where to buy" information on fashions shown on pages 182–185, contact these manufacturers and stores.

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the typewriter that I was using.

Penthouse: Were you able to get a job?

Kuznetsov: In the Soviet Union anyone who doesn't have a job goes to prison. I had to work at a specified place—a textile plant. I loaded trucks. I wanted to work as a fuel carrier for the furnace, but they did not permit it. It was a small unit of workers, and I, as a dangerous person, could exercise a subversive influence on them.

Penthouse: How long did you have to stay in Strunino?

Kuznetsov: One year.

Penthouse: Was it during this period that you became active in underground Zionist activities?

Kuznetsov: Once or twice a month I was able to obtain permission from the Strunino police to visit my mother in Moscow. During these trips I met with my old friends in the democratic movement and made contact with Zionist circles. But I first became an active Zionist in the camp in 1965. My father was Jewish, you see, but my mother was not. My father died when I was two years old; so I learned nothing of Jewish religion or culture. I became acquainted with Jews only in the camp.

Penthouse: Your mother is not Jewish. So, under Jewish law, you are not a Jew.

Kuznetsov: I made a decision to be a Jew. A few months before the end of my first term, I applied to the prison authorities to be registered as a Jew in the documents I would receive upon leaving. They refused. Afterwards I asked the police to change my nationality. They declined. Now I am studying with a rabbi and will formally be converted to Judaism.

Penthouse: What attracted you to Zionism?

Kuznetsov: I was disappointed with the general liberation movement. I came to understand that Russia is a country destined by its history and its fate for severe totalitarian regimes, whether that of Ivan the Terrible or of Brezhnev. Democracy and Russia cannot be combined. There are no forces in Russia able to bring about democratization. The Soviet system is a religion in which the state is God. A handful of intellectual oppositionists cannot alter it. Zionism appeared to me as the only answer. The sole solution was to leave the Soviet Union. As a Jew I was fortunate: I could go to Israel.

Penthouse: What was the goal of your movement?

Kuznetsov: Our basic aim was to open the borders for a broad emigration for everybody. We Jews would be the wedge that would open the door to the others. We studied the language and the history of Israel and worked out plans to unmask the hypocrisy of Soviet emigration policy. We submitted official applications for permission to emigrate. They were denied, usually on the grounds that one did not have the required reference from his employer. The employers refused to give references without a written request from the government. The government refused to make such written requests because they said that getting the references was our problem.

Penthouse: How did the authorities respond to your activities?

Kuznetsov: They persecuted the group by all possible means. They carried out searches, confiscated our textbooks, frightened the teachers of Hebrew, dismissed people from work, invented criminal charges, egged on hostile neighbors.

Penthouse: Where did you go after you left Strunino?

Kuznetsov: I worked as a statistician at a psychiatric hospital in Riga, Latvia.

Penthouse: What made you decide to take the airplane?

Kuznetsov: I felt that the tendency of the Soviet regime was to open the gates of emigration a bit. But it was necessary to carry out a drastic act of self-sacrifice, with much publicity, to serve as an impulse for this tendency. In Riga there was a large group of persons who had demanded emigration permits many times. They felt that at any moment they could be arrested for nothing. They were ready to carry out an extreme action, so that if they went to prison, at least it would be for something.

Penthouse: Did you think that you had a real chance of escaping?

Kuznetsov: No. All Russia is entangled in a network of espionage—the more people, the more risk. If you do something in the Soviet Union and want to get away with it, you should do it by yourself. But we had to involve a large group of people, because that was the only way to give a knock to the Soviet system.

Penthouse: How far did you get?

Kuznetsov: We were arrested as we were entering the plane. They had eavesdropped on us, spied on us, followed us. They knew everything.

Penthouse: Where did they take you?

Kuznetsov: Into the prison of the Leningrad KGB. They held us there incommunicado for six months, interrogating us every day.

Penthouse: What was the charge?

Kuznetsov: Treason, anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda, and Article 93 of the criminal code: "Misappropriation of state or public property of especially large dimensions," to wit, one airplane.

Penthouse: You were tried again——

Kuznetsov: Another comedy.

Penthouse: And you were sentenced to be shot. But evidently they didn't shoot you.

Kuznetsov: I was under the sentence of death for less time than anybody in the history of Soviet jurisprudence—just seven days, because there was raised all over the world such a noise that they had to call a special session of the Supreme Court to change the verdict. I was sentenced to 15 years at hard labor.

Penthouse: Where were you sent?

Kuznetsov: Back to Mordovia, but to a different camp.

Penthouse: How would you compare the

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severity of this camp to the one where you served your first term?

Kuznetsov: It was a "special regime" camp, much worse than the first. We lived in locked-up cells. According to the law, there should be not less than two and not more than ten men in a cell. There are never less but very often more. At different periods there were various numbers of men in a cell. At first there were 15 men in a cell. Recently, there were only five.

Penthouse: How big was the cell?

Kuznetsov: 3 meters by 5 meters—about 9 by 15 feet.

Penthouse: What kind of work did you do during your second term?

Kuznetsov: The same work as during my first term—polishing glass for candelabras. Glass for high-living people.

Penthouse: How were you treated by the prison administration?

Kuznetsov: During the first years, very harshly. There are many pretexts to persecute a prisoner. They may "drive you into a corner" for any trivial detail: you are not properly dressed, you are unshaved, you have not had your haircut in time. There are very vast opportunities.

Penthouse: Were you ever beaten by the guards?

Kuznetsov: They never dared to lay a hand on me, though there were very often threats made and many were beaten. For instance, on the seventeenth of January 1979 the priest Romaniuk finished his seven-year term. On the sixteenth of January, just on the eve of his release, they took away from him all his religious manuscripts. He started to shout at them, calling them good for nothing. They thrashed him soundly. The men who witnessed the case entered a complaint, but it was not transmitted to the superiors, because according to Soviet law a citizen may not complain about matters that do not concern him personally.

Penthouse: How did the guards handle you?

Kuznetsov: The most common form of punishment is starvation. They restrict your already meager diet. Then there were the handcuffs. They used to put handcuffs on me very often during the first two or three years.

Penthouse: Why did they put them on? Because you were physically violent?

Kuznetsov: No, they put them on for any reason—for refusal to report to a summons from the camp commander, for refusal to have one's hair cut. For example, the political prisoner Fedorov, my friend, saw a photograph of an American prisoner in a Soviet camp with his hair on. So he said, "I also shall not have my hair cut." Three sturdy wardens fell upon him and showed him the practical difference between an American citizen and a Soviet citizen. They thrashed him soundly, they plucked out clumps of his hair, and they cut his hair with a rusty razor. Fedorov complained to the administration, and on went the handcuffs. They always put them on very tight, so that the bones are squeezed at the slightest movement. It is very painful.

Penthouse: Was there ever trouble between the criminals and the political prisoners?

Kuznetsov: There were bitter conflicts between the two groups. The criminals were often used by the administration to annihilate the politicals. They armed them with knives and abetted them. You could end up with your bowels slit open or a wire shoved up your penis. In 1976 we waged a very cruel war against the criminals. The result was that they were expelled from our camp and transferred to another camp.

Penthouse: Were there other changes during these nine years?

Kuznetsov: During the last five years the administration did not touch me. I acquired a status among the prisoners such that I could proclaim a hunger strike at any moment, and the administration preferred not to create a "situation." I was able to choose my cell mates. I selected for my cell men with whom I could live peacefully and—most important—study, read, and write.

> Many of my friends who tried to escape were caught and shot. It is impossible to escape from a Soviet camp.

Penthouse: Did your release come as a complete surprise?

Kuznetsov: For the last two years, I sensed that something was going to happen. I learned during my visits with relatives and friends that demonstrations were taking place on my behalf abroad, inquiries being made at the government level. Sometimes news reached me through the workers of the administration, for they are also human, and they babble. I could deduce it from a shift in the attitude of the administration toward me. But in order to survive I did not admit hope into my emotions, because disappointment could cause a psychological crisis—it could kill a man. Just as, when reading books, I skipped over passages describing good food and sexual relations, so now I locked up my heart before hope.

Penthouse: How did the prison administration's attitude toward you change?

Kuznetsov: They began to treat me as a man who might soon be released and tell the world what I am telling you now. If a man is personally hurt, he is more bitter than one who sees others being hurt. So they looked at my behavior "through the fingers," as we say. The conditions of life were not better, but while generally they badgered at any opportunity, in my case they let me alone. For example, they knew that 90 percent of all the underground letters written and sent outside in our camp were written and sent out by me. I was generally very cautious, but in one case some of my papers fell into their hands. For such a thing a decade before, one would have gotten an additional term of ten years, but in my case they just overlooked it.

Penthouse: How did they get hold of your papers?

Kuznetsov: I gave these papers to my friend Alexander Ginzburg, who was in our camp, to acquaint him with their contents. But he incautiously revealed it, and they took everything from him. They searched people of our kind with special care. One had to be very cautious not to fall into their trap.

Penthouse: What was the first indication you had that you really were going to be released?

Kuznetsov: Two months ago they transferred me to another camp, and there they let me get parcels and fed me well, so that I might look like a man. When I arrived, I could hardly stand on my feet. I asked for bread, to eat my fill. I gained there seven kilograms—about 15 pounds. Then they sent me to the KGB prison in Saransk, where I was kept for 12 days. After that I was taken to the Lefortovo KGB prison in Moscow. I knew that something was up. Usually, the KGB keep their detainees for two months—for brainwashing and enlistment of collaborators.

Penthouse: Did they give you any idea of what your final destination would be?

Kuznetsov: The last word with which the local camp commander saw me off was, "Keep quiet as much as possible and remember that the enemies of the Soviet Union sometimes die in the West." He said this when I was leaving the camp, just at the gate. I asked him where I was going, but he would not tell. By such expressions I guessed that I was going to be released. But it still seemed like an illusion to me.

Penthouse: When they came for you—days ago—what possessions did you have?

Kuznetsov: A suitcase and four sacks of books.

Penthouse: Did they give you anything?

Kuznetsov: They gave me a suit, but they took away all my notebooks. There were 4,000 pages of thoughts, reflections, memories. I wrote them in such a way that there were no reasons to confiscate them, and yet they took away all of them from me.

Penthouse: Did they normally let prisoners take notebooks out when they were released?

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Kuznetsov: No. But judging from their change of attitude, I thought that if I stayed in prison until the end of my term, I might be able to take out my manuscripts. I intended to proclaim a prolonged hunger strike to achieve their permission. I hoped there was a chance.

Penthouse: Had you ever gone on a hunger strike?

Kuznetsov: Oh yes. For example, in December '77 and January '78 I was on a hunger strike for 40 days. On the thirty-first day of the strike, they fed me artificially by force. They fed me twice more, on the thirty-fifth and the thirty-eighth day.

Penthouse: And yet you were able to smuggle out some of the cigarette box-liner manuscripts you showed me?

Kuznetsov: An experienced prisoner is capable of incredible feats. When I was being released, they undressed me so that I was entirely naked. They checked my mouth, my ears—every orifice—and yet I succeeded in taking out some stories.

Penthouse: How did you do it?

Kuznetsov: I may register it as my patent. I'm afraid it can't be published, because I taught the trick to others, and they are still using it.

Penthouse: What did your fellow prisoners say when they learned that you were going to be freed?

Kuznetsov: They still do not know that I have been released. One of them will have a meeting with his family in June. Then he will know.

Penthouse: Who took you away from Lefortovo?

Kuznetsov: Two KGB men in civilian clothes.

Penthouse: Did they say where you were going?

Kuznetsov: They told me that as a state criminal, I had been deprived of Soviet citizenship and that I had to leave the country within two hours. But they did not tell me where we were going. They put me into a car, brought me to the airport. We boarded a plane, and I saw that there were four other prisoners there and 20 KGB men. On the aircraft two members of the American embassy staff approached us and told me that I was being released in exchange for Russian spies and that we were headed for New York.

Penthouse: How did you feel when you heard this?

Kuznetsov: I did not believe it very much, because the KGB men still treated me as a prisoner. When I went to the lavatory on the plane, they went in with me. Not one—both of them.

Penthouse: When you reached New York, did the KGB men say anything to you? Good-bye? Good luck? Did they smile? Did they shake your hand? Are they human, or are they machines?

Kuznetsov: They told us to leave the plane and get into the car. They tried to say good-bye, but I did not answer.

Penthouse: Where did you go from the airport?

Kuznetsov: We were driven to the United Nations Plaza Hotel. It was only then that we knew we had really been released. The management of the hotel did not know who their guests were going to be. Our release had not been announced yet. It was kept secret for several hours to let them get the spies out safely.

Penthouse: What did you think of the hotel in New York?

Kuznetsov: When we entered the room reserved for me, it was so large that we thought it was for all of us. It looked like a room for 70 people, but they told us there was such a room for each of us. It was hard to believe.

Penthouse: What was the first thing you did?

Kuznetsov: We drank a bowl of vodka to our release. It was our first taste of vodka in nine years. It was American vodka. This is the only thing, I might add, that is better in Russia.

Penthouse: When did you get to see your wife?

> In order to survive, I did not admit hope into my emotions, because disappointment could cause a psychological crisis—it could kill a man.

Kuznetsov: She was in London, where the actor James Fox was giving a reading of passages from my book. When she heard on the radio that I'd been released, she flew immediately to New York.

Penthouse: When was the last time you had seen her?

Kuznetsov: In 1974. She was released in an exchange of prisoners and expelled from the country. She refused to leave unless they granted her a meeting with me. She went to Israel immediately afterwards. She is a design engineer in an industrial plant.

Penthouse: How long did you stay in New York?

Kuznetsov: Forty-eight hours. Then we flew to Israel.

Penthouse: Do you recall what you thought when you caught sight of the coastline of the country of your dreams for the very first time?

Kuznetsov: I was in a coma, a blurring of consciousness, a fog. It started during the days in New York. So many people—our Moscow friends; Jews, Russians and Ukrainians who had managed to get out; representatives of New York's Jewish community; people from the Israeli consulate. I had to prepare a statement on behalf of our group. The people did not let me sleep for an hour. I was exhausted, and I fell into a trance. So when I first saw Israel, it did not seem real.

Penthouse: Who met the plane when you arrived?

Kuznetsov: Relatives, friends, Prime Minister Begin, and the ministers of the Israeli government.

Penthouse: What was your very first impression of Israel after you arrived at the airport?

Kuznetsov: The first impression was the enormous number of well-wishing faces from which I had been weaned such a long time ago, as opposed to the cruel, hateful faces of the wardens in the Soviet Union.

Penthouse: Let us ask you this in closing. The Soviet Union is gaining influence around the world—in Afghanistan, in southern Africa, in Angola, in Mozambique, in the Horn of Africa, in Libya, in South Yemen, in southeast Asia. Is this current trend of Russian expansionism going to continue?

Kuznetsov: The American people are asleep. The West underestimates the danger. I think that the West may win the battle only if the Communists fight among themselves.

Penthouse: The KGB will be reading this interview, needless to say. Is there something you would like to say to them at this point?

Kuznetsov: I never hid from them my views. I want to tell them that the blood of millions is upon their hands and that they should bear the responsibility. As the Nazi war criminals were judged by special tribunals, so should these bandits be judged. They killed many more people than the Hitlerite murderers. They have had more time.

Penthouse: Anything else you'd like to add to that?

Kuznetsov: You have squeezed out all the juice. There is not a single drop remaining.

For information on what you can do about "prisoners of ideas" in the Soviet Union, contact any of the following organizations:

Student Struggle for Soviet Jewry
200 West Seventy-second Street,
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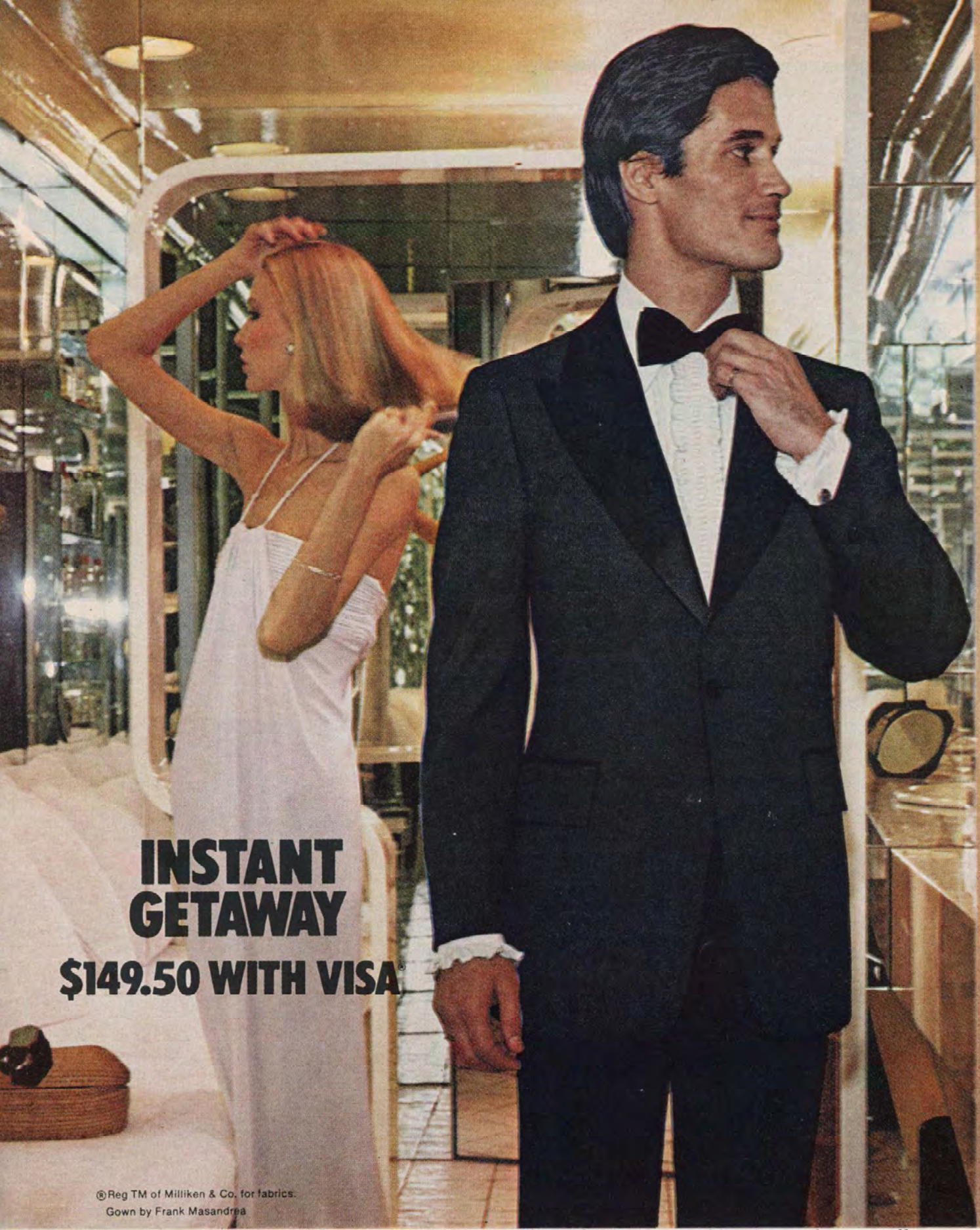
Amnesty International
304 West Fifty-eighth Street
New York, N. Y. 10019

Union of Councils for Soviet Jews
24 Crescent Street
Waltham, Mass. 02154

National Conference on
Soviet Jewry
10 East Fortieth Street
New York, N. Y. 10016



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PANAMA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

tan, the First National Bank of Chicago, Marine Midland, First National City Bank, and at least 60 other banks, which brought with them over $8 billion of assets and sugar-coated promises of money to a general needing to consolidate his power. At least three of the banks – First National City, the Rockefellers' Chase, and Marine Midland – at various times helped Panama secure loans by acting as the government's fiscal agents.

Torrijos's biggest payoff came, appropriately, in massive increases of foreign bank loans. In 1968, when the general seized power, Panama's foreign debt was less than $200 million; but by 1977 its debt to American banks alone stood at $1.8 billion. And by the time treaty negotiations between the Carter administration and the Torrijos regime began, the general and his friendly American bankers were inextricably locked in a tight embrace of mutual interest. Torrijos, his country on the verge of bankruptcy and by that time in debt to the Americans by almost $2 billion, was in no position to reject *any* United States proposal. At the same time, however, should he refuse to negotiate and repudiate his loans, American banks would immediately lose $323.6 million in loans coming due and several billion dollars more farther down the road.

These scenarios were perhaps anticipated by the Council on Foreign Relations in the early 1970s as it began gearing up for a formalization of its economic stranglehold on the small but strategic Central American country. But the best place to legitimize financial interests was in the political arena of international diplomacy. The best stamp of approval would be a treaty; and for groups like the Council on Foreign Relations, from whose roster of bankers, lawyers, and corporate executives have come hundreds of high-ranking government policymakers, the Panama Canal treaties of 1978 would provide the stamp.

MR. ROCKEFELLER GOES TO WASHINGTON . . .

Within a few years of the CFR's initial deliberations on Panama, the corporate and financial elite was moving its lobbying effort to Washington. In 1974 it established the Commission on United States–Latin American Relations, a group that was to become one of the most significant influences on the protreaty crusade. The commission was largely funded by the Ford Foundation and the Rockefellers; its chairman was Sol Linowitz, a former ambassador to the Organization of American States and a dynamic corporate fellow traveler. Other members of Linowitz's commission were W. Michael Blumenthal, who was Jimmy Carter's first secretary of the treasury; Samuel Huntington, now an aide to the National Security Council; Peter Peterson, chairman of Lehman Brothers, a top Wall Street brokerage firm; and Elliot Richardson, former attorney general and later an ambassador at large for Jimmy Carter.

At about the same time, then-Sen. Gale McGee of Wyoming was opening even more doors for Wall Street entrepreneurs and Big Business by enlisting their counsel and financing in another protreaty drive. He called a planning meeting in October 1975, held at the State Department, with lobbyists from Chase Manhattan, the Bank of America, Gulf Oil, and Rockwell International attending. With little arm twisting, McGee reportedly received as much as $500,000 in contributions. In subsequent meetings other large corporations, including Pan American World Airways (on whose board sat Sol Linowitz and the future secretary of state, Cyrus Vance), and banks were asked to help plan and fund an effort to pressure politicians and business groups into supporting a treaty with Panama. Considering the time and effort that the businessmen and bankers had already devoted to a treaty on their own, the McGee parleys were less a case of corporations lobbying Congress than a politician's recognition of the power and influence of

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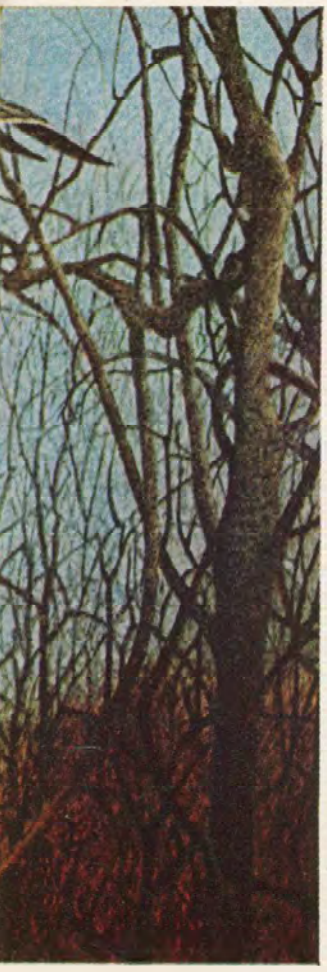
private capital.

Sol Linowitz's commission, meanwhile, continued its progress toward even more direct influence on policy. Just after Carter's election, in December 1976, the commission's staff director, Dr. Robert A. Pastor, wrote a report urging a new canal treaty and an increase of funds for Panama. The CFR immediately called a special colloquium to give its endorsement to the Linowitz Report. And the following month Zbigniew Brzezinski, a former adviser to David Rockefeller and then Jimmy Carter's national security adviser, appointed a special assistant on Panama to the National Security Council. The assistant was none other than Dr. Robert A. Pastor.

In his new government position, Pastor quickly drafted an NSC memorandum recommending a new Panama Canal treaty. His plan received Brzezinski's approval, was shown to another longtime (Nelson) Rockefeller adviser, Henry Kissinger, and was then endorsed by Jimmy Carter.

If Pastor's quick rise out of the waters of an influential financial think tank to the halls of political power is crucial to the story of the Panama treaty's evolution, the role of Pastor's boss at the commission proves even more intriguing. At the same time that Pastor was moving to the NSC, Linowitz was visiting the White House. He accompanied Panamanian Ambassador Aquilino Boyd to a meeting with President-elect Carter in December, and there the two men asked Carter to initiate plans for a U.S. withdrawal from the canal. No one is quite sure what Carter said at that meeting, but the question soon became academic when just two months later Carter named Linowitz a special ambassador of the United States to join the aging Ellsworth Bunker as leader of the Panama Canal negotiating team.

The importance of the Linowitz appointment to the interests of the banking and corporate establishment is difficult to underestimate. Linowitz was a much more integral part of the establishment orbit than his chairmanship of the Rockefeller-financed Commission on U.S.–Latin American Relations suggested. He was also a member of the Council on Foreign Relations as well as of the Rockefeller-founded Trilateral Commission. (For Jimmy Carter, the presidential candidate who said he owed the special interests nothing, this exclusive club of powerful business and financial leaders, which he joined two years before announcing his intentions toward the White House, was a godsend. According to his media consultant, Gerald Rafshoon, The Trilateral Commission was "one of the most fortunate accidents of the early campaign and critical to his building support where it counted." As it turned out, the favor was returned. The Trilateral, instituted with the express intention of influencing U.S. foreign policy, counted among its alumni so many Carter administration appointees—besides Carter himself the list included Vice-President Walter Mondale, Secretary of State Vance, National Security Affairs Adviser Brzezinski, former Treasury Secretary Blumenthal, Defense Secretary Harold Brown, and others—that even die-hard skeptics of conspiracy theories were whispering rumors of a secret Trilateralist cabal.) Linowitz could also be found on the boards of Time, Inc. (whose leading magazine, *Time*, was saying to its millions of readers, "The Panama Canal treaty . . . is an idea whose time has come"), Pan Am, and Marine Midland Bank at the time Carter named him to represent the United States at the treaty talks. Though any one of these many special-interest connections would have been enough to undermine Linowitz's credibility as a nonpartisan representative of American public interest, his ties to Marine Midland alone were evidence of out-and-out conflict of interest: not only was Marine a correspondent bank for the Banco Nacional de Panama, a Torrijos government appendage and a fiscal agent for the Panamanian government, but the government of Panama also owed Marine almost $8 million. It was no coincidence that Linowitz went arm in arm to the White House in



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ON SALE OCTOBER 23

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TOYS

ALIENS

ANTIMATTER

ULTIMATE FUEL—When matter strikes antimatter, they explode with hundreds of times as much power as is produced by nuclear fission. A mere 30 milligrams of antimatter could take a one-ton AstroCruiser to the moon in four hours. Ten grams could put a ten-ton vehicle on Mars in a week. Antimatter is already being created and stored in laboratories all over the world. Generators that will make grams of it at a time are on the drawing boards. In the November *Omni* physicist Robert Forward tells how we'll use the fuel that could let you spend a 21st-century weekend basking in the sun on Mare Imbrium.

ILLEGAL ALIENS—By law, the first intelligent extraterrestrials to step from a flying saucer won't be ambassadors from a distant planet. They'll be *ferae naturae*, wild animals, and fair game for any hunter who wants a really unique trophy. Even if lawyers accept them as people—it will take a quick change in some very xenophobic definitions—the fact that they have violated immigration statutes will be only one problem faced by the aliens. Will telepaths who eavesdrop on people's bedrooms be guilty of telerape? Will the jury that hears their case have to contain at least one extraterrestrial? For the legal ins and outs of intergalactic contact, see our alarming report in next month's *Omni*.

DREAM HOUSE—Don't let energy "experts" con you. The Solar Age is here. High on a snow-covered mountain overlooking Lake Tahoe, Tom Smith spent last winter in a house radiantly heated almost entirely by the sun. Smith's home has no bizarre collectors or complex plumbing. It looks like other houses in the area and costs less to build than the regional average. Ronald Dans gives the details in the next issue of *Omni*.

TOYS—Playthings have come a long way, baby, since the Barbie Doll's heyday. The Computer Revolution has hit toymakers hard. On the market this Christmas, you'll find *Star Trek* phasers that shoot infrared rays, hand-held video games with their own built-in screens, and talking robots with microchip brains. In 1977 first-generation electronic games—there were only four hand-held brain teasers—grossed $21 million. This year we'll choose from hundreds of games and spend over $1 billion on them. For a preview of the high-tech wonders in Santa's workshop, don't miss the November *Omni*.

December 1976 with the Panamanian ambassador. It was no coincidence that Carter greeted him warmly.

So blatant were Linowitz's ties to the Torrijos regime *and* the American corporate and banking establishment that had taken up residence under the general's benevolent hand, and so insistent was Carter on keeping him on as treaty negotiator, that Congressman George Hansen and Sen. James McLure had to file a suit in April 1977, asking for a temporary restraining order against Linowitz as canal mediator. But the only compromise Carter and Linowitz made was agreeing to have Linowitz give up his Marine Midland ties, and even then only until after the treaty was finalized. He refused to relinquish his Pan Am board membership, the airline that had already contributed to Senator McGee's protreaty campaign, provided Carter with a secretary of state, and could ill afford to lose Panama as its Latin American headquarters.

What did all this mean to the document being negotiated with Panama? Put simply, it meant that after the new treaties were signed—final agreement appropriately being reached just four hours and 40 minutes before Linowitz's term as negotiator expired—it was clear that whatever else the treaties might do, they committed the American taxpayer to supporting the Torrijos regime and the special interests of multinational banks and corporations, and to indirectly subsidizing their efforts to retain control of Panama.

PAYING FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT'S TREATY . . .

When one considers what the Linowitz–Bunker negotiating team finally achieved, the high-level political and corporate finagling becomes all the more interesting. We have already seen how Carter dipped into the public purse to mount a legally questionable propaganda campaign on behalf of the treaty and how he used, and was used by, major banks and corporations wishing to safeguard their own large investments in Panama. It shouldn't be surprising, then, to find the American taxpayers picking up the tab—a large one—for the vested interests. This despite administration promises that it wouldn't cost them a dollar and despite Linowitz's assertions that all costs of transferring the canal to Panamanian authorities would be paid by canal tolls.

According to United States Comptroller Elmer B. Staats, a Government Accounting Office study showed that *initial* U.S. government expenditures required by the new treaties would be at least $400 million. It would cost the United States $46 million to reequip three military bases, more than $32 million to pay Panama for the "transfers" of army personnel, $3 million for the "transfer of graves," $10 million annually to reimburse Panama for the costs incurred in providing police and security services (over the course of the

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22-year life of the first treaty, that alone represents U.S. expenditures of $220 million). Staats believed that the costs could reach $1 billion if lawmakers accepted all the Carter administration plans for implementing the treaties. (Some of the costs, such as the annual payment to Panama for security services, are written into the treaties themselves, and, though subject to interpretation, are not altogether open to further debate; many of the costs, however, are only implied by the treaties and therefore still need the approval of both houses of Congress before the money can be spent. Thus the crucial importance of the implementing legislation being debated by Congress: the treaties could still be "sabotaged" if Congress refuses to appropriate any money for seeing them through.)

The Carter administration continually held out against revealing the expenses it had committed the American taxpayers to covering. In a letter to Sen. Richard Stone a month after the Senate approved the first treaty, Staats came about as close as any government bureaucrat could come to calling a high-ranking Carter appointee a liar. "We should point out," said Staats in his long analysis of treaty costs, "that the Secretary's [Cyrus Vance's] statement to you that ... 'the [Panama Canal] Company will have no outstanding long-term obligations' is not completely accurate." And Staats then went on to include another $114 million of taxpayers' expense for the treaties, which was conveniently omitted from administration projections.

When Warren M. Christopher, deputy secretary of state, testified before the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Subcommittee, he finally admitted that the treaties would cost American taxpayers "only" $350 million, explaining that Carter's promise the year before was misunderstood: when the president said that taxpayers would not have to pay, he meant that the costs would be incurred by the Panama Canal Commission. Of course, Carter hadn't mentioned the fact that, as Elmer Staats pointed out, "because the Panama Canal Commission is a United States Government agency, it is clear that the financial obligations of the Commission are also obligations of the United States."

By February of 1978, with the Senate vote less than a month away, the administration had been forced to concede that the treaties would cost an additional $633 million in appropriated funds and lost revenues to the treasury. But even this estimate was scoffed at by now-figure-punchy skeptics and those, like Staats, who had submitted the treaty to close scrutiny. A frustrated Congressman George Hansen angrily charged that the treaties' cost, not including the $10 billion replacement value of U.S. canal property being ceded to Panama, would probably run over $4 billion—a figure thaty is 4 billion times more than what President Carter had promised.

In all of this, the government of Panama emerges smelling rather good. It will pay nothing for the management, operation, maintenance, protection, or defense of the canal and will still receive an additional 30 cents per net ton shipped through the locks. This toll payment means even more cost for Americans. Because of the fact that many of the payments to Panama will be contingent on revenue raised by tolls—Linowitz was at least half right in asserting that payments to Panama would come from toll revenues—and because the canal even now operates at a deficit, there will be considerable pressure to increase the toll charges in an effort to meet payment obligations. Although a toll increase will have no effect on the billion dollars (or $4 billion, using Congressman Hansen's estimates) that the Carter administration is committing the U.S. to pay from direct tax revenues, it will act as an indirect tax as increased freight charges are passed on to the consumer. Thus, in the end, the American taxpayer will lose on three counts: he gives up $10 billion of property; he absorbs the enormous cost of transferring the canal to Panama; and he pays for the increased price of goods that results from increased toll charges. The only beneficiaries of this Linowitz-negotiated scheme are the Panamanian government and the American banks and corporations that have a huge financial stake in Torrijos's continued solvency.

> In early 1971, the Rockefeller-dominated Council on Foreign Relations came to the conclusion that turning over the canal to Panama was essential for U.S. investments in Latin America.

AND THE PROBLEM OF RENDERING UNTO PANAMA WHAT IS PANAMANIAN . . .

And what about Panama? Even if the American citizen is paying for a treaty that, from his point of view, is little more than a subsidy to giant corporations, at least the little country to the south gets its territory back. Or does it?

Again, it seems, the exigencies of a realpolitik have been clouded by the rhetoric of ideologues. If one accepted the premise on which Reaganite conservatives claimed the treaties were nothing less than a "giveaway" of American sovereignty, then liberals and leftists at least could solace themselves with the thought that the Panamanians would receive the sovereignty. Unfortunately for that line of reasoning, however, the gift was diverted in transit.

First of all, and more academic than real, some doubts can be raised about both American *and* Panamanian rights to the canal. After all, it was Colombian rebels who, in 1903 with the inspiration, insistence, and aid of Teddy Roosevelt, "liberated" the isthmus from the Bogotá government and then turned the rights to the canal over to the United States. The aggrieved party in this whole debate is really Colombia, but it is doubful at this late stage that anyone would listen to yet another plaintiff in the case.

More to the point is whether the U.S. has any intention of abandoning its control over the canal. Symbolically, the Reaganites and John Birchers are right: America has deeded title to the canal to Panama and has thus given up American property. But this is a far cry from relinquishing either American interests in Panama or American sovereignty. Ellsworth Bunker said it best when he pointed out that "it is not ownership but use that is important." The real question is whether the U.S. can control the canal without owning it.

The banks, as we have seen, have been amazingly adept—even before receiving the imprimatur of the Carter treaty-negotiating team—at increasing their power over Panama with subtle financial deals. And they seemed not the least concerned with *losing* anything with the signing of a treaty—in fact, they lobbied strenuously for it.

Politically and strategically, the U.S. has given no indication that it intends to let Panama push it out of the isthmus. On the contrary, as Henry Kissinger has stated, "the new treaty marks an improvement over the present situation in that it assures continuing, efficient, nondiscriminatory, and secure access to the Panama Canal with the support of the countries of the Western Hemisphere instead of against their opposition and eventually their harassment." In other words, the U.S. has given up none of its domination over Panama. It has simply exchanged the big stick for the velvet fist.

President Carter was even more specific about what the treaty would mean for continued American presence in the Canal Zone. "We will have," he assured the nation after announcing the agreement, "operating control and the right to protect and defend the Panama Canal with our military forces until the end of the century." And after that? "We will have the right," he continued, "to assure the maintenance of the permanent neutrality of the canal as we may determine necessary. Our warships are guaranteed the permanent right to expeditious passage without regard to propulsion or cargo." In other words, should the velvet fist prove ineffec-

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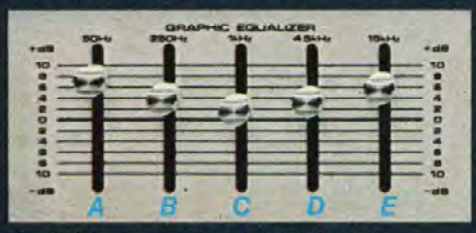

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IN THE NOVEMBER FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

MOVING OUT—FOR A WHILE

More and more unhappy couples are using a trial separation to find out whether they'd be better off alone. For a surprising number of these couples, giving their marriage a break has proved to be a miracle drug for marital problems.

FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

Has the "fountain of youth" been discovered—in Romania? A doctor there has developed a drug that combats the symptoms of old age. You can get it in this country, but it's not easy. Gary Null explains why.

LOVING JUST ONE

Why would a sexy, adventurous single girl give up a sex life that provided her with a smorgasbord of erotic variety? To find true intimacy, that's why. Read about the nearly forgotten delights of monogamy.

TURN-ON TAPES

Introducing a new way to turn a bland, stay-at-home evening for two into a night of erotic delights—home video machines. Not surprisingly, the right tape in the machine can lead to the right action in bed.

GOING IT ALONE

Millions of single men and women haunt singles bars and dating services, looking for the ideal mate. However, a growing number of divorced, widowed, and never-married people are single because they prefer being on their own. Dr. James Ramey examines the people behind the statistics.

tive, we won't hesitate to swing the big stick.

However, chief Panamanian negotiator Romulo Bethancourt completely rejected Carter's claims. During a news conference in Panama, which was published by the CIA's Foreign Broadcast Information Service, Dr. Bethancourt stated: "The treaty does not establish that the United States has the right to intervene in Panama." Neither, in his view, do United States vessels have the right of expeditious passage during times of national emergency. As Bethancourt put it, "If the gringos with their warships say, 'I want to go through first,' then that is their problem with the other ships there." Faced with Panama's refusal to allow "privileged passage," the Americans finally accepted the term "expeditious transit."

There are in fact two Panama Canal treaties—the treaty itself and an additional treaty that purports to provide for the neutrality of the Panama Canal. Unfortunately, these treaties are in no way to be construed as the whole agreement. Both are accompanied by very lengthy executive agreements that actually contain the substance of the deal struck with Panama. For example, the major defense provisions for the Panama Canal are not in Article IV of the Canal Treaty, entitled "Protection and Defense," but in the Executive Agreement in Implementation of Article IV—an agreement several times as large as the entire canal treaty. Article IV does not cover a complete printed page; the Agreement in Implementation of Article IV is 53 pages long, excluding annexes and excluding an additional 22 pages of minutes, which have their *own* annexes.

And they are subject to renegotiation every two years. That means the treaties could be completely nullified in two years *without the consent of Congress*. What has transpired is that President Carter has entered into a legal agreement with Panama based not, in reality, on treaty law, but on executive agreements authorized by treaty law but subject to change at the whim of the Panamanians or the president. And, of course, the American people were never informed of this.

Furthermore, at the Department of Defense Gen. George C. Brown, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, guided by President Carter and Secretary of Defense Harold Brown, coerced fellow officers to mount a campaign to convince the public that the canal was not vital to the security of the United States. However, secret testimony by Adm. James Holloway, chief of naval operations, was completely contradictory. During secret hearings he told a handful of senators that the U.S. was giving up an irreplaceable communications facility used in tracking enemy submarines. The intelligence installation is on Galeta Island, at the Atlantic end of the U.S. Canal Zone. It is manned by 50 naval personnel and is the southern anchor in the U.S.'s sophisticated detection and tracking system for Soviet submarines. According to Admiral Holloway, its mission is of the highest priority. The station's unique position also makes it important for Pacific operations, especially in cases where Soviet submarines are operating in U.S. waters off the West Coast.

Careful steps were taken to prevent the leaking out of knowledge of the station's existence and overriding strategic importance. Any mention of Galeta Island was kept out of public debate. Testimony in closed secret sessions was "sanitized" to prevent leakage to the press. In fact, the campaign to keep the installation's existence secret was so successful that only two or three senators were aware of the installation.

This attitude on the part of American policymakers raises interesting questions about internal Panamanian politics. Why would Panama accept continued domination—both strategically and economically—by the United States? The answer rests in part with the person of Gen. Omar Torrijos, the heavy-handed military man who assumed control of the country after a 1968 coup and has since been variously labeled "Maximum Leader of the Panamanian Revolution" (his own choice), Communist, dictator, and drug peddler.

Even the U.S. State Department, normally cautious in its criticisms of countries in which the U.S. has a stake, in early 1978 accused the Torrijos regime of suppressing freedom in Panama. In its "Country Reports on Human Rights Practices," which wasn't released until after the treaty had been signed in Washington, the State Department said that Torrijos's National Guard (his police) physically abused prisoners, kept them in "primitive" jails, and "in certain public order and state security cases ... interrogated, judged, and sentenced [the accused] without internationally recognized standards of due process."

If Panamanians disagreed with the terms of the treaty—which they did—their opposition was effectively muted by an intensive Torrijos propaganda campaign in which the government let it be known that dissent was "treason against our fatherland." Opposition parties had long been banned, newspapers and television and radio stations were either owned by the government or closely watched by it, and many of Torrijos's harshest critics had been exiled. The window dressing of freedom was allowed for only 40 short days prior to the Panamanian plebiscite on the treaty, but even in that short time the criticism came from both the Left and the Right. The conservative Movement of Independent Lawyers of Panama denounced the treaty for allowing the "first American intervention in our country of the twenty-first century" and asserted that "the ordinary Panamanian will easily understand that ... there will be a new version—perhaps slightly less grotesque than before—of the hated American perpetuity on the

canal issue." The Christian Democratic and Social Democratic movements, as well as the Trotskyist Revolutionary Socialist League, all voiced strong objections to the treaty. But Torrijos refused to grant any more time for debate, and, with the most outspoken opponents already having been deported to Miami, Mexico, and Venezuela, he maneuvered the treaty narrowly but safely through the plebiscite.

Torrijos was not without his American enemies as well. But with the ignominious fall of Richard Nixon, the Maximum Leader had lost his strongest adversary. As much as Nixon wanted a new treaty to safeguard American interests in the canal, he wanted even more to be able to negotiate it with someone he could trust. Nixon thought Torrijos was a dangerous Communist and knew he was a drug peddler—and Nixon was always at his Draconian best when Commie hunting or fighting his "war on drugs." His plumbers had even hatched a plot to assassinate Torrijos, the Nixonian version of big-stick diplomacy revealed by White House operative E. Howard Hunt in 1977: "I believe the feeling was that if Torrijos didn't shape up and cooperate, he was going to be wasted."

The Panamanian general's corrupt ties to drug trafficking continued to threaten plans for a canal treaty even after Nixon became absorbed with Watergate and Torrijos made friends with Wall Street and big business. As early as 1972 Congressman John Murphy's Panama Subcommittee of the Merchant Marine and Fisheries committee claimed that "the United States is negotiating a treaty that involves a 70-year, $5 billion U.S. commitment, not to mention the security of the United States and this hemisphere, with a government that condones or is actually involved in a drug-running operation into the United States." The subcommittee said three Panamanians were arrested in New York City in 1971, while trying to smuggle 70 kilos of heroin into the U.S. One of the three waved a diplomatic passport in the face of U.S. authorities that had been issued by Panamanian Foreign Minister Juan Tack. Another was a long-time friend and bodyguard of Moises Torrijos, one of the general's brothers and holder of various governmental positions. In a later confidential report Murphy's committee documented the involvement of other Panamanian officials in the drug trade: the director of Panama's Tocumen Airport was arrested by U.S. drug agents, and it was later revealed that Omar Torrijos himself orchestrated a protest campaign against the arrest; the Torrijos-controlled Banco Nacional de Panama and various international banks were cited as depositories for large sums of drug-trafficking money; a secret warrant for the arrest of Torrijos's brother Moises on drug charges was issued in New York in 1972 (and for this reason, though he was director of treaty information in Panama, Moises didn't attend the treaty-signing ceremony in Washington); and Omar Torrijos himself, even aside from offering protection and positions of power to known drug dealers, was reported to have hidden interests in drug-peddling businesses.

By the time Jimmy Carter assumed responsibility for the canal treaty deliberations, however, Torrijos had consolidated his grip on the reins of power in Panama, had earned the confidence of U.S. big business, and had enjoyed the position of negotiating with an American president who wanted a canal treaty at all costs.

Carter himself was well aware of the Panamanian government's corruption. In Senate confirmation hearings on his appointment of Robert Sayre as new ambassador to Brazil, Sayre was asked about his knowledge of officially condoned Panamanian drug dealing while he was ambassador to Panama during the Nixon administration. At one point

> The Carter administration held out against revealing the expenses it had committed the American taxpayers to covering—as much as $1 billion.

Sayre related this amazing story:

"I learned on or about 12/6/72 from the CIA that Moises Torrijos planned to return to Panama from Spain by ship on or about December ninth. Reportedly, Moises planned to disembark at the port of Cristobal in the Canal Zone [in U.S. jurisdiction]. I asked the CIA station chief in Panama [Joseph Yoshio Kiyonaga, who was under State Department cover as an International Relations Officer] to be sure that State Department officials saw the intelligence reports [on Moises Torrijos's movements]. Subsequently, I was instructed by the department to contact General Torrijos and let him know that we were aware of Moises's plans, which I did. I [later] learned that Moises Torrijos left the vessel in Venezuela and did not enter the Canal Zone."

Despite the objections that came from Sen. Jesse Helms, who charged Robert Sayre with obstructing justice, Sayre was confirmed as ambassador to Brazil. The State Department, in a letter to Helms, reasoned that Sayre's "conduct was entirely proper" because Moises Torrijos's arrest would undoubtedly "have provoked a most severe incident between the two governments."

Thereafter, the Carter administration tried to classify all government material on Panama as confidential and decided on only limited disclosure of "national security material" to key senators. On October 7, 1977, Drug Enforcement Administration chief Peter Bensinger warned his employees that any "leaks" on Panama would be grounds for immediate dismissal and criminal prosecution. That same day all Panama files were reportedly moved under tight security from their normal storage area to the tenth-floor offices of Gordon Fink, assistant DEA administrator for intelligence. And when Sen. Robert Dole, frustrated in his attempts to obtain information from the Carter administration, filed a Freedom of Information request with the DEA on October 14, he was stalled until the following February. Even then, the senator complained that the 75-page report he received contained none of the information he had requested. He charged the DEA with giving him nothing but "heavily censored" and "almost totally sanitized" material.

What Dole was *not* given was a suppressed study called the DeFeo Report, initiated by the Justice Department in 1975. According to the report, two DEA agents actually suggested killing Torrijos and Manuel Noriega, chief of military intelligence. Nothing came of the DeFeo Report, however. Although it was commissioned by Attorney General Edward H. Levi to report on instances of corruption within the DEA, Levi ultimately decided not to publish it. (The suppression of the DeFeo report, which also enumerated instances of the Torrijos regime's involvement in international drug trafficking, may be illegal under Senate Resolution 21; under this resolution Congress is empowered to investigate "illegal, improper, and unethical activities" engaged in by intelligence agencies.)

That seems to have been the canal treaty story from the beginning: heavily censored and sanitized. The agreement with Panama has become, finally, something of a catch-22 symphony, orchestrated by special interests for the benefit of banks and multinational corporations and unpopular presidents and corrupt generals.

For those sympathizers believing that the agreement represented a long-awaited recognition of Panamanian autonomy and an abandonment of gunboat diplomacy, the treaty has become a dense cloud camouflaging the more subtle imperialism of dollar diplomacy. The United States has not relinquished control.

In the end, both the American and Panamanian populace were made silent and exploited parties to the agreement, pushed unwittingly into a no-win situation by the once-populist Democrat and "outsider," Jimmy Carter, born-again representative of the ruling class. ○+

CANCER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

to achieve a 30-to-50 percent tumor regression and stabilization among patients who are mainly terminally ill.

In the United States surgeon and oncologist Donald Cole, of Floral Park, N.Y., has developed a highly variegated therapy in the holistic approach. Dr. Cole is also one of the few therapists working with thermotherapy, a process whereby heat is used to destroy cancer. "There is ample evidence now," says Cole, "that there are temperatures at which cancer cells are destroyed and normal cells are not. In thermotherapy we try to arrive at a temperature of 107.5° F for about two hours."

Cole quickly pointed out that not everyone is an ideal candidate for thermotherapy because it places stress on the cardiovascular system and kidneys. However, for those cancer patients in relatively good shape, it is an ideal way to remove cancer cells spread throughout the entire body.

About 175 of Cole's cancer patients have received thermotherapy successfully in the last one and one-half years. The results of his combined program for the last two years have also proved to be very successful. "Our overall results, and these are crude statistics," says Dr. Cole, "are that approximately half the patients we see have a remission—and the majority of these have been in a far-advanced condition, having failed on most therapies before coming here."

The success of Dr. Cole's work is also carried over to the American International Clinic in Zion, Ill., where he is a consulting staff member. According to Arthur Davis, chief of the Department of Preventive Medicine, the clinic (which can handle from 30 to 40 patients a day) and the 87-bed hospital have a nutritional program similar to that of the Gerson therapy. Low-dosage chemotherapy and radiation is used when necessary, as are Laetrile, thermotherapy, and vaccines. Dr. Davis himself worked at the Livingston Clinic for a period of almost two years.

Although over 80 percent of the patients at American International Clinic are terminally ill, according to Dr. Harold Manner, who also works closely with the clinic, the remission rate is approximately 54 percent. Although the statistics at both American International Clinic and Dr. Cole's clinic in Floral Park are both excellent, it must be pointed out that these clinics are relatively new and have at the most two-year levels of experience. It is still too soon to tell whether statistics will hold up on the five-year survival rate scale.

Survival is the key, especially while patients are undergoing many toxic "conventional" treatments; therefore, some alternative therapists have set up their practices as a support system to those patients undergoing the rigors of conventional therapy.

A prime example is the eminent researcher and marine biotoxicologist Dr. Bruce Halstead, of Redlands, Calif., who has worked with cancer since the early 1950s, when he was searching out new chemotherapeutic agents for the National Cancer Institute. Over 25 years and 200 scientific papers later, Dr. Halstead has come to the conclusion that cancer is a many-factored disease that cannot be conquered by one method alone.

"Our approach has been to support the individual," says Dr. Halstead. "I'm not under the delusion that I've got a cancer cure. I advise patients to go to a reputable oncologist to get a good diagnosis of their case. I tell them to ask the oncologist how many cures he's gotten with his method of treatment. Then, after we get a good diagnostic workup, I sit them down and explain what I have to offer. If they have leukemia, for example, or choriocarcinoma or Hodgkin's disease, which oncologists usually have good results with, I say the best thing that I can do is to give the patient some supportive therapy that will reduce the toxicity levels of conventional treatment. I try not to arbitrarily exclude other treatments, conventional or not. What I *do* try to do is tell the patient, 'Hey, it's your life, we should take a real good look, you're the one who has to make the decision.' On the other hand, I don't encourage people to take conventional therapy unless I have really good statistical evidence that they're getting excellent results with a particular form of cancer. In some cases they are, but those are the uncommon forms, not the common ones."

> Based on the mortality statistics of the past 20 years, the cancer patient today has little to lose by investigating alternative forms of therapy.

Dr. Halstead's therapy includes a modified Gerson diet, which he considers "the most fundamental part of the picture," exercise, high levels of vitamin C, and Dr. Manner's vitamin A-enzyme-and-Laetrile method.

After three or four years of his current therapy, Dr. Halstead's results have been "somewhat encouraging and then also discouraging. The biggest discouragement is the fact that 97 percent of my patients have had surgery, radiation, and chemotherapy. Many come to me on Friday and are dead by Monday; that's how far down the road they are." But Dr. Halstead still plans to do a statistical analysis after a few more years of treatment. "Right now," he says, "it's extremely frustrating, because there are things that I know should be done, that I'm not allowed to do by law, and I don't have the support for a full-scale analysis."

From results of interviews as presented here, the highest remission rates seem to come from clinics that have the capability of surviving and gathering information for applications of new combined therapies. In addition, the existence of alternative therapy centers is important, because often they are the only means of gaining education and experience in unconventional therapies for doctors coming out of medical school. Several Gerson clinics have already been established in Mexico as a result of training through the Gerson Therapy Center, and many of the larger research clinics, such as the Livingston Clinic in San Diego and Clinica Cydel in Mexico, have served as training grounds for doctors who have gone to work in other hospitals. Often alternative-therapy centers are the only clearinghouses of information for new methods of treatment, since many proponents of unconventional therapy are refused communication with their fellow doctors through regular channels (conventions and medical journals).

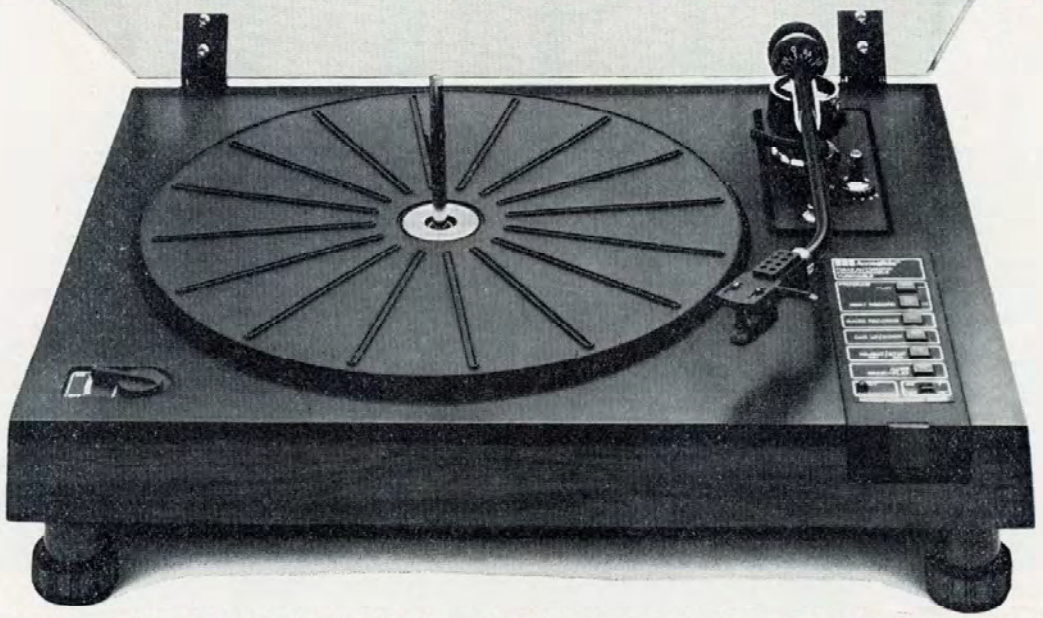
What can a concerned public do to open up the knowledge gained by alternative practitioners in the last few years to publication and more accurate scientific testing on a larger scale? We owe the alternative-therapy clinics our watchful interest as the statistics continue to come in. In that way we can ensure that this vitally important open forum of "underground medicine" can eventually take its rightful place—in the light of day, where even the most unconventional facts become clear.

Further information on alternative cancer therapies can be obtained from Our Town News, *500 E. 82nd St., New York City 10028, which ran a series of eight articles on the politics of cancer; also The Arlin J. Brown Information Center, P.O. Box 251, Fort Belvoir, Va. 22060, and Cancer Control Society, 2043 North Bernedo St., L.A., Calif. 90027, and International Association of Cancer Victims and Friends, 7740 W. Manchester, Suite 110, Playa del Rey, Calif. 90291.*

For additional recommended reading, Dr. Michael Jacobson's Eater's Digest, Consumer Fact Book of Food Additives *as well as an excellent food additive chart is available from the Center for Science in the Public Interest, 1755 S St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20009. We thank and acknowledge Greta Bunin for her outstanding work and article on CAST and IFT in* Nutrition Action, *1979.*

Introducing Accuglide.™ The computerized remote control turntable.

It provides hours of viewing pleasure. (You read it right. Viewing pleasure.)



Even before you enjoy listening to Accuglide,™ you're going to want to spend time just watching it. Because Accuglide performs like no other turntable you've ever seen.

Watch Accuglide's unique rotary spindle raise and lower your records like an elevator. So your hard rock doesn't drop on "Madame Butterfly."

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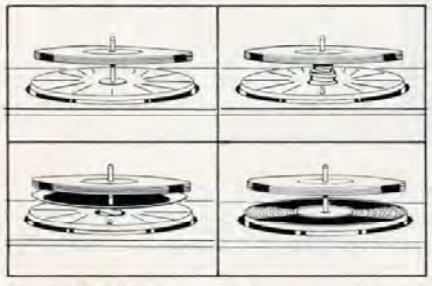

In fact, no other record changing system is as gentle. So your records couldn't be in better hands. Not even your own.

Accuglide's remote control lets you play the "Hallelujah Chorus" from across your living room. Hallelujah!

Now, listening to relaxing music can really be relaxing. Thanks to Accuglide's remote control you can play your favorite music without jumping up and down.

In fact, you can even raise and lower the volume from 40 feet away. So you won't be hassled by your neighbors if you want to play a hustle at 11 P.M.

Play it again, Sam, is only one of 27 commands you can give Accuglide.

Simply press the right buttons on the Accuglide turntable or its remote control, and Accuglide's built-in computer stores up to 27 different commands.

So, you can change a record, reject it (you didn't like that one anyway), raise the tone arm (so you can answer the phone), then resume play without missing a beat, repeat it (because now you want to hear it without any interruptions), then raise your records back to starting position so you can start all over again.

Accuglide's tubular "J" shaped tone arm is superbly balanced for exceptional tracking. And comes with a precision ADC magnetic cartridge with elliptical diamond stylus. Plus, the belt-drive Accuglide has the kind of specs you'd expect to find in the finest turntables.

And if you think all this sounds good, how does this sound?

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BSR Accuglide.™ The computerized remote control turntable.

Pet of the Year Gifts

$150,000 BONANZA IN CASH AND GIFTS

Cheryl Rixon, whose winsome charms and exuberance have won her admirers around the world, is our 1979 Pet of the Year—the winner of the most lucrative beauty contest ever held. She'll begin the year of her reign by receiving over $150,000 in cash and gifts.

Cheryl's new car stereo equipment from SPARKO-MATIC will be installed in her Grand Prize, a $75,000 DIAMANTE MOTORCAR from Mathews Motor Coach Corporation. Even with the top down, she will be kept warm in her golden-frost-dyed Norwegian fox coat from FLEMINGTON FURS, New Jersey. Cheryl will also be traveling in style on land in her SUBARU BRAT four-wheel drive, on her KAWASAKI Limited Edition KZ400 motorcycle, her PUCH motor bike Magnum SK, and her HONDA Moped Express NC50; and on sea, on her KAWASAKI Jet Ski.

Cheryl will soon be departing on a whirlwind Around-the-World Celebrity Tour sponsored by PAN AM and INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS, starting with a PAN AM inaugural flight to Nairobi. She'll be visiting the *Penthouse* offices in Europe, Japan, and Australia and veterans' hospitals across the nation. Wherever Cheryl goes, she'll look luscious in her RAFAEL dress.

Tim Perlor

David Hedrich

When she returns from her tour, our Pet of the Year will be making New York City her home base, and the Big Apple has shown its appreciation by showering her with gifts: one year of beauty treatments at SANZIO, a one-year scholarship to the NEW YORK ACADEMY OF THEATRICAL ARTS, a membership to the METROPOLIS SKATE CLUB, a one-year membership to the TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY HEALTH CLUB, dinner for four at the PROMENADE CAFÉ at Rockefeller Center, BILL DAVIES ballroom dancing lessons, one year of CHARLES KEEBE commercial acting lessons, and a one-year membership at the NEW YORK, NEW YORK disco. In addition, Cheryl will receive three legal sessions with prominent attorney MARVIN MITCHELSON.

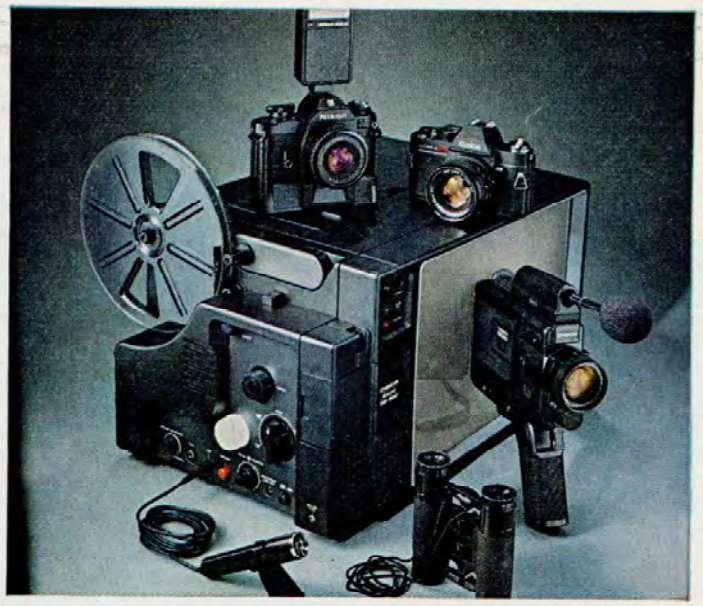
Our Pet of the Year will want to escape aboard a Hers and His WINDJAMMER CRUISE, but she'll spend most of her time in her New York apartment. Her home electronics center will have ACUTEX speakers, KOSS headphones, an H. H. SCOTT Audio Analyzer, and CASIO calculators.

Along with her queen's ransom in gifts, the new Pet of the Year will also receive $5,000 in cash from *Penthouse* as a special tribute to the woman who won both the hearts and the votes of its readers.

(above) The crowning jewel in the Pet of the Year's fabulous array of gifts is the $75,000 handcrafted DIAMANTE MOTORCAR from MATHEWS MOTOR COACH CORPORATION, Camarillo, Calif. She'll also be adorned with a treasure trove of real jewels: BAUME AND MERCIER Hers and His solid 14K gold watches with Soleil dial; a Penthouse *14K Gold Key with four full-cut diamonds and a Burmese ruby designed by Mike Hayden of FEUER & WOLF; zirconia necklace, earrings, and ring set from WINDSOR JEWELS; a 14K gold wristwatch from LONGINES-WITTNAUER; and pearls from the CULTURED PEARL ASSOCIATION. (opposite) Our beautiful Pet of the Year has decided to make her home in New York City for the year of her reign. She'll find it easy to get all around the town in her SUBARU BRAT four-wheel drive, on her KAWASAKI Jet Ski, and on her KAWASAKI K2400 motorcycle. Her NORTH BEACH LEATHER suit is the perfect outfit for any New York experience. All of her travel necessities can be stashed in her PAN AM shoulder bag when she takes off on her celebrity tour, sponsored by PAN AM and INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS.*

Photograph by Ray Garcia

jet ski
440



Thomas Zimmerman/Alpha

(clockwise, from top left) Because a pretty girl is like a melody, Cheryl will constantly be surrounded by music. These gifts of car stereo components will keep her toes tapping on the gas pedal: a SPARKOMATIC SR3300 auto reverse cassette AM/FM stereo with three-way speakers, and an AUDIOVOX 1D in dash car stereo with speakers #SC10. Cheryl will be keeping in touch while on the road with her new CB units: a COBRA 29GTL CB 40 channel mobile radio and a COBRA CB AM/FM stereo radio with cassette in dash 50 XLR. Our new Pet of the Year won her title by her performance in front of a camera lens; now part of her reward will be the opportunity to view life from the other side of the viewfinder. These camera gifts will allow Cheryl to record every exciting moment of her adventure-filled reign as Pet of the Year: a NIKON EM 35mm camera equipped with a SB-E flash and an MDE motor drive, a KONICA auto reflex TC equipped with a 50mm F/1.7 lens, a CHINON 30 RXL Sound Super 8 movie camera, a MINOLTA Pocket Zoom binoculars 6-12x24, and a CHINON DS 300 movie sound projector. Cheryl will be kept busy with her celebrity tour and many nationwide guest appearances. But whenever she can steal a few moments from her hectic schedule, she'll be glad to be able to relax at home on her fur throw rug from SHEEPSKINS AND THINGS. Cheryl will discover that her New York apartment is the perfect place to enjoy the company of a few good friends while listening to beautiful music on MEMOREX tape and WARNER BROTHERS records on her new stereo system: ACUTEX Speakers Two ACT 4-2 Transducer system, ACUTEX Speakers MTS Mini Transducer system, KOSS E/10 headphones with Energizer, H.H. SCOTT Audio Analyzer 830Z, KENWOOD receiver KR5010, FISHER tape cassette CR 5150, and ADC ACCUTRAC +6 turntable with remote control. Another welcome addition to Cheryl's home entertainment center will be her PANASONIC Omnivision IV PV 1500 VHS recorder. This video cassette recorder has four hours' recording and playback and will allow our Pet to record a program on one channel while she watches another or to record programs while she is out or asleep. Cheryl can try her hand at the sporting life aboard her Windsurf Board from WINDSURFING INTERNATIONAL.

Photographs by David Hedrich

(upper left) Our new Pet of the Year is an outdoor girl. She'll be able to maintain her healthy glow year-round by exercising with these sports-minded gifts: the Ultima bicycle from AUSTRO DAIMLER, the PUCH motor bike Magnum SK, the HONDA Moped Express NC50, the AMF HEAD tennis racquet and ball, the ROSS Exercycle, and the Star Ball surfboard from LIGHTNING BOLT. But no matter what sport our active Pet is enjoying, she'll look great in her JAG 18K gold-trimmed jeans and FLEXATARDS and her ST.-TROPEZ sunglasses. (right, from top to bottom) All of her meals will look splendid served with DENBY stoneware and flatware. For those special occasions, she can break out the vintage California wines from the MIRASSOU family vineyards, the GODIVA chocolates, and the KIRIN beer. Then it's time for a relaxing soak in her VIKING whirlpool tub. The Vanne model includes eight hydrowhirl jets and dual air controls, which allow our Pet to adjust the turbulence level to her own preference. Clocks from BULOVA will keep her on time both at home, with the solid brass "Presidential" model, and on the road, with the Boutique Travel Set. She'll never miss an important phone call with the PHONE-MATE Remote 930, and she'll feel safe and sound with the TELGUARD Security Device RSM 1000. Cheryl will have clothes and accessories that are as exciting and glamorous as she is: a wardrobe from FIORUCCI, lingerie from JOHN KLOSS, a MICHAEL SCOTT suede overnight bag and tote and attaché case, a VENTURA luggage set, XAVIER DANAUD shoes, a wardrobe from LIGHTNING BOLT, BOB MACKIE for Glydon's lingerie, and a LIGHTNING BOLT zippered case. The Pet of the Year's new wardrobe is photographed here with a PAUL GREGORY custom-built stereo cabinet and a plant from J&D FLESSAS.

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MURDERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

or European race, who are the sole people responsible for misleading nine-tenths of the total population of the black nation.' That—" he stabbed the air above him with his forefinger "—tells us who our enemy is. Now you tell me!"

"The grafted white devil!" said Head.

"White devils!" said Yellow.

"Whites—whites—whites!" said the others in a low chant.

Only one man in the audience did not respond. He was the third man who sat on the couch with Head and Yellow. He was the same age as Head and like him had been in the white man's prison. The two had met in San Quentin; this one had only recently been released. Nothing about his appearance was unusual: he had neither the boyish good looks of Yellow nor the cold-eyed countenance of Head. He was simply ordinary-looking. What was *extra*ordinary about him lay under the surface, unseen. It rested in his hands, which were lethal, and his feet, which were deadly. He was an expert at kung fu and jujitsu. Call this one Judo.

"Now that we know the enemy," the speaker said, "what do we do about him?" He smiled, parting the hair around his lips. "Simply read the laws of Mohammed. Read the tenth lesson, which asks, 'Why does Mohammed and any Muslim murder the white devil?' And answers, 'Because the white devil is one hundred percent wicked and will not keep and obey the laws of Islam. His ways and actions are like a snake of the grafted type. Mohammed had learned that he cannot reform the white devils; so they must be murdered. All Muslims will murder the white devil because they know he is a snake. Each Muslim is required to kill four devils, and by bringing and presenting four at one time, his reward is a button to wear on the lapel of his coat and free transportation to the holy city of Mecca to see Brother Mohammed."

"Praise Brother Mohammed!" the men in the audience said as one voice. Again except for Judo, who remained silent.

"The lessons are clear," the speaker said. His eyes were very wide now, the eyeballs quivering white globes that rolled over the faces before him. "The lessons say who the enemy is!"

"Right on!"

"The lessons say what to do about the enemy!"

"Right on!"

"Kill the grafted snake!"

"Kill it!"

"Kill the evil whites!"

"Kill them!"

"Kill the blue-eyed devils!"

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

The chant was low, murmured, sloshing across the room like dirty water in a flooded basement. It came from mechanized mouths below mesmerized eyes, robotlike, hypnotic, uncontrollable.

While the chant was going on, the speaker quietly left. His bodyguards opened the doors for him and followed him downstairs and out back to where the Continental was parked. They drove away into the night.

Behind, in the loft, the chant went on, created by the voices of all the men who had listened to the speaker. All but one.

Judo.

A little while after the speaker left, the chanting in the loft stopped and the dozen black men dispersed. It was dusk. Head, Yellow, and Judo crossed the rear parking lot to a white Dodge van. Yellow got behind the wheel. Head took the passenger seat, and Judo sat in back on a stack of folded furniture-moving pads.

Yellow turned to Head. "Where to, man?"

"Go south on Mission," said Head. He stretched his muscular arms and threw a tight smile over his shoulder at Judo. "I'm glad it's the weekend, man. Gives us lots of time to get even with the motherfuckers for all the nights we spent in Q." He half turned in his seat, waiting for an answer from Judo. When one was not forthcoming, he prompted, "Right, man?"

"Yeah, man, right," Judo replied. He hoped Head did not notice the lack of enthusiasm in his voice. Head could be very vicious when he got mad.

Yellow drove along Mission Street, down the middle of the San Francisco peninsula. Head watched out the front and side windows, his bullet hole eyes looking, scanning, searching.

"Hey, man, tell me some more about Q," said Yellow with boyish enthusiasm. It was a regular question with him. He was the kid asking the big guys about the service. Never having been arrested, he had a morbid curiosity about prison. It fascinated him.

"Ain't nothin' to tell, man," said Head. "It's a fucking white man's joint. I'm just glad to be out, man. I been waiting a long time to pay my respects to my white enemies."

"Hey, man, you tell me about it," Yellow said to Judo.

Judo sighed. The question was getting old. "What you want to know now, man?"

"Did you hate it in there?"

"I didn't hate it. It wasn't too bad."

Head threw him a contemptuous look. "Man, what the fuck's the matter with you? You been in that fucking place two times, and all you can say is 'It wasn't too bad.' Shit." He looked back at Judo. "You better get your head on right and start thinking vicious, man. You a black man, and you've gone through four hundred fucking years of slavery." Head twisted around in the seat. "Sometimes I wonder about you, man. Sometimes I wonder what kind of heart you got."

"Don't worry none about it," Judo replied with an edge. "Ain't nothing the matter with my heart."

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It's simply a fast, efficient way to verify the truth and protect yourself against dishonesty. And after all, which is immoral - for a person to be deceitful or to have their dishonesty uncovered? There is nothing unethical about uncovering deceit and deception. In fact, you can usually prevent dishonesty, simply by letting everyone know that you own the Truth Machine. It's a powerful deterrent for anyone who is tempted to mislead you or tell you less than the truth!

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Like many technological discoveries, voice stress analyzers grew out of military research during the Vietnam war. Army intelligence needed something better than the standard polygraph to interrogate prisoners. A simple method that could be used without the subject's knowledge. The voice stress analyzer was the result!

The principle is remarkably simple. Scientists already knew lying produced unconscious and uncontrollable stress that could be recorded by a polygraph. Researchers soon discovered that this stress also affected the muscles controlling the vocal cords, and caused an inaudible "microtremor" in the voice. All that was needed was a device sensitive enough to pick up and record these inaudible vibrations. And that was a relatively easy accomplishment considering the state of modern electronic technology.

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In the past only the largest, most profitable companies felt they could justify spending $1500 to $5000 to purchase a voice stress analyzer. However, like everything else in the electronics field, these high prices reflect the heritage of a prototype, and not the quality of a reliable voice stress analyzer.

The new cost-saving, solid state, micro-chip technology has made voice stress analyzers affordable. Today, for only $149.00 you can have a compact unit that is far more sensitive than the top-secret units originally used by the military! There is no better way to get at the truth. . . and remove the risk and uncertainty from those important decisions that face you every day!

AND IT'S ENTERTAINING!

Because it can pick up and analyze any audible statement, use of the Truth Machine is limited only by your imagination. Seeing the meter go wild when politicians and celebrities give their 'candid' views during television press conferences and talk shows can provide you with hours of amusement. And while no evidence uncovered by any type of lie detector can be used in court, you can gain personal satisfaction by finding the truth behind many intriguing and controversial subjects. Use the Truth Machine to evaluate the candor of Richard Nixon, Patty Hearst or James Earl Ray. You may be surprised!

EASY TO OPERATE!

Unlike the polygraph, there are no sophisticated operating techniques to learn. You can easily master the Truth Machine after only one weekend of practice. You simply turn it on and adjust the sensitivity calibrator knob for average stress in the speaker's voice. Then sit back and watch the meter. When the needle moves into the stress area, you know you're hearing less than the truth. And it's versatile. You can pick up the speaker's voice with the Truth Machine's sensitive, built-in microphone. Or use the special sensor that connects it to your telephone. You can even tape a conversation with any standard tape recorder. . and analyze it at your convenience by attaching the special output jack and playing back the tape!

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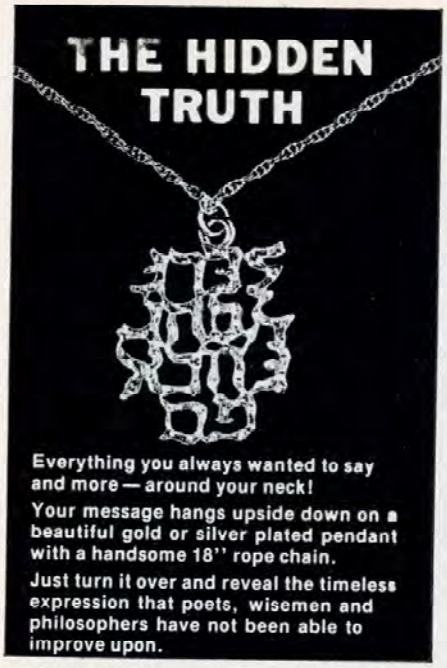

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"We'll see," said Head. He faced forward again, and his expression became set. "We each gonna try to get one white kid tonight. It be the first of four that we all need."

"Say, man, I want to ask you about that," said Judo. "The man tonight, he say four white *devils*. He don't say nothing about no kids. How come you looking for kids?"

"Because the man, he only be talking about what it take to be a regular Muslim. What we talking about is what it take to be a Death Angel."

Judo rolled his eyes upward. The Death Angels. They were back to that shit again.

"Turn up Tingley Street," Head told Yellow. "There's usually white kids out playing in this neighborhood."

Yellow turned off Mission into Tingley.

"I still don't see why we need kids," Judo said from the rear of the van.

"Oh, man," Head said irritably. He slapped Yellow on the arm. "Explain it to the dude, will you?"

Yellow glanced at Judo in the rearview mirror. "Offing white kids is the quickest way to get into the Death Angels," he said. "See, they figure it's harder for a grown man to kill a kid or a woman than it is for him to kill a man. Killing men is easy. To get into the Death Angels, you gots to kill nine white men. Killing white women is harder; so you only gots to kill five. Killing kids is the hardest; alls you need to be a Death Angel is four of them."

"Turn here and go over to the next street," Head instructed.

Yellow drove over to Theresa Street. They cruised the block, searching. There were no children out.

"Try the next street," Head directed. "Just keep going."

Yellow drove down Cotter Street. No children.

"Next street." Head's voice was surly; his patience was thinning.

Yellow drove along Francis Street. Near the corner they saw two white children in front of the steps of a house and a third white youngster coming down the steps to meet them.

"Perfect," said Head, "One for each of us." He patted Yellow's arm. "Pull over and park, brother."

The girl coming down the steps of her home at 41 Francis Street was 11-year-old Michele Denise Carrasco. She was a slender child with huge, dark eyes and a quick, tentative smile. Her dark hair was parted in the middle and fell to each shoulder.

Inside the house Michele's brother Greg was having a birthday party. Michele was out on the steps to see her friend, 12-year-old Marie Stewart. The two girls attended nearby Corpus Christi School together. On this evening Marie's 15-year-old brother, Frank, a Unity Junior High School student, had walked over to Michele's house with his sister. The two of them were waiting on the steps when Michele came out. As they began talking, all of them noticed two black men walking toward them. The youngsters continued talking until the men came up to them and stopped.

"Say," Head said to Michele Carrasco, "where's Mission Street?"

Michele pointed toward the corner. "Up there, one block," she said.

Head looked around nervously. His hands played with the front of his black leather jacket. The other man, Judo, slipped one hand inside the black Nehru coat he wore.

"Where's Mission Street?" Head asked again.

Michele frowned. "I told you: down there one block."

Her words were barely out when Head drew a gun from his waistband. He grabbed the girl roughly by her arm. "Just be quiet," Head warned, pointing the gun at her. "Just be quiet and follow us."

Judo was on the curb, blocking any possible escape by Frank and Marie Stewart. He still had one hand inside his Nehru coat.

The youngsters were marched three abreast along the sidewalk. Head walked on the inside, continuing to hold Michele's arm, the gun at her back. Judo kept to the outside, his free hand holding Frank Stewart's elbow.

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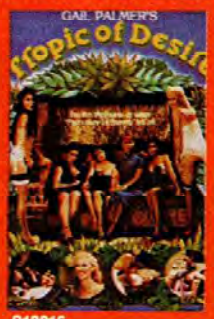

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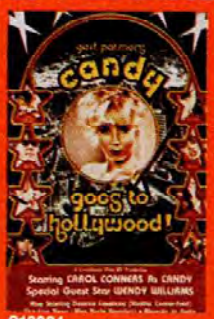

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"Hey, have you guys been drinking?" Frank asked. Maybe it was some kind of joke.

"Shut up!" Head snapped.

They walked toward the van, which was parked facing them on Francis just off the next cross street, Alemany Boulevard. Yellow was standing beside the van, waiting for them. He was shifting his weight from foot to foot as if he had to go to the bathroom.

"Get the door open," Head told Yellow as they approached. Yellow hurried to the side of the van.

"Listen, is this a joke?" Michele asked. The black man was hurting her arm and had a wild look in his eyes. He forced her toward the side of the van.

Suddenly, Frank Stewart jerked away from Judo and yelled, "Cops!" His sister, who was in the middle, being held by no one, darted to his side. They both started running.

"Oh, man!" Head said angrily to Judo.

With the black man's attention momentarily distracted, Michele jerked her own arm away and also started running. Because the black men and the van were between her and her house, Michele had to run in the opposite direction. She ran to the nearby corner and hurried down Alemany Boulevard.

Back at the van, Head glared at Judo. "Man, you fucked up!"

"No worse than you, motherfucker!" Judo snapped back at him.

Yellow was already getting behind the wheel. "Come on, let's get the fuck out of here!" he said in a breaking voice. Now he *did* have to go to the bathroom; several drops of urine had already spotted his trousers.

Michele was still running—down Alemany one block to Santa Rosa, around another corner and down another street; unable to run home, she was heading for the next safest place she knew: the rectory of Corpus Christi Catholic Church.

Frank and Marie Stewart were safe by now. They had reached the Carrasco home, and the police were being called. On the next street over, at the church, a priest named Father Gerald took the terrified Michele by the hand and started walking her home.

And in the van Yellow was making a U-turn and swinging north on Alemany Boulevard to get out of the area. Next to him, Head was muttering, "Motherfucker! Motherfucker!"

Judo, in the back, was trying to keep his trembling hands out of sight.

After the fiasco with the three white children, the men in the van were nervous and shaken. Head was furious at Judo.

"Man, you fucked up!" he accused again, his naturally petulant mouth puffed into a sullen pout.

"No more than you did," Judo replied, detesting the weakness he could hear in his own voice.

Head picked up at once on the weakness. "You got piss for blood, man! You not fit to be a Death Angel!"

"Fuck you, motherfucker," said Judo. It was all he could think of to say.

"Quit bitchin' at one another," Yellow said. He glanced at Head. "Tell me where to go, man."

Head looked out the window to get his bearings. They were on the Bayshore Freeway now, heading north, passing San Francisco General Hospital. "Keep on going," Head told him. "All the way to the end of the freeway." He ignored both of them then and sat muttering to himself.

Yellow followed the curving, turning freeway toward its terminus near the Embarcadero. The men did not speak to each other for the 15 minutes or so that the drive took. Yellow concentrated on his driving, keeping the van in a middle lane and well within the speed limit. Judo laced his fingers together and gripped tightly to control his trembling. He silently cursed Head for being so accurate in his evaluation. Judo *had* been frightened back there; in prison vernacular he *did* have piss for blood. He glanced up and saw that Head's lips were still moving as the bald man continued to mutter under his breath.

Yellow drove off the freeway and cruised along Battery Street. "Where to

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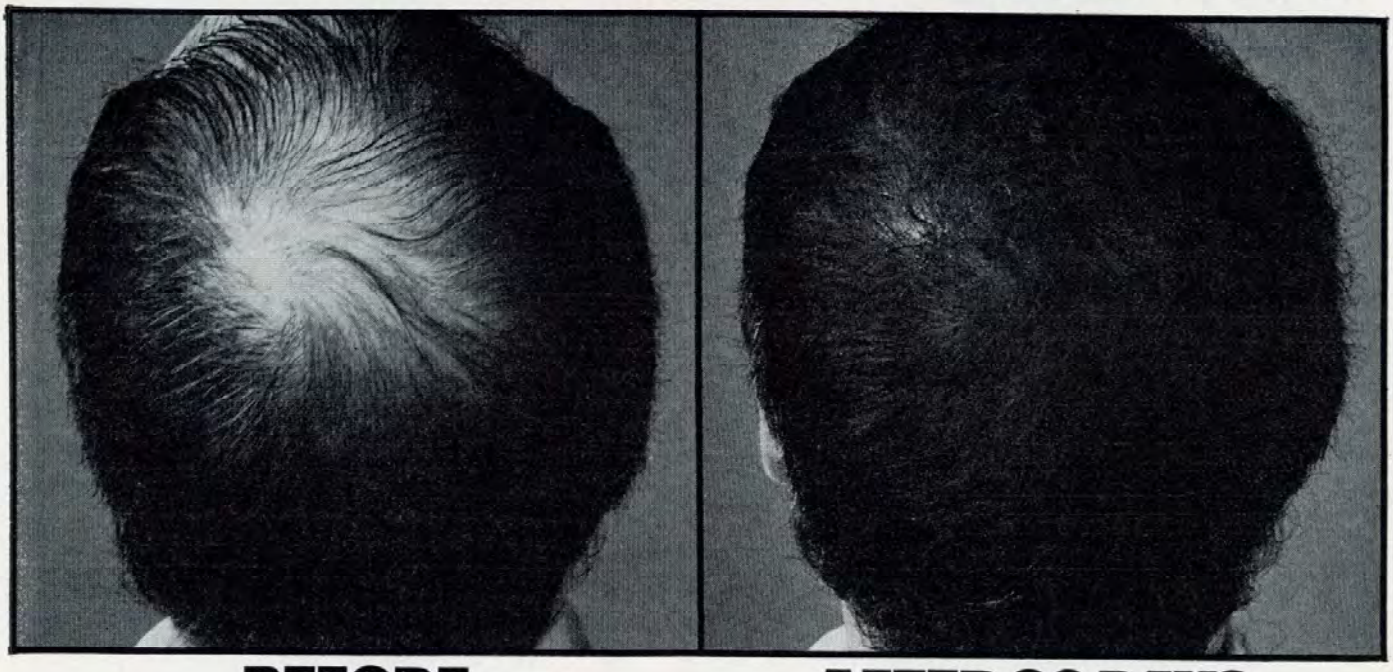

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now?" he asked Head.

"Man, I don't give a shit where," Head replied crossly. He spotted a lone white man waiting to cross the street at Battery and Vallejo. "Pull over right here," he said. "I'll kill that motherfucker right on the corner."

Judo's mouth dropped open. "Man, you crazy! You just *asking* to go back to Q." He slapped Yellow on the shoulder. "Keep driving, man."

"I said stop here!" Head repeated. He snatched the pistol from his belt but did not point it at anyone.

"No, keep driving, man!" Judo ordered. "I ain't going back to the shithouse on account of this crazy motherfucker." Judo looked into Head's eyes and saw the glare of murder. He slipped one hand under his Nehru coat in case Head lost control and decided to start shooting. The feel of his own gun was reassuring.

"Hey, man, he's right," Yellow said to a now extremely agitated Head. "This ain't no place to do one. Besides, I want a woman or a kid; it takes too many men to get Death Angel wings."

Death Angel wings were awarded to each man who killed four white children, five white women, or nine white men. Upon completion of the required quota, a new member's photograph was taken and a pair of black wings was drawn, extending from the neck. The photo was mounted on a board along with pictures of other successful candidates, and the board was displayed on an easel at the loft meetings. At that time there were 15 accredited Death Angels in California. To achieve their collective membership, they had already quietly killed throughout the state 135 white men, 75 white women, 60 white children—or enough of a combination thereof to give each of them his required four, five, or nine credits. This was October of 1973. The California attorney general's office had already secretly compiled a list of 45 of those killings that had taken place in the cities of San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Long Beach, Signal Hill, Santa Barbara, Palo Alto, Pacifica, San Diego, and Los Angeles, and in the counties of San Mateo, Santa Clara, Los Angeles, Contra Costa, Ventura, and Alameda. All of the victims were white. All the known suspects in the killings had been associated with the Black Muslim movement. The killings were even then continuing throughout the state.

"Come on, man, I want me a white woman or a kid, hear?" said Yellow. "I don't want to fuck with no men." He drove past the man on the corner. Head muttered something but did not object further.

Yellow turned left off Battery and began cruising the Telegraph Hill area.

In their apartment at 399 Chestnut Street, Richard Hague and his wife, Quita, decided to go for a walk after dinner. It was a pleasant evening. Richard put on a light cardigan; Quita pulled a yellow-and-orange South American woolen shawl around her shoulders, over the sweat shirt and cardigan she already had on. They left the apartment and walked west on Chestnut, toward Columbus Avenue.

Richard Hague, age 30, was a mining engineer employed in the San Francisco office of Utah International Company. Quita, two years younger, was a reporter for the Industrial City Press in South San Francisco. The previous month they had celebrated their seventh wedding anniversary.

As they walked downhill on Chestnut, they held hands. Richard and Quita Hague were white.

"There you are, man," Head said to Yellow when he saw the young white couple. "What about him?" asked Yellow, bobbing his chin toward Judo and speaking as if he were not even present.

"His heart ain't ready," Head replied with a sneer.

"Fuck you, man!" Judo snapped.

"Pull over there by the corner," Head instructed, ignoring Judo.

Yellow parked on the north side of Chestnut, near the corner of Powell. The young white couple was walking along the south side of the street, toward the same corner.

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Head told Yellow. He turned to Judo. "You gonna help or not, man?" he asked coldly. Head and Judo locked eyes. Head's question was a direct challenge, and Judo knew it.

"I'm right behind you, man," said Judo. At that moment he hated Head.

Head and Judo got out of the van and strolled across the street. They stepped onto the sidewalk a hundred feet in front of the white couple. They separated: Head stood at the curb, Judo leaned against a fence across the sidewalk. The white couple would have to walk between them.

As she walked with her husband this evening, Quita was looking forward to Christmas. It was still two months away, but she habitually started thinking about it early. Whenever the season approached, she was always reminded of the first Christmas she and Richard had spent together. They had been married four months and were living in South-West Africa, where Richard was employed as a geologist. There was no such thing as an evergreen Christmas tree to be found; so Quita decided that they should decorate a camelthorn bush, which had countless tiny thorns. They ended up celebrating Christmas at a local swimming pool to escape the heat.

It had not been much of a first Christmas, but for the sentimental Quita it was a memory she cherished.

She held Richard's hand a little tighter as they walked down Chestnut—toward two black men lounging on opposite sides of the sidewalk.

As the Hagues started to walk between them, Head reached out and grabbed Richard by the arm. "Hold it, man. Don't move. You coming with us."

Judo stepped away from the fence and leveled a gun at them. He was standing downhill, looking up at them. Richard froze. But not Quita.

"No, no, no," she said, frightened, her voice breaking. She bolted past Judo and ran several yards downhill.

Now Head drew a gun. He pointed it at Richard's chest. "Get on back up here, woman," he said to Quita, "or I'll kill him."

The eyes of Quita Hague and her husband met for a split instant in the dull gray of the streetlight.

"They already have us," said Richard. "Let's cooperate. They won't hurt us."

Reluctantly, hesitantly, Quita walked back up to where her husband was being held. Judo took her arm.

"Over to that van," Head said. Still holding Richard's arm, he guided him across the narrow street. Judo followed a step behind with Quita.

Yellow saw them coming. He hopped out and ran around to open the cargo door on the passenger side.

"Get in there," Head ordered, shoving Richard toward the van. Hague climbed into the van. "Move over there and lay down," said Head. "On your stomach." Hague crawled over and stretched out facedown next to the furniture pads stacked in the bed of the van.

"Now you," Head nodded to Quita.

"No!" she said, terrified again. She started to run a second time. Yellow, younger and faster than either Head or Judo, reached out and grabbed her by the hair. He jerked her back and slammed her against the side of the van. She groaned and started to go limp.

"Get in there!" Yellow snapped, grabbing her under the arm, up close to the shoulder, and manhandling her into the van. He made her stretch out behind the passenger seat, facedown as her husband was lying. "You lay there, bitch!" he said in his ugly, boyish voice. The urine had dried on his trousers now, and he felt better. More like a man.

Then suddenly he heard something that made even his bowels queasy.

"Shit, man!" Judo hissed. "A fucking cop car is coming!"

Police officers Bruce Marovich and Ben McAllister were proceeding slowly down Chestnut toward Powell. McAllister was driving the black-and-white radio car; Marovich was in the passenger seat, routinely checking the street. As they passed the middle of the block, Marovich

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observed some activity on the sidewalk next to where a light-colored Dodge van was parked. He frowned, studying the situation, as the radio car slowly passed the van. Marovich had been a policeman for more than five years. He could see nothing really suspicious occurring at the van, and yet—

"Hold it a minute," he said to McAllister. "Back up next to the white van."

McAllister backed up. As they halted parallel to the van, Head walked around to them.

"What's going on?" Marovich asked out the passenger window.

"Everything's okay, Officer," Head said with a smile. "We had a flat, and we're fixing it."

Behind Head, Marovich could see another black man. He was vaguely aware of still a third person around by the open cargo door. But nothing seemed out of order. The two blacks he could see up close were neatly dressed, well-groomed men, certainly not hubcap thieves.

Marovich thought about it for a moment. Then he said, "Okay."

He nodded to his partner, and they drove on, continuing their patrol.

Minutes later the van was on the freeway again, heading south toward the railroad yards below the Central Basin. Yellow was driving. Head was in the rear, astraddle Richard Hague, tying his hands behind him with heavy twine. Judo was next to him, astraddle Quita. Her hands were already tied. Judo had her rolled onto her side; one hand was up under her sweat shirt, feeling her breasts.

Yellow glanced in the rearview mirror and saw Head looking through Richard Hague's wallet. "We not allowed to steal, man," he said.

"You just drive," Head snapped. "I ain't doing nothing but just looking." He closed the wallet and shoved it back into Richard's pocket. Then he rolled Hague over and started going through his front pockets.

Hague raised his head and saw that Judo was doing something to Quita. "What are you doing to her?" he asked.

Judo, angered at being watched by the white woman's husband, reached over and hit him in the mouth. "Shut up, motherfucker!" He glanced at Head. "Man, make him keep his fucking face down."

Hague raised his head again, blood running over his bottom lip from Judo's backhand. "What is he doing to her?"

Head reached behind him and picked up a straight lug wrench. "I done told you to keep your white motherfucking face down!" He swung the lug wrench and smashed Richard Hague's jaw. Hague's head flopped back as if his neck were broken; blood gushed from his nostrils. Head hit him again, breaking his jaw in two more places. "I told the motherfucker once," he mumbled. "I don't tell no motherfucker twice." He hit him with the lug wrench a third time.

"Rich—" Quita said. It was little more than a plaintive whisper.

"Shut up, bitch," said Judo. He had Quita on her back now, sweat shirt and cardigan pushed up around her neck, fondling her exposed breasts with both hands.

Head got off the unconscious Richard and moved over to them. He put his hand between Quita's legs and started rubbing her through her jeans. Quita's hands were tied behind her back, and she was lying on them. She had made fists and was arching her body up to relieve the pain in her wrists. Head thought she was pushing her lower body up because he was rubbing her. "You like that, baby?" he asked with a lewd grin. He looked around Judo at her face. "You suck dick, baby?"

"Hey, man," said Yellow at the wheel, "we supposed to kill the white devils, not fuck with them."

Head ignored him. He was trying to unbuckle a wide leather belt that Quita wore on her jeans, but he could not manage it because Judo was sitting too far back on her. He tried to get his hand to the zipper to unzip the fly, but he could not reach that, either. "Shit, man," he said in frustration. He unzipped his own trousers and released his erection.

Yellow looked over his shoulder. "We don't supposed to be fucking with these white devils," he warned again. "We only supposed to kill them."

Head had one hand curled around his hard penis. "Ain't no rule says I can't fuck a white devil before we kill her," he argued. "Ain't that right, man?" he asked Judo, slapping him on the shoulder.

"Don't ask me, man," Judo replied. "I don't know no rules." Judo maneuvered around until he was not on top of Quita anymore but was kneeling beside her, near her neck. He bent and sucked one of her nipples.

At the wheel Yellow was becoming increasingly agitated. This was not the way it was supposed to be. Not sucking on the white devil's tits or trying to get inside her clothes. He glanced at the next off-ramp sign: PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE. There were lonely, isolated railroad spurs just east of Pennsylvania Avenue. Yellow stepped down on the accelerator and changed to the off-ramp lane.

Quita Hague's face was turned to the wall of the van. Tears streamed down her cheeks, trailing into her mouth and onto her neck. Her hands felt numb. She could feel Judo's lips sucking her nipple raw; she could see Head walking toward her face on his knees, trousers open, black penis erect. And from the front of the van was the constant, whining voice talking about killing white devils.

"Please—please—" she begged. "Rape me—take my money—but please don't kill me—please—"

"We won't, baby," said Head. "Least-

wise, not until we through with you."

Yellow got off the freeway, doubled back up Pennsylvania to Twenty-third Street, and drove under the freeway toward the industrial area. As he had surmised, the neighborhood was quiet, devoid of activity. Past Indiana Avenue he drove, to Minnesota. He swung into Minnesota, feeling gravel replace pavement under the tires. In seconds he was past Twenty-fourth Street. He drove alongside a single-track railroad spur until it turned down a narrow alley of warehouses and loading docks. There he jammed on the brakes and skidded to a halt.

"That white devil belongs to me!" he yelled.

Yellow leaped from behind the wheel and ran to the cargo door. He threw it open with a vengeance and reached under the back of the passenger seat. When he drew his hand out again, it held a 16-inch machete. He made several chops at the air with it, as if testing it.

"Say, man, be careful with that motherfucker," Head said, covering his erection protectively.

"This white devil is mine!" Yellow declared again. His voice was a loud hiss; the boyish features of his face were distorted: lips twisted, eyes narrowed to slits, Adam's apple throbbing. "I want her! She's mine!"

"Yeah, right, man, take her," Judo agreed quickly. "Just watch out with that fucking sword."

Yellow took Quita Hague by her thick, dark hair and dragged her from the van. She came out on her side and fell heavily to the ground. Yellow dragged her up to her knees, dragged her *on* her knees for several yards, then angrily, impatiently, pulled her to her feet.

"Oh, please—oh, no—" she pled, choking and crying.

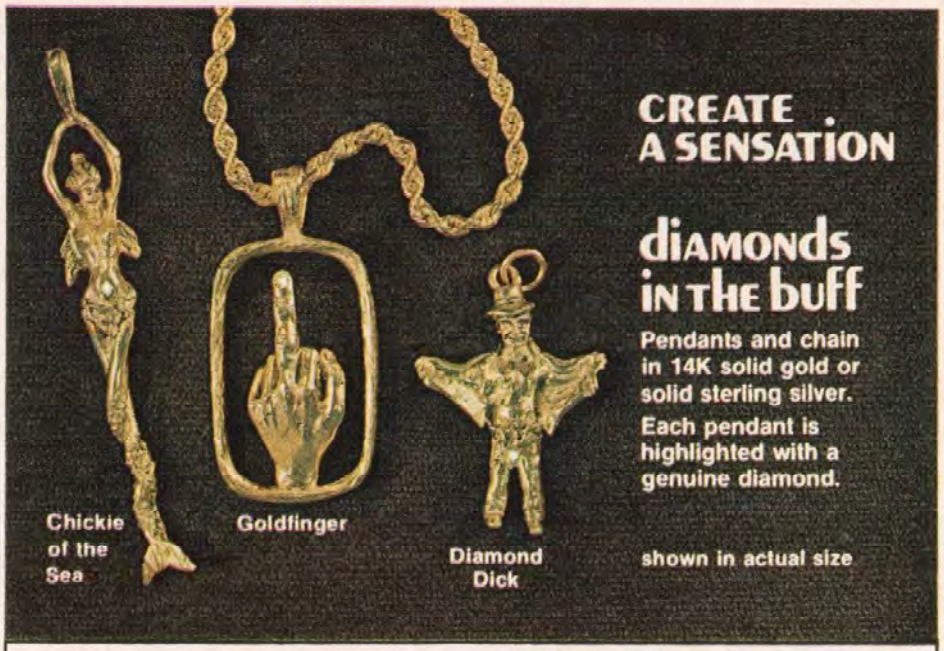
Yellow jerked viciously at her hair to make her keep up. She stumbled, staggered, almost fell. Her tied wrists were raw from the twine, her knees throbbing from falling on them and being dragged on them, her scalp a mass of pain as her hair was literally being pulled out by the roots. But she probably felt none of that agony because her entire being had to be laced with the terrible fear of impending death. She could see the machete in Yellow's hand. She must have known what he was going to do with it.

"Oh, please—oh, no—"

When Yellow got her where he wanted her, next to the railroad spur, he let go of her hair and used a hip throw to drop her to the ground. Judo, watching from next to the van, realized that it was a throw he himself had taught Yellow when he, Judo, first came out of prison. It was one of the basic jujitsu throws. Easy to execute. Particularly easy when applied to a terrified woman, 40 pounds lighter, with her hands tied behind her back.

"Oh, please—oh, no—"

Yellow grabbed her by the hair again



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and dragged her across one of the rails. When he let go, a handful of her hair came out, entwined in his fingers. Yellow stared at it in revulsion; he frantically shook his hand until the hair came loose and drifted to the ground.

"Now your head is mine, white devil," Yellow said.

"Oh, please—oh, no—please—"

It was the last time Quita would beg for her life.

Yellow raised the machete high in the air and brought it down with all his strength on the throat of Quita Hague.

Head and Judo were standing by the parked van when Yellow came running back over to them.

"I did it! I did it!" Yellow shouted triumphantly. He threw his hands into the air, still holding the bloody machete, and did a brief victory dance. It was, Judo thought, not unlike the quick little dances that football players do in the end zone following a touchdown. Judo stared at Yellow's wild-eyed, frenzied grin. "You ought to see the blood gushing out of that devil's neck!" Yellow said. "It's wonderful, wonderful! I got to get a picture of it!" He shoved the machete into Head's hand and ran around the van. From under the driver's seat, he removed a Polaroid camera with flash attached. He hurried back to the railroad spur with it.

Head stared at the bloodstained blade he held. "Blue-eyed devils," he muttered. "I wanted that bitch to suck my dick." He peered in at Richard Hague in the van. "I bet she sucked *his* dick," he said indignantly. "Blue-eyed motherfucker!"

With sudden ferocity, Head reached in with the machete and hacked at the unconscious Richard Hague's face. He hacked twice. Three times. Then, drooling slightly over his puffy lips, he dragged the limp form out of the van and across the ground.

Judo, wide-eyed, watched Head walk away, pulling Richard Hague by one arm behind him. Crazy, Judo thought, the motherfucker is crazy.

When Head approached the railroad spur, he saw a flashbulb explode. Then another. Yellow taking pictures of his kill, he thought sullenly. He gots a woman, and I only gots a man. Shit.

Head dragged Richard Hague to the opposite side of the tracks from where Quita lay. A man's better than nothing, he thought. Leastwise, better than what Judo was getting tonight. As indifferently as if he were chopping wood, Head began hacking away at Richard Hague's face.

Across the tracks, Yellow finished taking pictures. He, too, thought briefly about Judo, waiting back at the van, Judo, who would get no credit for no kill tonight. Then Yellow remembered a ring he had seen on Quita Hague's finger: a white-gold ring with a green stone. He knew that Death Angels were not supposed to steal from their victims, but he decided to take the ring anyway—for Judo. His friend was getting married in a few days; maybe he could use the ring. Bending, Yellow rolled Quita sideways enough to expose her limp, tied wrists, and worked the ring off her fingers.

As Yellow stepped back across the tracks, he saw Head still hacking away. "Hey, brother, you want a picture of that devil?"

"Don't need no picture, man," Head muttered. "If I say I killed the motherfucker, then I killed him. Don't need no picture."

"Okay, brother." Yellow hurried back to the van.

When he was alone again, Head took Richard Hague's wallet and slipped it into his own pocket. No one would ever know, he told himself.

Several minutes later Head returned to the van, tossed the bloody machete into the back, and got in.

Without headlights, the van drove slowly away from the railroad spur and the carnage that had been spread over it.

Shortly after eleven o'clock that night, John Battenberg and his wife, Beverly, were in their car, driving west on Twenty-fifth Street. Battenberg was a 41-year-old professor of art at San Jose State University. As the Hagues had done earlier, the Battenbergs decided to get some air before going to bed. Unlike the Hagues, they drove instead of walking.

As the car passed the intersection of Minnesota Avenue, the Battenbergs saw a figure lurch from the shadows and stagger toward the street.

"Looks like he's drunk," said Beverly Battenberg.

"Looks like," her husband agreed. Then John Battenberg took a closer look. "Wait a minute. That man's hands are tied behind his back—"

Battenberg pulled over and got out of the car. He hurried toward the lurching figure.

It was Richard Hague.

In shock, badly hacked about the face and head, Hague had done the incredible: he had clung to life, struggled to his feet with hands still tied, and set out on foot, looking for help for his wife.

Battenberg was appalled at what he saw. Richard Hague's head was horribly mutilated. The flesh had been hacked open down to the bone. His skull was open and exposed. Ghastly strips of skin hung from his face, dripping steady rivulets of blood. He was muttering incoherently.

Battenberg untied Hague's hands, dropping the rough twine to the ground. He guided Hague to his car. Not sure where the nearest hospital was located, he drove to the nearby Potrero District police station.

The van, meanwhile, had sped south on the freeway. It parked behind an apartment in the Hunters Point section. Judo

went to the door of the apartment and knocked. The knock was answered by a plump, round-faced young black woman.

"*As-salaam-alaikum*," Judo said, speaking the Muslim greeting.

"*As-salaam-alaikum*," she replied.

"I need a favor," Judo said. "My friends and I need a place to wash up."

The woman noticed dark spots on his Nehru coat and the pink shirt he wore under it. "What have you been doing?"

Judo smiled. "We been out killing white folks," he said. His voice was half serious, half joking. He took the young woman's hand. "Listen, I don't want you mixed up in this. You go on in the bedroom and stay until they're gone. Don't ask no questions."

She studied his eyes for a moment, then nodded, and went into her bedroom.

Head and Yellow washed up in the bathroom, scrubbing the Hagues' blood off their hands and arms. Then the three men filled a small garbage can with water and took it out to the van. They removed the furniture pads and sluiced down the cargo floor, cleaning out Richard Hague's blood. Yellow used the excess water to wash off the machete and put it back under the passenger seat.

When Yellow and Judo were away from Head momentarily, Yellow gave Judo the ring he had taken from Quita Hague. "Just so's the night won't be a complete loss for you," he said. "Maybe you can use it at your wedding."

"Thanks, man," Judo said.

In the light Judo examined the ring. Inside the band it was engraved: REH TO QPM 9-17-66 ALL MY LOVE.

Judo rubbed several tiny specks of red off the white gold and slipped the ring into his pocket.

At the police station John Battenberg ran up to the first occupied patrol car he saw and banged on the window. "I've got a man over here who may be dying!"

Officers Donald Hensic and John Chestnut hurried to the Battenberg car. They took one look at Richard Hague and radioed a request for a Code Three ambulance—emergency lights and siren. Within ten minutes Hague was on his way to San Francisco General Hospital.

The two policemen, along with another team and a sergeant, returned with the Battenbergs to the intersection of Twenty-fifth and Minnesota. They began to search the area. The first thing they found was the length of twine that John Battenberg had taken off Richard Hague's hands. Next they found a small pool of still-wet blood where Richard had lain. Then they found several patches of brown hair lying between the rails.

Finally, they found Quita.

Back at the Hunters Point apartment, Head and Yellow had left, and Judo and the Muslim girl were alone.

"You shouldn't be over here without a chaperone," she told him. "We're not married yet."

"We will be in three days," Judo said.

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"Anyway, I got a present for you, and I wanted us to be alone when I gave it to you."

He put Quita Hague's white-gold-and-emerald ring on her finger.

"Oh, honey, it's so pretty!" she praised, holding the back of her hand up to see it. "My, it must have cost something!"

"It wasn't cheap," Judo said.

At the railroad spur Quita Hague was being photographed in death for the second time. Standing around her body were men from the Crime Lab, Photo Lab, Operations Center, and Homicide details and a representative from the coroner's office. Quita was still lying across one rail of the tracks. Her hair, face, and upper torso were matted with her own drying blood. Her head lay back at a grotesque angle, its neck open, almost severed from the body. Her windpipe and most of her major neck arteries had been cut open, and her backbone and spinal cord had been lacerated.

Her hands were still tied.

Quita Hague was pronounced dead at 11:45 P.M.

It was the first loft meeting following the Hague kidnap-killing. Head had the floor and was complaining bitterly about Judo's participation.

"The man don't have the *heart* for Death Angel business," he proclaimed.

"Can you elaborate on that for us?" asked the man with the Vandyke, who was moderating the meeting. He was flanked, as usual, by his bodyguards.

"You want to hear more, I'll tell you more," said Head. He ignored Judo, who was glaring at him from the audience. "First, he fucked up when we had three white kids almos' in the van. He let one of them break away; then they *all* broke away. Next, when we had the two white devils down on the railroad track, he didn't even help. He didn't do nothing. The man just don't have the heart."

The moderator looked at Judo, raising his eyebrows. "Your reply, brother?"

Judo stood. "I got as much heart as he has. It's just that this is all new to me. I'm not used to it. I haven't been out of prison very long; it's taking me a while to adjust."

Yellow looked up at Judo and winked. That was exactly the right thing to say. Exactly as they had rehearsed it.

"Anyhow," Judo added, and this was not rehearsed, "he's just pissed off because *his* white devil didn't die." Judo turned his eyes to Head, who was now glaring back at him. He decided to rub salt in Head's wound. "He had the sucker knocked out and his hands tied behind his back. He had a machete big enough to chop down a fucking tree. He had all that going for him, and he couldn't even kill the devil."

There were several smiles and a few chuckles from the audience as the men saw Head's discomfiture. Head's lips were pursed as far out as they would go, and his forehead was drawn into a tight scowl. "At least I tried, motherfucker," he said to Judo. "More than you did."

In the audience Yellow raised his hand for permission to speak. The moderator nodded. All eyes turned to Yellow with interest: he had a new status because of what he had done to Quita Hague.

"I think maybe we might be pushing this brother too fast," he said. "After all, like he told us, he just got out of the white man's prison a while back. We can't expect to push him out front right away and have him score a kill." He glanced at Judo and grinned. "Anyhow, he getting married soon, you know, and he nervous about it. He don't know can he handle her or not."

There were some raucous laughs from the audience. The moderator smiled through his Vandyke.

"All in all," Yellow continued, "I don't think this brother did too bad for his first time out. I vote we overlook what happened with those three white kids. This brother will do all right if we give him time."

> "I did it!" he shouted triumphantly, throwing his hands into the air, still holding the bloody machete. "You ought to see the blood gushing out of that devil's neck!"

"I'm inclined to agree," said the moderator. He motioned for Head, Judo, and Yellow to sit down. From his coat pocket he took a neatly cut one-column newspaper clipping headlined:

WOMAN SLAIN
IN SAVAGE
KNIFE ATTACK

He read aloud from the clipping. "A young woman was hacked to death and her husband severely slashed after they were abducted by three men.... Police say Mrs. Hague ... had been nearly decapitated by a single stroke to her throat by a heavy-bladed weapon, probably a machete.... Richard Hague found staggering around ... taken to San Francisco General Hospital ... underwent several hours of surgery ... deep, savage slash wounds ... in serious condition...." He stopped reading and said, "In light of our younger brother's splendid kill, I think we will not cloud the event with any internal discipline or reprimand. Suffice it to say that he—" the moderator raised both hands and pointed to Yellow "—is well on his way to becoming a respected Death Angel, while his two participating brothers—" he gestured toward Head and Judo "—have some catching up to do."

There were more laughs from the group, good-natured now instead of derisive.

"One final point, however," the moderator said, looking at the clipping again. "The police say the motive for the killing might have been robbery, since Hague's wallet was missing. Do any of you know anything about that?"

Yellow and Judo looked at Head.

"Don't be looking at me, motherfuckers," Head muttered. "I don't know nothing 'bout no fucking wallet."

The moderator allowed a moment of silence to pass. Then he said, "Of course, it could have been lost somewhere during the night, or a policeman may have stolen it. I bring it up simply to emphasize that we—" he spoke the word loftily "—are not thieves. Nor are we rapists. What we do, we do to avenge four hundred years of abuse. Always remember that."

Before he left, the moderator took Judo aside and spoke to him in private. "I don't want you to be discouraged by this temporary setback," he told him in confidential tones. "I know a lot about you, and I feel that you have great potential. I think that if you work hard and apply yourself, you can become an important man in the Nation of Islam. Men of your caliber are needed in New Mecca."

The Zebra killings lasted for 179 days and claimed 23 victims—15 dead and 8 wounded. The violence reached its high point on January 28, 1974, on the one hundred first day, on the night of the second Muhammad Ali–Joe Frazier boxing match. Interpreting Ali's victory as a portent from Allah, three Nation of Islam members went out into the San Francisco streets, attacking white men and women at random. By morning four people were dead, and one was critically wounded. The city was thrown into a panic.

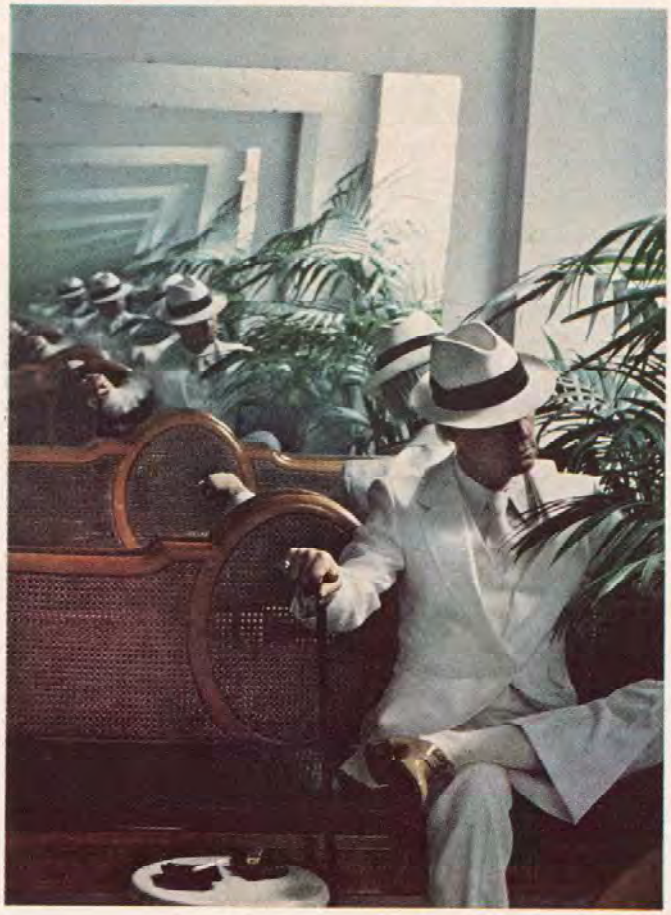
For the first time in San Francisco's history, the police department officially warned citizens not to venture outdoors after dark. Local businesses were badly disrupted. And neighborhood groups formed their own patrols to guard the members of their communities.

On May 1, 1974, a man named Anthony Harris contacted police authorities and slowly pieced together for them the names and places of the various killings. His confession led to the arrest of seven members of the Islamic community and the end of the Zebra affair.

The ensuing one-year-and-six-days trial was the longest criminal trial in California history. One hundred eighty-one witnesses testified, but it was Harris's firsthand testimony that was the backbone of the prosecutor's case. On March 9, 1976, four men were found guilty of first-degree murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. In return for turning state's evidence, Anthony Harris was granted immunity for his participation in the Zebra affair. ○

A CONVERSATION WITH MAX

The first man to have himself cloned accuses the scientific community of blocking progress and evolution.



When word leaked to the press, in the late winter of 1978, that the old, respected publishing house of J. B. Lippincott was planning to issue a nonfiction book about the purported cloning of a human being, the reaction was instantaneous and seismic. The book, *In His Image: The Cloning of a Man*, by science writer David Rorvik (formerly on the staff of *Time* magazine and the recipient of both Pulitzer and Alicia Patterson Foundation fellowships), tells the story of "Max," a rich man who, for a variety of reasons, wanted to duplicate himself by cloning. Cloning is an asexual method of reproduction, previously used only in lower animals, in which a single body cell is stimulated to produce an exact replica of the individual from whom the cell is taken. According to Rorvik's book, a medical team consisting of three individuals code-named "Darwin," "Mary," and "Paul," conducted its research at a tropical outpost, where native women served as egg donors and surrogate mothers, candidates in the effort to carry a cloned embryo to term after its implantation in a "surrogate" womb. After numerous failures, Rorvik recounts, success was achieved with a teenage girl, code-named "Sparrow," who became the surrogate mother.

In His Image immediately spawned an industry of clone-conscious television movies, a television series, and books and articles *about* Rorvik's book, as well as cloning jokes and "self-cloning" kits. It was network, front-page, and talk-show news for months. Controversial because its subject matter threatens our basic sense of self and because the author refused to disclose his sources, the book was denounced by some as a fraud and a hoax. Other scientists withheld judgment and said that, hoax or not, the book raised serious bio-ethical issues that desperately needed to be aired—because cloning, if it had not already happened, could indeed occur very soon if someone, or some group, wanted badly enough to do it. Since the book's initial impact, millions of words have been written and debated on the pros and cons of cloning and on the other advances in genetic engineering that, Rorvik warns, pose far more threatening challenges to mankind than anything hitherto encountered.

The book has now been published in fifteen languages in more than twenty different countries. Its credibility has been enhanced by the recent success of Dr. Landrum B. Shettles in growing three human embryos in test tubes to the point at which he believes they might successfully have been implanted in surrogate wombs. Its credibility was also furthered by the birth, in England, of Louise Brown, the first baby conceived in a laboratory test tube.

Following Rorvik's June 1978 interview, *Penthouse* asked him to interview Max. Negotiations took place over the period of a year. According to Rorvik, Max finally agreed to an interview on his yacht in an unnamed location. David Rorvik reports:

"My first meeting with Max since publication of my book about him took place in the late spring of 1978. I was in London when the arrangements were made. By telephone I told Max that I would soon be heading to Australia. I said that I could make some stopovers both on my way there and again while en route back to Europe. Max was worried about my being followed and suggested I give him a list of places—the more the better, he said—where he might reach me. He suggested Abu Dhabi as one possible meeting place, one of the Seychelles Islands as another. Later we added Sri Lanka, Manila, and Bangkok to the list. Soon, dates and places I would be staying were conveyed to him. He asked me not to try to reach him by phone again.

"When he did contact me—by first sending a message to my hotel room—the terms of our meeting were as follows: I would tape our afternoon conversation on his recorder, transcribe the cassette tapes that same evening, and turn them over to him by the following morning while remaining, at all times, in his care. He would edit the written transcript of the tapes, deleting anything he wanted to, and I would be obligated to return the transcripts to him—along with the finished interview—before submitting it to *Penthouse*.

"Later, it was decided that a second interview session would be desirable. This did not take place until the early spring of 1979. Again, the terms, to which I agreed, knowing that otherwise there would be no interviews, were very similar. Max promised to be candid and surprised me by saying that he hoped to make himself 'a little more exciting' than—he thought—I had portrayed him in my book. Throughout the interview we referred to Max's clonal offspring by his given name, but Max deleted the name in each instance and substituted 'the child' or 'the boy' or 'the kid.'"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 244

SENSUOUS SAAB

The Saab 900 Turbo is built by Saab-Scania AB, the same company that produces jet fighter planes, trucks, buses, rockets, computers, and furnaces. The planes are its most exotic products, but there is always a touch of aircraft engineering in the Saab automobiles. For example, the hood on a Saab lifts up about four inches in the front, then slides forward about a foot before pivoting 180 degrees, rather like an aircraft access panel.

To appreciate some of the eccentric features of the Saab 900, it is necessary to know something of its evolution. Svenska Aeroplane AB (SAAB, for short) produced its first automobiles in 1949—1,246 of them, all army-surplus green! They had tiny two-cylinder, two-stroke engines that produced 25 horsepower and sounded like outboard motors. Built to withstand the unpaved Scandinavian roads, the Saab did amazingly well in cross-country rallying, thanks to a combination of durability and spirited driving by factory aces like Eric "On the Roof" Carlsson.

Saab started a modest horsepower race in 1955 by switching to a three-cylinder engine. In '66 it switched to a German Ford V-4, and in '69 to a British Triumph slant-four engine. This engine, now produced by Saab, is the basis of the Turbo. The turbocharged version was intended to give Saab the performance of a six-cylinder engine without the gas guzzling. The Saab Turbo develops 135 hp at 5,500 rpm, but it also belts out 160 ft lb of torque at 3,500 rpm, which makes it a mean little street racer that can blow the doors off a lot of Detroit iron.

Every Saab built has traditionally had front-wheel drive, but along the way there have been some nice technical innovations: diagonally split braking systems (1963), headlight washers and wipers (1971), heated driver's seats (1972), and a filtered ventilating system that traps dust and pollen (1978). Today's Saab 900 is a prestige sports sedan that is right up there with Alfa, BMW, and Porsche.

Saab likes to be different, and its appealing eccentricity begins with a choice of optional mag wheels, which range in style from Art Deco to "Battlestar Galactica." The Saab engine seems to be installed backwards: the alternator and fan belts face the driver, and the ignition coil is mounted on the radiator. The transmission and differential are in front of and under the engine. The steering linkage is behind the engine. Bosch K-Jetronic fuel injection and a huge air cleaner add enough weirdness to the engine compartment to scare off the average mechanic.

Inside, there's an asymmetric dash with strange twist knobs that seem to have come off Grandma's old gas range. The

Photographs by Earl Miller

The Saab 900 gets its durability from racing on unpaved roads, its high-tech styling from jet fighters, and its power from a turbo engine.

BY WADE HOYT

ignition switch is down on the floor, near the shift lever, to lock the transmission in *Reverse* when the key is removed. The seat belts have no buckles; you simply clamp them into a clasp between the bucket seats. Electric heaters in the seats warm your buns (and reduce lower-back fatigue) until the heater goes on.

The shifter on some front-drive cars can be vague or rubbery, but on the Saab it is surprisingly smooth and precise. The standard power steering is light and completely eliminates any tendency for the car to pull to one side during acceleration, another bad habit of many front-drive cars.

European rally versions of the Saab Turbo produce 260 to 300 hp. Saab has always insisted that its competition cars be as close to stock as possible so that the lessons learned in racing could be applied to increasing the durability of its everyday cars. The main modification in the Saab competition engines is adjusting the AiResearch turbocharger to more than double the engine's power output. Even the bearings are standard equipment rather than special racing versions.

The stock 135-hp Turbo will do 0 to 60 mph in 9 seconds, 0 to 100 in 25 seconds, and the quarter-mile in 17 seconds. For a smog-controlled 1979 car, that's not bad. For an economy car that also gets an honest 25 miles per gallon, it's fantastic!

The Saab feels even faster than it is. The Turbo's oversized mag wheels and ultra-low-profile Pirelli P6 tires (both standard equipment) let you blast through turns at truly shocking speeds.

The handling of the new 900-series Saab is responsive, smooth, stable, predictable, and enjoyable. Its rack-and-pinion steering responds quickly, and its large, 15-inch wheels provide low rolling resistance and room for big brakes.

Standard equipment includes metallic paint, velour upholstery, bucket seats with a zillion adjustments, power steering, sun-roof, dual outside mirrors with electric adjustment, gas-filled Bilstein shock absorbers, and full instrumentation, including tachometer and turbo-boost gauge. The huge hatchback comes all the way down to the rear bumper for easy loading. With the rear seat-back folded forward and the package shelf removed, its 53 cubic feet of volume in an area six feet long rivals the cargo space in many small station wagons.

But the Saab's best feature is the engine. A little slow off the line, maybe, but when the turbo kicks in, you can blast up hills or away from traffic as though you had a big V-8 under the hood. All this excitement costs $11,473, but at Detroit prices this includes at least $3,000 worth of options on a unique car that you won't find in every other slot at the parking lot.

OHWICKED WANDA!
TM
ARE WANDA AND CANDYFLOSS INVOLVED IN TIME TRAVEL? OR IS THAT OLD MAGUS, HOMER SAPIENS, WEAVING AN ELABORATE FANTASY AROUND OUR LUSCIOUS HEROINES? AT THE MOMENT THERE'S NO WAY OF TELLING. ALL YOU CAN DO IS READ ON AND SPECULATE AFTERWARDS
HEY! YOU CAN'T LEAVE US HERE LIKE THIS— NAKED!
FROM WHERE I'M STANDING I WOULDN'T THINK THAT WAS ANY CAUSE FOR ALARM!
IF IT'S THEIR VIRTUE THEY'RE WORRIED ABOUT —THERE'S NO SIGN OF ANOTHER LIVING SOUL ANYWHERE IN THIS LANDSCAPE!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON
WELL, PUSSCAKE —ARE YOU GAME?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT OLD EGG-BONCE HAS LET US IN FOR- BUT SHALL WE SEE IT THROUGH?
YES, BOO'FUL! I'M ENJOYING IT NOW!

AND SO OUR COURAGEOUS HEROINES STEP BOLDLY OUT INTO THE GREAT UNKNOWN.....

BREATHE THAT AIR—IT'S LIKE CHAMPAGNE! NOT A TRACE OF CARBON MONOXIDE!
IT'S BEAUTIFUL HERE, BOO'FUL! LIKE WE HAD THE WHOLE WORLD TO OURSELVES!

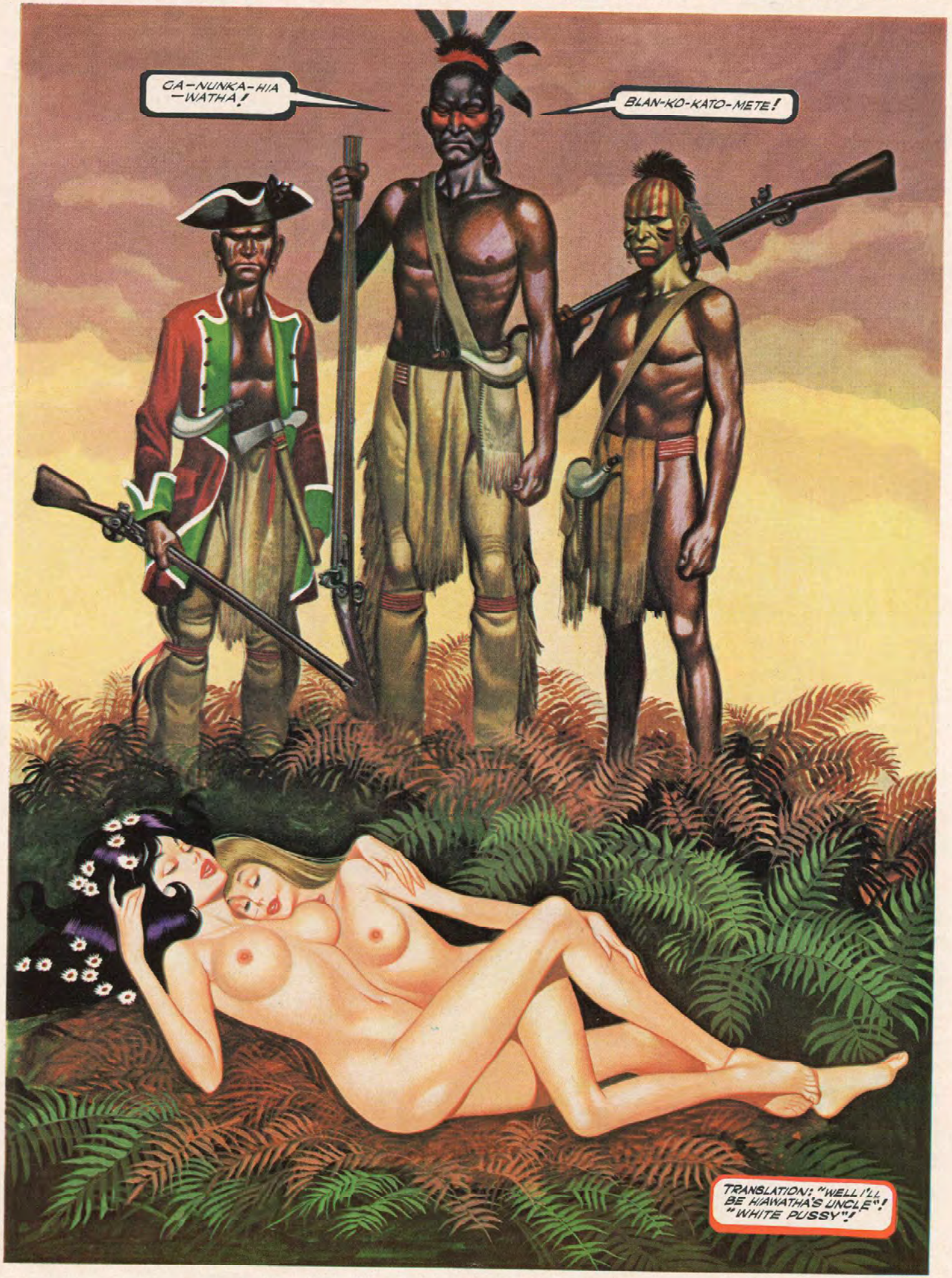
TROUT FOR SUPPER?
GOODY! I'LL GO FIND SOME BERRIES AND HERBS FOR THE SAUCE!

THIS IS GREAT! SO PEACEFUL! NO MOTORWAYS ANYWHERE! NO TRAILER PARKS! NO PLANES OVERHEAD AND NO ADVERTIZING HOARDINGS! JUST THE SONG OF THE BIRDS! THIS IS WHAT IT MUST'VE BEEN LIKE A COUPLA HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

WHAT AM I SAYING?!

THE MOUNTAIN PEAKS ECHO BACK THE GIRLISH LAUGHTER AS OUR TWO HAPPY HEROINES GAMBOL GAILY BY THE RIVERSIDE.....

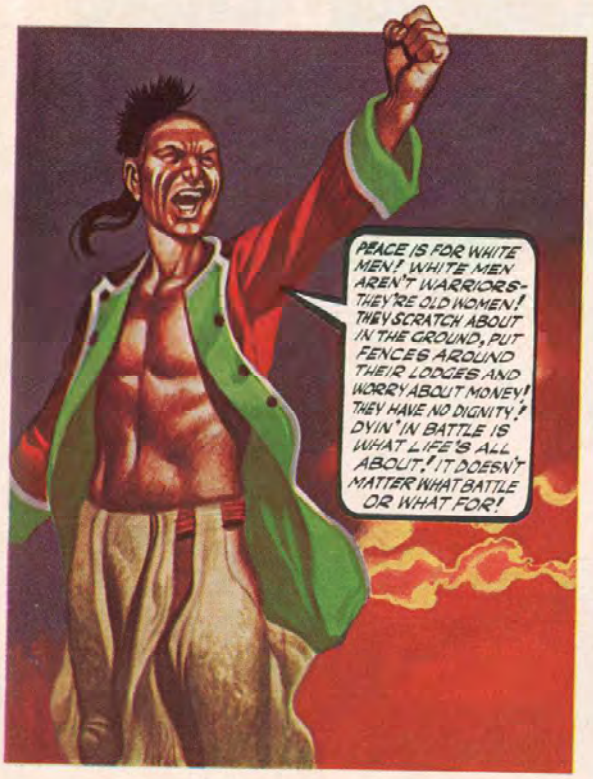
I DON'T KNOW HOW HOMER SAPIENS HAS DONE THIS— AND I DON'T CARE! I'D RATHER BE HERE THAN IN SAN TROPEZ!
OR THE COSTA SMERELDA!
OR JUAN LES PINS!
OR THE VIRGIN ISLANDS!
OR MUSTIQUE!

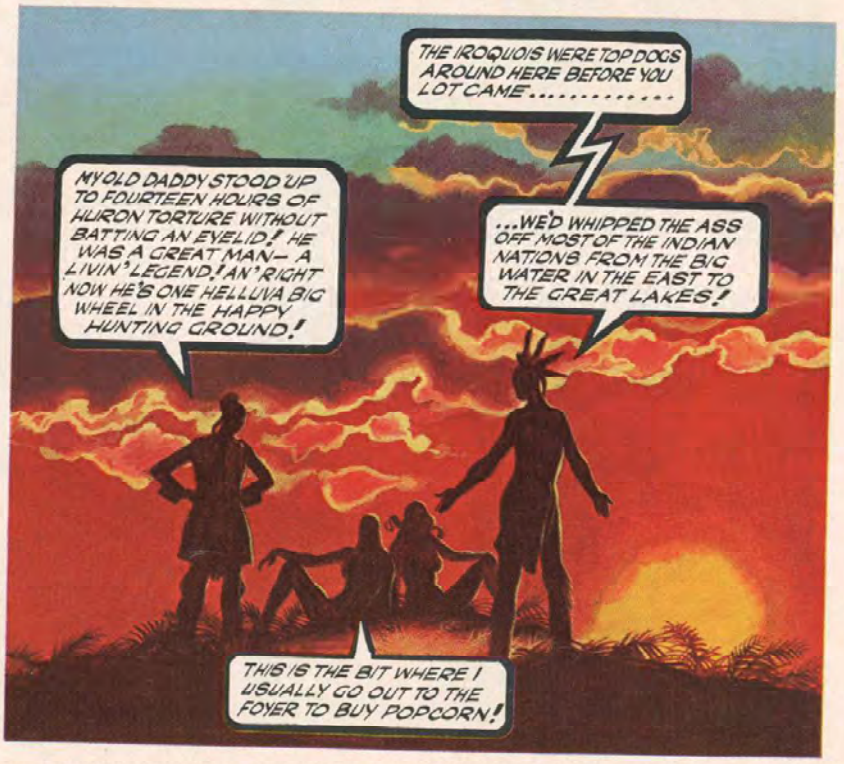

GA-NUNKA-HIA -WATHA!
BLAN-KO-KATO-METE!
TRANSLATION: "WELL I'LL BE HIAWATHA'S UNCLE"! "WHITE PUSSY"!

Yike!
IT TOOK ME TWO HOURS TO PUT ON THIS PAINTJOB —I AIN'T GONNA RUIN IT NOW!
GOLLY! YOU'D BE A SENSATION OUTIDE A 5TH AVENUE CIGAR STORE!
ME KYASHUTA! I AM A GREAT WAR CHIEF AND A HELLUVA GUY IN THE SACK —OR RATHER, THE BUFFALO ROBE!
THAT WASN'T BAD AT ALL—FOR A SAVAGE!
THIS IS THE BEST WAR PARTY I'VE BEEN ON SINCE WE DID FOR OLD BRADDOCK IN '55!
* EDITOR'S NOTE: THE TRANSLATION IS A LOOSE ONE. OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE IROQUOIS TONGUE IS LIMITED.

POOR LITTLE PERSECUTED INJUN.....
...FIGHTING FOR PEACE AN' FREEDOM!

DON'T GIMME THAT HYPOCRITICAL WHITE MAN'S MORALITY CRAP! I'M ONE OF THE HODENOSAUNEE! A WARRIOR! WAR AND GLORY IS MY BUSINESS! I DON'T WANT PEACE! I DON'T WANNA SIT AROUND SMOKIN' A PIPE AND GROWIN' OLD!
I THINK YOU'VE POOPED THE PARTY, PUSSCAKE!


PEACE IS FOR WHITE MEN! WHITE MEN AREN'T WARRIORS- THEY'RE OLD WOMEN! THEY SCRATCH ABOUT IN THE GROUND, PUT FENCES AROUND THEIR LODGES AND WORRY ABOUT MONEY! THEY HAVE NO DIGNITY! DYIN' IN BATTLE IS WHAT LIFE'S ALL ABOUT! IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT BATTLE OR WHAT FOR!


THE IROQUOIS WERE TOP DOGS AROUND HERE BEFORE YOU LOT CAME.....
MY OLD DADDY STOOD UP TO FOURTEEN HOURS OF HURON TORTURE WITHOUT BATTING AN EYELID! HE WAS A GREAT MAN— A LIVIN' LEGEND! AN' RIGHT NOW HE'S ONE HELLUVA BIG WHEEL IN THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND!
...WE'D WHIPPED THE ASS OFF MOST OF THE INDIAN NATIONS FROM THE BIG WATER IN THE EAST TO THE GREAT LAKES!
THIS IS THE BIT WHERE I USUALLY GO OUT TO THE FOYER TO BUY POPCORN!

NOW WE'RE GONNA WHIP THE ASSES OFF THE WHITE MAN!
THE GREAT SPIRIT HAS CALLED TOGETHER ALL THE NATIONS! THE OTTOWA, CHIPPEWA, SHAWNEE AND DELAWARE....
...THE HURONS AND THE IROQUOIS, THE MIAMIS AND THE POTTAWATOMIES!
SOON ALL THE WHITE MAN'S FORTS WILL BE IN ASHES AND WE WILL DRIVE THEM BACK TO THE EAST AND INTO THE GREAT OCEAN!
THEN THE IROQUOIS CAN WHIP THE ASSES OFF THE OTHER NATIONS AND BE TOP DOGS AGAIN!

WHEN YOU THINK OF ALL THE THOUSANDS OF YEARS THAT WOMEN HAVE SPENT LISTENING TO ALL THIS MACHO CRAP!
BUT WANDA ISN'T LISTENING— HER THOUGHTS ARE FAR AWAY!

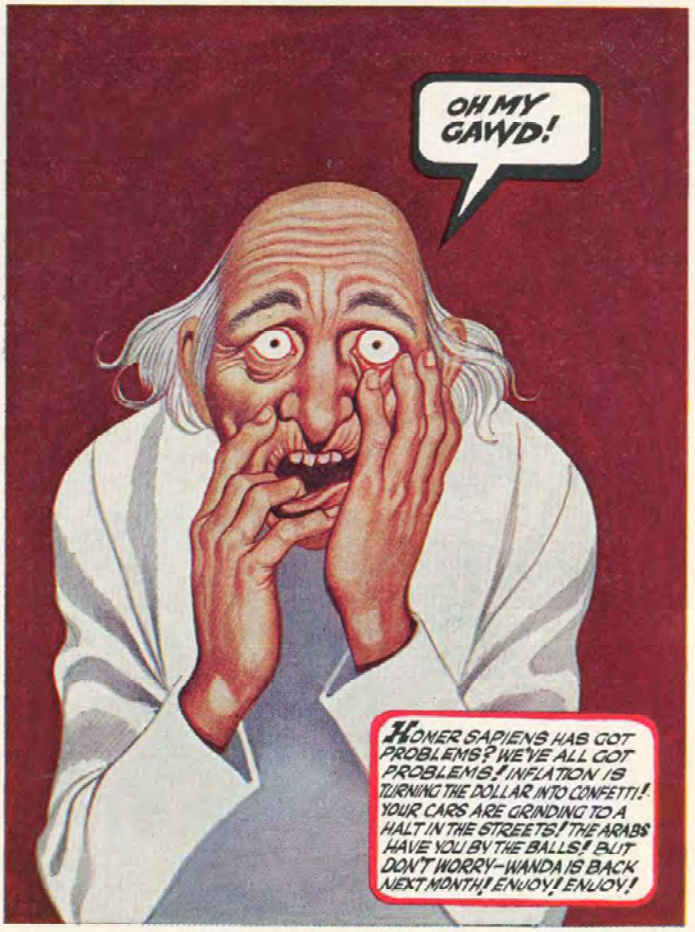
WHAT IF WE REALLY ARE TIME TRAVELLIN' —AND OLD SAPIENS IS ON THE LEVEL?
COULD I CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY? WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE TO INFLUENCE EVENTS? WHAT IF THE INDIANS HAD DRIVEN OUT THE WHITE MAN? THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY NEW YORK! NO WAR OF INDEPENDENCE! NO WASHINGTON OR LINCOLN!

NO SLAVERY! NO GENERAL CUSTER! NO NIXON OR CARTER! NO HOLLYWOOD, NO HAMBURGERS OR HOT DOGS! NO T.V COMMERCIALS! NO SPACE PROBES, COLD WAR OR VIET NAM! NO ROADS, NO CARS— NO FUEL CRISIS!

PUSSCAKE! WE'RE GOIN' ON THE WAR PATH!

AND WHILE ALL THIS IS GOING ON, WHAT, WE HEAR YOU ASK, IS GOING ON BACK AT THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS?
THAT'S THE NEUTRINO RAY SIGNAL!
WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
IT MEANS HEE-HEE THAT THE MOSTREEB HAS SUFFERED A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!
THE SMALL MECHANISM THAT I IMPLANTED IN HER...ER ....UM.... ANATOMY IS TRIGGERED BY THAT PARTICULAR ACTIVITY— FLASHING A WARNING SIGNAL ACROSS TIME AND SPACE, WHICH ENABLES ME TO BRING THEM BACK POSTE HASTE!
WELL DON'T JUST SIT THERE GIGGLING— BRING 'EM BACK!

MY DEAR FELLOW, DON'T DISTRESS YOURSELF — I HAVE ALREADY DONE SO! YOU CAN LET THEM OUT OF THE MACHINE!
SAPIENS — I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU!
THEY AIN'T HERE! IT'S EMPTY!


OH MY GAWD!
HOMER SAPIENS HAS GOT PROBLEMS? WE'VE ALL GOT PROBLEMS! INFLATION IS TURNING THE DOLLAR INTO CONFETTI! YOUR CARS ARE GRINDING TO A HALT IN THE STREETS! THE ARABS HAVE YOU BY THE BALLS! BUT DON'T WORRY—WANDA IS BACK NEXT MONTH! ENJOY! ENJOY!

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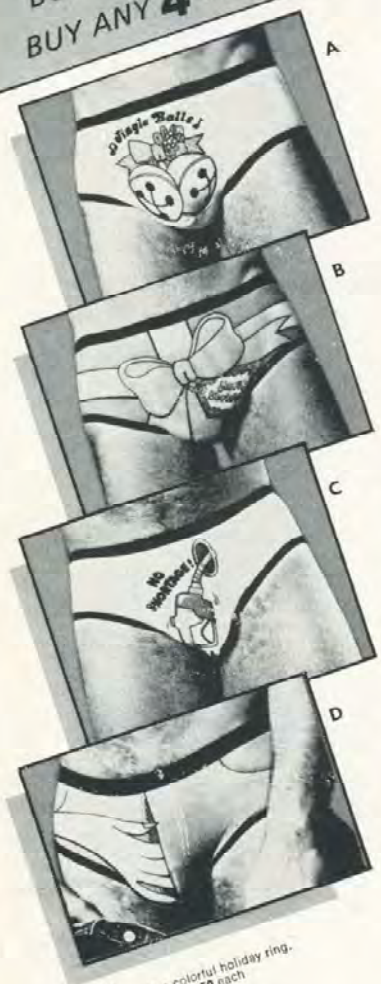

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MAX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 233

Rorvik: Do you mind our saying where these interviews took place?

Max: You can say that it's on the water.

Rorvik: On a not insignificant vessel, the first time near the Philippines and this time somewhere in the vicinity of Hawaii.

Max: That's enough.

Rorvik: The first time we talked on this vessel, several months ago, there were only you and the crew. You said you wouldn't risk having Sparrow and the child present, but they're here with you this time. Why the more relaxed attitude?

Max: The times are a little more relaxed, although I'm still taking every precaution to protect us. I can finally open a magazine or a newspaper and not read something about the great cloning controversy, although I notice there's still sporadic fretting over it in such places as the *Wall Street Journal*.

Rorvik: The BBC has an hour-long documentary on it in the works.

Max: I don't think I ever recall a story so many profess to disbelieve yet persist in talking about. I've noticed that some commentators seem to find the story a bit more credible in light of the various test-tube babies that have been reported born or about to be born.

Rorvik: How do you feel about all the publicity surrounding the birth of the world's alleged first test-tube baby, Louise Brown?

Max: Both relieved and anxious. It was nice to have something new divert attention from your book. On the other hand, as I say, anything that makes the book more credible makes me nervous. And the carnival-type hubbub that attended the birth of Louise Brown was a potent reminder to me of precisely the thing I've wanted to avoid, not only for my own sake but also for the sake of the child.

Rorvik: A lot of people find it difficult to understand why you haven't come forward to substantiate the claims in the book—the proud "papa" of the world's first clone.

Max: It doesn't serve my interests—or the boy's. I have no desire to see my picture in the *National Enquirer* or have the kid hounded to death for the rest of his life like some kind of creature from outer space. I know that not only the press and the public but even the scientific world would exploit him, because he's unique—he's irresistible. The only thing that really protects him is the uncertainty over his existence. I told you a long time ago, right at the beginning, when I said you'd write this book at your own risk, that I wasn't out to prove anything. I don't want a bunch of punks meddling in my life.

Rorvik: Still, you could confirm that this cloning had taken place without giving away your identity—or that of the child. Isn't that so?

Max: It's possible, yes. We could go to

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some remote site and then permit a couple of experts in to take blood and tissue samples . . .

Rorvik: To carry out the tests that would prove beyond any doubt that you and the child are genetically identical—that he is your clonal double?

Max: Yes. Of course, we'd have to worry about someone getting wind of this, following the experts and so on, but in theory it's possible that it could be done without anyone finding out who we are. But the point is: why risk it? I have nothing to gain by this sort of confirmation and everything to lose. The minute it was confirmed beyond any doubt that a human clone existed, news organizations all over the world would spare no effort to ferret the kid out. Every goddamned investigative reporter in the world would be on the trail. The *National Enquirer* would put a million dollars on my head—or the kid's head.

Rorvik: The last time we talked you said that, under certain circumstances you wouldn't let me write about, you *might* agree to some sort of independent confirmation before your death, something that you might agree to as the lesser of two possible evils. Do you still feel that way?

Max: There's still that possibility, although the contingency that might occasion such a decision hasn't yet arisen.

Rorvik: You also said, when we first spoke about this, that the reception the "test-tube baby" was given would influence you to some extent. At that time Louise Brown hadn't yet been born, and in fact most of the world knew little or nothing about her impending arrival.

Max: As I recall, a number of your critics were saying then that there would be no test-tube babies or clones in our lifetime. Of course, I'm thoroughly convinced that Louise Brown was *not* the first test-tube baby. [Dr.] Douglas Bevis [at Leeds University in England] announced that he had delivered three such babies, all healthy, in 1974. The only reason he's doubted in the face of his formidable credentials is that he had enough integrity to refuse to provide the kind of documentation that would have revealed the identities and whereabouts of the babies and their mothers, all of whose lives would have been destroyed by the publicity.

[Drs. Patrick] Steptoe and [Robert] Edwards, on the other hand, were out selling rights to the [Louise Brown] story to the seediest of the tabloids even before the kid was born. Equally amazing, they have yet to publish their results in a respected medical journal. This is supposed to be playing it straight, whereas what we did is supposed to be somehow evil and corrupt.

Rorvik: Didn't Steptoe and Edwards work in secret for a couple of years, carrying out how many unsuccessful efforts before finally announcing the birth of Louise Brown?

Max: Right. And yet this is the medical

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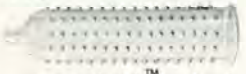

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establishment that—I'm told, in effect, by many of the people who have commented on your book—I should trust. Bullshit! Would a potential Nobel Prize winner sell you down the river? You're damn right. People all too often confer some sort of mantle of piety upon those with scientific degrees, imagining that they work tirelessly in the public interest when in fact most of them are employed by industry for profit, or by the military to help create fright—which is a pretty big business, and sometimes a necessary one, in its own right.

Rorvik: So you're clearly not much encouraged by the Louise Brown episode. But in the event, for reasons of your own, you found it wise to prove unequivocally the existence of your clonal offspring, what would the problems be?

Max: A lot of naive people think it would be so simple—to conduct the tests without giving away our identities. I say let them come up with a plan. How do you move highly visible experts to some remote location without everybody and his dog knowing about it? Experts usually come complete with friends, families, colleagues. They say they won't tell anyone, but human nature being what it is, you know damn well they will. There will always be slipups. We'd have to do this outside the United States for a number of reasons. That makes it more difficult. Going through customs and so on.

Rorvik: So if someone can come up with a fail-safe plan, you'd consider it?

Max: Certainly. Let's hear some ideas.

Rorvik: And you said you'd welcome suggestions as to who should carry out these tests?

Max: Right. Obviously, someone reasonably trustworthy. I don't imagine James Watson would qualify.

Rorvik: For those unfamiliar with the position Watson [the Nobel Prize winning geneticist] has taken, could you clarify?

Max? Well, originally, Watson was warning his colleagues that cloning of humans was going to happen very soon and that those who doubted were outdated. Then your book came along, and he said that it was science fiction, that both clones and test-tube babies were out of the question.

Rorvik: How do you explain that about-face?

Max: A lot of these fellows who talked about cloning as a real possibility a few years ago suddenly found themselves hip-deep in recombinant work——

Rorvik: You're referring here to the recombination in the laboratory of the genetic material, the DNA, of unlike organisms to create new forms of life?

Max: Right, and this had placed on the public plate the unpalatable, or at least politically unpalatable, prospect of genetic engineering—breeding a superrace and all that sort of thing, taking life in our own hands, playing God. Suddenly, the boys who had titillated the public with talk of clones and the like, whether they approved of them or not, were embarrassed by their speculations. It was all getting too close to reality. A few years before your book came out, they had begun to perfect the techniques of molecular cloning that have caused so much controversy. And because there's so much money to be made in recombinant DNA, nobody wanted to alarm the public or rock the boat unnecessarily. And your book rocked the boat.

Rorvik: Hence some of these about-faces?

Max: Right. And I can almost sympathize with someone like Watson. I don't know that I'd characterize all the opponents of recombinant work as "shits, kooks, and incompetents," as he did, but I do think there are a lot of poorly informed people out there, including some Nobel Prize winners, who want to stand in the way of progress. I'll go further: who want to stand in the way of evolution.

Rorvik: I take it you don't share [Columbia University biochemist] Erwin Chargaff's fear that we might mess everything up by tinkering with things we don't really understand—like life. He asks: "Have we the right to counteract, irreversibly, the evolutionary wisdom of millions of years in order to satisfy the ambition and curiosity of a few scientists?"

Max: Well, you know what [Dr. Stanley]

Cohen's response to that is, don't you? That it was Chargaff's "evolutionary wisdom that gave us the gene combinations for bubonic plague, smallpox, yellow fever, typhoid, and cancer." What sets man apart from all other creatures is his natural propensity and his natural ability to be perpetually in a state of redefinition and re-creation. For man, to be *is* to become. We see ourselves reflected in our dreams, and we alone are capable of realizing our imaginations.

Rorvik: Creating new images of ourselves?

Max: Yes. And what is unnatural is whatever stands in the way of that impulse, which is as much a part of us as our heartbeat.

Rorvik: Of course, many of the critics of genetic engineering do not want to see this work halted entirely; they simply want to make us more mindful of the risks and to safeguard the public interest through legislative restraint.

I remember you were quite enthusiastic about a recombinant bug General Electric constructed in the lab. This one was designed to enable us to eat grass and hay. The idea was that it might help ease the world food-shortage problem. The trouble was that the organism didn't work like it was supposed to, and lab animals that were infected with it developed intestinal problems that killed some of them.

Max: The G.E. scientists recognized the problem and destroyed the organism. But even if it had got out, there isn't a chance that it would have infected humans.

Rorvik: *Science* magazine, which is actually pro-recombinant DNA, said otherwise. It referred to this matter as a "close call" and speculated that if the organism had got out of its laboratory cage, gained a selective advantage, and spread throughout the population—which it might have done in short order—we might all have come down with a global case of the trots, many of us perhaps dying of the same diarrhea-type syndrome that killed the lab animals.

Max: I've heard all the horror stories—that we might create an Andromeda strain, a cancer-causing virus, that another bug G.E. has patented can eat up oil spills and might also devour all of our natural reserves of oil or get into the fuel supply of a jet airplane and cause it to crash, that terrorists might construct recombinant bombs.

Rorvik: Along those lines, I read not long ago in a Boston underground paper of a "recipe" for what was called "lambda-phage-carrying clostridium genes." It was cooked up by an M.I.T. biologist, who said another name for it might be "botulism soup." It's a fatal recombinant concoction, and yet all the ingredients and precise instructions on how to put it together were available for less than $350. The instructions concluded: "Have fun, but don't lick your fingers." It was a very dramatic way of demonstrating how easy it is to misuse this technology.

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Max: Certainly. It's also very easy to misuse sticks, stones, fire, nuclear energy. Look, I happen to know that the military, in the United States and elsewhere, has been very interested in using genetic engineering and especially the new recombinant techniques to find what can only be called ethnic weapons. I've shown you papers related to some of this work.

There's all nature of fascination with various genetic means of disrupting a complexity of enzyme activities, some of which are specific to certain ethnic types. There are genetically ordered metabolic functions that differ dramatically between whites and nonwhites. Even among subgroups within specific ethnic groups you can find these differences, which are in essence vulnerabilities, points of possible recombinant attack. If you can engineer a recombinant bug that will infect everybody—and that, of course, we can already do—then you have the perfect carrier to introduce the genetic instructions that will disrupt the metabolism of the target population. In particular there's been a lot of attention paid to the vulnerabilities of blacks and Jews.

That the Pentagon has been involved in funding some of these studies shouldn't surprise anyone who's alert. It has confessed to covertly testing live germs in such places as downtown Washington, D.C., San Francisco Bay, and the Pennsylvania Turnpike. It even showed how easy it would be to assassinate a president by releasing some germs in the White House—the parts accessible to tourists, whence they can reach the Oval Office via the air-conditioning system. When they were able to test this without detection, they jubilantly reported that they had "assassinated" President Kennedy. So far as I know, the Pentagon didn't inform the president in advance. That was back in the sixties, and of course all that sort of thing was supposed to have ended with Nixon's moratorium on any new germ warfare research—that was in '69 or '70. Yet in '71 the CIA pretty well turned Cuba's economy belly up by introducing a virus into the island that killed half a million hogs. Later it tried to do the same things with other bugs, designed to attack Cuban turkeys and sugarcane.

I probably know a bit more about some of these perils than most people. I *still* think we ought to press ahead. Just because you can do something diabolical with a knife doesn't mean you should ban knives. The devil is not in the knife. If the devil is there, he's in a man's heart.

I'll grant that we have a tendency to be devilish. This appears to be natural; so there's probably not too much we can do about it. And I'm not too worried, to be frank, because we also have an even more powerful natural tendency to survive. I think we'll check ourselves when and where we need to; we may get burned a few times, but we'll ultimately strike the proper balance between risks and benefits. In the meantime, the Cassandras would do well to focus on the risk of outlawing or seriously curtailing this research—the risks to all those countless sufferers of diabetes and other metabolic and genetic misfortunes who finally stand some chance of being helped.

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Rorvik: There's even talk of a bug that some corporation has in mind to make garbage smell good, a real boon, supposedly, in an increasingly overcrowded and polluted society. That seems to be the crux of the problem: that this technology, like so much other technology, is not going to be used to make man better, wiser, and more compassionate but rather more malleable and manipulable, more adaptable to a deteriorating society.

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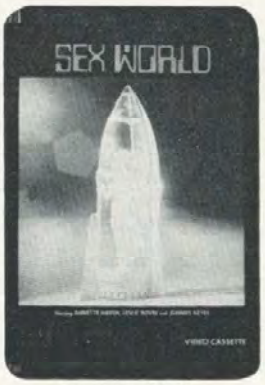

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what possible impetus are we going to have to halt the decay?

Max: Again, the technology itself is amoral. It didn't create the stink. Man did. And it seems that he's intent upon creating an ever greater stink. It's not the poor that choose to crowd together. The very affluent stand in line to spend half a million dollars on condominiums in the most crowded sections of Hawaii, Hong Kong, New York. It's human nature, not technology, that dictates this. Technology merely acts in this instance—should said deodorizing bug ever materialize, and I understand it's already nearly a reality—to remove one unpleasant side effect of that tendency.

Rorvik: I don't think you'll mind my saying that you have a vested interest, quite a strong one, in the area of recombinant DNA. Isn't that so?

Max: Yes. I don't know of any major corporate interest that doesn't have some interest in this field. There are billions to be made, particularly in the pharmaceutical field, which is only one of my interests.

Rorvik: Over the years you've invested in a great many different fields and have succeeded rather spectacularly in a number of them.

Max: The only place I ever failed was in the fast-food business.

Rorvik: Then you're obviously not Ronald McDonald or Colonel Sanders. What I'm getting at here is that a lot of people say to me: how could a man as rich, powerful, and successful as the one you describe in your book keep such a low profile?

Max: Okay, let's assume that I'm one of the thousand richest men in the world. I'm willing to bet that out of 100,000 people you wouldn't find more than two or three who could identify even twenty or thirty of those thousand. Hell, there isn't one in a thousand who knows who the richest man in the world is. After the most obvious show business celebrities, most people go blank, and that isn't much of an exaggeration.

Rorvik: I've been asked over and over, "Is Max a homosexual?" People thought you must be some kind of self-loving narcissist to do this. Not all, but some. They seemed particularly hung up on this notion in France. The closest I could get to your real motivation in the book was your having been an orphan, and that through cloning you could in a sense remake yourself, give yourself the firm sense of identity you perceive lacking in your other, present—or should I say "older"?—life. Does that get close to it?

Max: It's as good an explanation as any.

Rorvik: But there was another, more practical reason, wasn't there?

Max: Well, that I needed an heir; you said that.

Rorvik: But not just any heir; you could have designated anyone that. You don't deny that you wanted someone who would think like you do, or at least would have the potential to think like you do?

Max: I don't deny that.

Rorvik: And you also liked the idea of springing this particular heir on some of your unsuspecting business colleagues—ten or fifteen years down the road—for reasons that go beyond business to revenge?

Max: I think justice would be a better word.

Rorvik: You have forbidden me to include any direct conversation with Sparrow or the child—and he is talking quite a lot for his age—but they both appear to be in excellent health. Last time we talked, the child was having some sort of intestinal problem; there was the fear that this might be some manifestation of a genetic defect, perhaps caused by the nuclear transfer procedure or the test-tube incubation.

Max: That's all cleared up. We didn't have to do anything. It went away as mysteriously as it arrived. The boy seems to be developing, if anything, at an accelerated rate.

Rorvik: You said something earlier about "mystical" aspects to this. Do you still feel, as you once did, that a clone and its identical donor might enjoy some sort of shared consciousness?

Max: [Nobel Prize winning geneticist Joshua] Lederberg suggested that years ago. He said that cloning might be the

perfect way of bridging the generation gap, provided the donor acted as teacher as well as parent to his clonal offspring. He speculated that members of the same clone might be able to communicate with minimal words and gestures, almost by ESP. That's why he suggested it might be useful to send clones into outer space and on other difficult missions where communications by normal means would be hampered and where extraordinary rapport and coordination would be required. A number of scientists have commented on this possibility.

Rorvik: The last time we spoke, you mentioned some early incidents that were suggestive of unusual rapport.

Max: Yes. Well, the morning we discovered the digestive problem we just talked about, I woke up with one hell of a bellyache. I've never had any such problems in my life—before or since. When the kid started bawling, the first thing that came to me was that it was a digestive problem, and I told Mary to check that out first. And that's what it turned out to be.

The really amazing thing to me was that my feces that day and the next turned almost white—light clay colored, something I'd never noticed. The kid's were just like that.

Even before that, though, there were things we noticed. Whenever he'd cry, usually when he was in his crib in a room alone, different people would try to quiet him by going in. Sometimes only my presence would do it. The funny thing was, once I was summoned—even from a distant part of the house—and had made the conscious decision to go to him, he'd almost always stop crying *that second or the next*.

On the occasions when that didn't work, my walking down the corridor to his room would usually quiet him so that by the time I actually got to the door he'd have stopped crying. For a while we thought this might just be the reassuring sound of footsteps. So we actually experimented, with different people walking toward the door but stopping just short of it. Everytime we did this, he'd respond—stop crying—only when I approached. In fact, he seemed to "learn" what was going on very quickly and would, after we'd done this a few times, actually bawl louder when someone else approached.

Rorvik: That's eerie.

Max: It made me a little uncomfortable at first, but now it seems absolutely natural. I could never prove it, but I'm convinced now that my mind locks into his, automatically, without any conscious decision to do so on my part, whenever it senses, at whatever level, that he needs me.

Often, in the middle of the night, I'll experience a momentary surge of fear or panic or uncomfortableness, and I'll actually feel a cry begin to well up in me. This happens so quickly it hardly registers. I'm convinced that each of these episodes is reflective of some momentary, minor distress he's feeling; but now,

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rather than have to get up or make a conscious decision to get up and go to him, my mind just reaches out and tells him that he's okay. A couple of times when I've been conscious enough in the middle of the night to *override* this natural inclination to be comforting in my thoughts, just what I've expected has happened: he's let out healthy screams. Other than that, he's about as serene as they come.

Rorvik: Are you with the child most of the time, then?

Max: As much as I can be, but there are some weeks when I can't be. Then he's with Mary or Sparrow. During those periods, I'm told, he tends to be more fretful, and I find myself, and particularly my sleeping hours, more fretful. Before he was born, by the way, I was as sound a sleeper as you'd ever encounter. There were a couple of crises, in fact, on one of our first long separations, where he simply wouldn't stop crying. By the time I got telephone messages to that effect, I was convinced something was wrong, because my head was buzzing and my stomach jumping.

What I do now is to set aside three periods in each day to meditate; I do this anyway, but when I'm on the road I devote these almost exclusively to him, trying to feel what he's feeling, trying to convey my presence. It's worked very well. The first trip away, when I did this, he behaved better than he ever had before.

There are other things: I'm beginning to see all kinds of movements that he makes, that remind me of myself. It's an incredible experience, like going through infancy and early childhood all over. I find myself thinking odd thoughts, having strange sensations. At first I thought senility might be setting in prematurely.

Max: Or at least it was for a while. It turned out that Darwin didn't learn much from that particular inquiry.

Rorvik: Apart from Shettles's effort, do you know of other cloning projects?

Max: I've heard rumors of several. I have no further plans in this area; at least no personal plans. Audrey Muggleton-Harris, I understand, has a sizable grant.

Rorvik: She's at Worcester Polytechnic Institute. The grant is for cloning mice?

Max: Right. She's using a technique similar to the one we adopted.

Rorvik: I notice she's using the fungal metabolite Cytochalasin B that I reported was used in our work. Interesting, in light of the fact that some of my critics have said this wouldn't work with mammalian cells. Any other efforts?

Max: The Soviets are very interested. They're not so hypocritical about it, either. Imagine a top U.S. government scientist talking in glowing terms about human clones. He'd be shot down. Yet that's exactly what has happened in Russia.

Rorvik: Can you say who the official is?

Max: Dmitri Belyayev, president of the International Genetics Federation. He's said that the Soviets have "a definite technique" for the cloning of large mammals. He specifically added that it could be applied in the future to humans, as well as to livestock. He talks as if they are already able to clone livestock.

Rorvik: You have no desire to have yourself cloned again?

Max: I did at one time, but I'm finding that one is responsibility enough.

Rorvik: I don't want to be morbid, but are you afraid that you might die before your clonal offspring reaches maturity?

Max: That's a worry—one that I'm taking into account in my contingency planning. I've done certain things to safeguard the child.

Rorvik: If you do not choose to permit independent confirmation, do you think that the story will ever be verified?

Max: I'd have to be a fool not to think that someone, someday, will provide at least some evidence in support of your story. Obviously, when I die the picture may change dramatically. I can't control things from beyond the grave.

Rorvik: But in a sense that's exactly what you're hoping to do, isn't it—to cheat death?

Max: Cheat is the wrong word. When you have an adversary as formidable as death, the best you can hope for is some kind of deal, and even that's better than anyone's got—so far.

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

inside me. There was a desire to be screwed more than I had ever felt before. The danger of being discovered turned me on totally. Within moments, I had spread my raincoat out on a park bench, pulled my skirt up and panties off, and he was pumping away inside me. As far as I know, no one saw us, but they had to hear me screaming in ecstasy.

Later we were on the downtown main street and walked past a parked police car. Not more than 50 feet away, Paul pushed me up against a light pole and took me standing up. I nearly strangled trying not to moan too loudly.

Then there was the ultimate screw. When we got back home, Paul asked, "Just how daring are you?" The answer was our stripping to the buff, wrapping our clothes in one raincoat, and putting the other down on the wet grass. Then, not more than 20 feet from my parent's front porch and less than that to the sidewalk, we fucked. The bruise on my forearm where I bit down to muffle my screams stayed with me for weeks.

Two nights later, Paul and I went to a motel. I always like sex, and I enjoyed it then, but there was no special thrill. There wasn't anything outstanding to other sexual encounters after that until one night a guy I didn't particularly like brought me back to the sorority house from a party. His approach was amateurish, but we were sitting on a couch virtually inches away from the door to the housemother's room, and I again had that inexplicable urge to get screwed. Once more, I had to bite down hard on my forearm.

Since then I have felt other sexual skyrockets go off, bells ring, and cymbals clang when making it in the discomfort of a backseat of a car at a crowded drive-in movie, on the bottom of a boat as other boaters sailed around us, and with the grass tickling my bare ass under the open window of the frat house at prom time. With the same guys in a comfortable bed, however, no skyrockets, no bells, no nothing.

What's wrong with me, Xaviera? I like sex, but I seem to need the excitement of discovery to love it.—L.S.

You obviously like the taste of forbidden fruit, and why not? Nothing wrong with it. Sarah Bernhardt once told Oscar Wilde, "Oscar, dear friend, you can do anything you want with your male lovers as long as you don't scare the horses on the street."

The same goes for you: do as you want as long as nobody ends up in jail. But then, maybe sex in jail would be the ultimate thrill for a girl like you.

LOOSE BUT HORNY

I've got a big problem. I'm very young, and I'm impotent. What can I do? I'm 19 years old and a college freshman. I know that right now I should be at the peak of my sexual potency. I feel so abnormal. I want very badly to have sex with the girls I date.

There are times when I won't go out with my friends because I'm scared they're going to pick up some chicks and I'll be expected to perform.

I'm very good-looking, and a lot of girls want to go out with me, but I just can't allow myself to be caught in a compromising position. I would be ruined at school!

Please help me. Are there pills that will allow me to have and maintain an erection? The mental stress is becoming unbearable.—T.C.

I think you're probably suffering from a kind of stage fright. From your letter it seems as though you desire women, but when you get close to them, you shrivel up for fear of rejection. Has this actually happened? I mean, have you actually gotten into the sack and not been able to perform? You don't mention this in your letter, and if it's happened only a few times, I certainly wouldn't give up. Any experienced woman has known plenty of men who haven't—from time to time—been able to get it up. Your cock is not automatic, you know.

Maybe an older woman, loving and kind, is what you need. In case your mother doesn't have any friends who'd like to show you a good time, you might try a good hooker. Not something off the streets who'll take your money and run, but a good call girl. Tell her about your problem, and she'll be happy to oblige.

KISS ME ONCE, KISS ME TWICE

I have read about all different kinds of fetishes in your magazine but never seen a letter about mine. My fantasy is lipstick. I can't trace the origin of this fetish, but ever since late grade school I get a raging erection when I see a woman with a thick coating of lipstick on her sensual mouth. When I was younger, I would have my girl friend put a thick, creamy coat of pink lipstick on her lips and kiss me. We would both have wild orgasms. If we weren't at a place where we could easily screw, she would smear some lipstick on and rub my erection and kiss me, and I'd come in my pants.

Now I'm married, and I have my wife put gobs of lipstick on and kiss me into submission. Although very much a man, I have a strong desire to put lipstick on my mouth and kiss her as we make love. Very kinky, I realize.

At a party one time, my wife had just made up her lips when some strange man cornered her and gave her a big, wet kiss. When they came out of the room, Patsy's lipstick was smeared to her chin and there was a very obvious imprint of her lips on him. I barely touched my hardened penis and it erupted, leaving me a big and embarrassing mess to clean up.

Have you ever heard of this fetish before? Please tell me a little bit about it if you have.—R.S.

Lipstick is said to have first been used by the prostitutes of ancient Egypt and Phoenicia who specialized in fellatio: they stressed their mouths to publicize their talents. Cleopatra has left a well-established reputation for fellatio. As a mark of defiance to honest women, she flaunted her vocation by reddening her lips. This vocation, which historians usually pass over in modest silence, may have had a great deal to do with her ability to captivate Caesar and Mark Antony despite a face and body that were said not to be perfect.

Today the significance of lipstick is very often sexual, but it no longer indicates a particular erotic talent. A girl who wears it at an unusually early age is suspected of sexual precocity. A husband is sometimes made uneasy when his wife resumes wearing it after having abandoned it for a time.

I'd say you've simply grown to crave the looks of a heavily made-up mouth, more so than the average guy. No doubt you're very oral when it comes to lovemaking.

A lipstick-smeared mouth often resembles the pink labia once a woman spreads her legs. Have you ever tried smearing lipstick on your wife's cunt lips? Maybe that will make you come on the spot. Kiss her lips and afterwards her vagina, and see what effect that has on you.

LOVER, COME BACK!

Help! I have a lover's problem, and for two years now we have tried, with varying degrees of success, to solve it. We are both in our early thirties, divorced, with no thought of marriage. We have a powerful, mutually nurturing relationship—with an awkward bubble in it. By virtue of what we choose to do with our lives, we are compelled to live 70 miles apart for three or four days of the week. Usually, I return home once in the middle of the week and then again on Friday or early Saturday. For a long time the first thing we would do upon my return was fly into the bedroom. And this is the problem. When I am away from home, I fall into a very aggressive behavior pattern, which is great in the proper setting but not great for a loving relationship.

The usual result is that we end up having bad sex during our first encounter. This is not a big deal by itself, but it always requires about a day to come back

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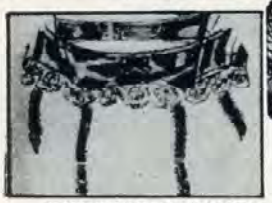

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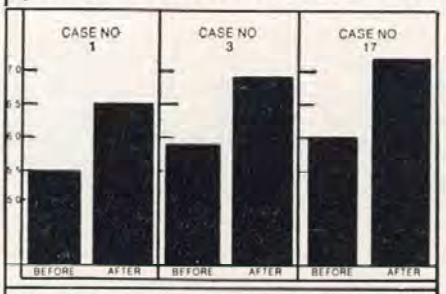

The three cases illustrated here are examples taken from studies done in England by Dr. Richards and other researchers working on penis enlargement. Their work is discussed in detail in the new book, THE PENIS, which gives Dr. Richards' results in simple, direct language that the layman can understand in everyday terms. Illustration Pg. 137

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down to earth, readjust to one another, and again become comfortable.

While away during the week, I've tried a number of things to modify my state of mind, masturbation among them. We've tried to avoid sex until we've calmed down a bit, but even that fails to smooth the first landing. The trouble with this first encounter is that when it is awkward it can turn most of the day into what feels like an awkward situation.

Can you suggest anything?—M.P.

It's not unusual for lovers who've been separated for any length of time to have a feeling of being estranged when they first meet again. Actually, it's a sign of true love in most cases, whereby you realize how much you miss each other.

I experienced similar feelings when I used to visit a lover of mine who lived in Paris. I commuted between Amsterdam and Paris once every two weeks. Our first day and night together were usually awkward, and we even seemed moody in each other's presence.

Though one presumes that the first thing two lovers do when they haven't seen each other for a while is to jump in the sack, this often leads to disaster, as you've related. And it's not unusual for the woman to feel cold and/or the man to be impotent.

If you haven't already learned, try not hitting the bed when you first see one another. Go to a movie, eat out, watch television, or simply cuddle and pet one another; sex need not always lead to an orgasm. If you don't think only of "the big bang," you'll probably relax and enjoy this more casual form of sex a lot more.

Of course, there is no real solution to your problem, other than living together full-time.

SWINGING: YOU DON'T NEED VINES

I'm male, 30 years old, and of average height, build, and looks. My lady, Mandy, and I have been living together for about five years and have had an open, no-hassle relationship. She sees other men, and I see—or would like to see—other women.

The problem? In the three years that we have lived in this area, I have been out with only one other lady—the only time I've called and had my invitation accepted. No sex on that date.

Seems as though none of the women we know will have anything to do with me because I live with Mandy. We have mutual male friends that Mandy sees socially and sexually. None of them has any qualms about seeing or screwing her after she lets him know that it's okay with me. And never have these guys' relationships with Mandy had any effect on their friendship with me. By the same token, none of the swinging single women we know will even go out for a beer with me, much less to bed. All of them seem convinced that it's really not okay with Mandy, even though she has told several of them that it's fine.

Try women you don't know, you say? I tried that, too. I'm not a fancy dresser, don't drive a big car, and don't have a lot of money to spend. All three are necessary to pick up a lady in the jive-ass discos around here. I usually can't get someone to talk or dance with me.

We've tried group scenes, and we both enjoy that, but we know only one couple who are really into that. The guy and Mandy get it on great, but only when his wife isn't around. She won't ball me. No reasons given. Several of the single men we know enjoy threesomes with us, but now none of the ladies will even consider it with me.

I need help badly. It's getting hard not to take this situation personally. Like what the hell is wrong with me that I can't get laid in three years of trying? It's getting to the point where I'm gun-shy about even asking a lady out, for fear of getting shot down again. Don't know how much more of that I can handle. And I'm starting to feel little pangs of jealousy, which just isn't my style.

Believe me, this letter is no joke. What, oh what, can I do?—R.L.

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Inflation— This is how the money system is *supposed* to work: if the money supply is reduced, interest rates go up. It gets harder to borrow; so supply and demand (and taxes) drop, unemployment rises, people spend less money, prices go down, and inflation fizzles out, like it's supposed to. But our current problem has to do with simple greed. Our businessmen know that if the government reduces the money supply, it's only a temporary measure. They don't want to get caught short. Anticipating "reinflation," they *don't* lower prices, and we get high unemployment, high prices, and tight money all at the same time. Gene Marine traveled 20,000 miles and interviewed over 50 experts to determine the above explanation why you're paying $1.35 a gallon for gas and suffering in mile-long lines for the privilege of doing so.

The Secret Life of Adolf Hitler— For 16 years, Eva Braun was the most important woman in Hitler's life, a woman he frequently abused and ignored, a woman he loved as much as he could love any person. Yet, reports Glenn Infield in this excerpt from *Hitler's Secret Life* (to be published by Stein and Day), many of Hitler's generals first became aware of Eva Braun's existence on learning of her death—even though they had spent many long hours conferring with the Führer. The story of this strange love affair, which ended in a double suicide as the Russian army entered Berlin, is an exclusive *Penthouse* excerpt.

The Billboard Jungle— "Why isn't there a law," asks Craig Karpel, "that franchise restaurants and sign designs have to be tested on rats before they are inflicted on humans?" The humor is bitter because the subject is bleak: the omnipresent visual blights of hideous architecture, tacky taco stands, glaring billboards, and millions of neon signs have turned America the beautiful into America the ugly, from sea to littered sea. In "The Sleazing of America" Karpel suggests that there's only one way to rescue our country from this visual abomination. His modest proposal may blow your mind.

Disco Odyssey— Yes, it's been confirmed! If Bob Weiner doesn't make the *Guinness Book of World Records* for fearlessly touring 94 discos in 17 cities in a mere 20 days, then Donna Summer's returning her award. *This*, despite those rumors that our disco critic is now searching for an apartment on the moon or any other place that has all the assets of a void. Read about Weiner's tour in "Disco Odyssey," an exclusive survey of the beat that's warped America, written by our nation's first disco critic.

Trigger— Paul Fleeson used his band of runaway boys to commit crimes ranging from petty larceny to murder. But this small-time Fagin underestimated the independence of his star terrorist, a nine-year-old named Trigger. The seedy world of New York's Forty-second Street comes to life in this chilling excerpt from the novel *Nightmare*, by Richard Owen. O+

attitude, looks, or personality. Of course, I can't tell from your letter what the problem might be, but swinging couples do generally swing with two partners simultaneously. I hate to be rude, but there have been orgies I've attended where often one of the two partners turned me on much more than the other one. It could be that your wife turns on the men more than you turn on the women.

Take a good look at yourself. Is this the case? If so, do something about it. Lose weight, exercise, cut your hair differently, become more aggressive, become less aggressive, dress differently, use a deodorant, brush your teeth . . . I don't know what the problem is, but it could be one of these. Check, and make sure you correct it. Ask your wife to help you. Of all people, she ought to tell you where you've gone wrong.

LOOKING OUT FOR NO. 3

Several years ago I had the fortune to be involved in a threesome with two very lovely ladies. They sucked and fucked each other and me until I thought my prize possession would fall off.

I'm married now to a very affectionate and pleasing wife. By "pleasing" I mean that she will do everything and anything I ask of her. One night I started telling her about my threesome and how much I would like to see her eat another woman's pussy. Well, I have to admit that was quite a turn-on for the both of us.

I had never asked her to have anal sex with me, because I figured that it would always be forbidden fruit. But after telling her in detail about my night a few years ago, I just rolled her over and slid my eight inches up her tight ass. That night she told me she wanted a threesome.

Our only problem is finding the right person. I say she should find one, and she says I should.

How do we find such a woman? And what should I say?—D.V.

First off, you should go looking together. Check out the local singles' bars. Believe me, you'll find a lot of married people there just like yourselves. Don't spend a lot of time talking to your wife, because everyone will think you're setting something up for the night; they'll leave you alone. Separate from your wife and then start looking. But please don't go up to the first attractive woman and say, "Hey, my wife and I over there are into threeways. Want to join us?" Act as though you're alone and interested in a night together with some young woman. When she's interested, then hit her with the question of having your wife join the two of you. She can only say no. And if she does, she'll no doubt tell others at the bar that you and your wife are into threeways. Eventually, you and your wife may get a reputation as being the three-way hunters, and then you'll be all set. There are lots of women out there just waiting to be the third wheel. O+

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